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SHAKESPEARE : JULIUS CAESAR

By

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PREFACE

The writer's long experience with the students of English Literature in Indian universities has convinced him that the study of standard English critics is now beyond their reach. Moreover, Indian criticism on the subject is either above their heads or is otherwise felt to be unsatisfactory. The present work aims at supplying this need.

The author has tried his best to present relevant material in a simple manner, expressed in a lucid, clear and easy language ; long quotations have been avoided as far as possible.

I am thankful to the printers for the pains they have taken, and the interest they have shown, in printing the book.

—R. Tilak

PREFACE

The author's long acquaintance with the students of the University of Kashmir has led him to believe that a book on the history of the State is a desideratum. The present work is the result of his efforts in this direction. It is a humble attempt to provide a concise and accurate account of the history of the State, from its earliest times to the present day. The author has endeavored to present the facts of the case in a clear and simple manner, and to avoid all unnecessary details. He has also endeavored to present the different views of the various authorities on the subject, and to give his own opinion on the points where they differ. The work is intended for the use of students and the general public, and is not intended to be a contribution to the literature of the subject. It is a work of popular history, and is not intended to be a work of scientific history. The author has endeavored to make it as interesting and readable as possible, and to give it as much of the character of a story as is consistent with accuracy. He has also endeavored to make it as complete as possible, and to include all the important events of the history of the State. He has also endeavored to make it as up-to-date as possible, and to include all the latest information available. He has also endeavored to make it as accurate as possible, and to give the facts of the case as they are, without any bias or prejudice. He has also endeavored to make it as impartial as possible, and to give the facts of the case as they are, without any bias or prejudice. He has also endeavored to make it as interesting and readable as possible, and to give it as much of the character of a story as is consistent with accuracy. He has also endeavored to make it as complete as possible, and to include all the important events of the history of the State. He has also endeavored to make it as up-to-date as possible, and to include all the latest information available. He has also endeavored to make it as accurate as possible, and to give the facts of the case as they are, without any bias or prejudice. He has also endeavored to make it as impartial as possible, and to give the facts of the case as they are, without any bias or prejudice.

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The Life of William Shakespeare

Birth and Parentage

Shakespeare is by far the greatest name in English Literature. Yet his biography is "built upon doubts and thrives upon perplexities". Only the barest outline is known for certain. We only know that the world's greatest dramatist was born on April 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His mother, Mary Arden, came of a noble family, and his father, John Shakespeare, was a prosperous farmer, wool and timber merchant, and butcher of the village. He also took keen interest in municipal affairs and rose to the position of Justice of the Peace and High Bailiff of the town. He was often involved in litigation, and our dramatist, as the eldest son, must have frequently assisted him, and in this way acquired that legal knowledge which has surprised his readers.

At School

About the age of nine, he was admitted to the Grammar School of the village. Tradition has it that he was not a good student, and it was only reluctantly that he crawled, like a snail, to school, where he learned "*Small Latin and less Greek*". He often played truant, took part in the village games which receive honourable mention in his plays. The landscape round about his native village is beautiful and it must have made a deep impression upon the boy, for the memory colours many of his best nature-pieces scattered all up and down his works. His "astonishing store of natural knowledge", has been praised by all his critics.

Financial Difficulties

When William was only twelve years of age, his father's fortunes began to decline, and the boy had to be withdrawn from school at this early age. He now helped his father in his business, and he may have also worked for sometime as a schoolmaster in the village school. The family, a large one, was passing through a crisis. The head of the family withdrew himself from the affairs of the town, lost his position as the leading citizen and became an insolvent debtor. William must have done his best to pull his family through difficult times.

Marriage: Leaves Stratford

When he was hardly nineteen years of age, he contracted an imprudent marriage with Anne Hathway, some eight years his

senior. On the basis of some passages in his dramas, critics have tried to show that the marriage was an unhappy one, but nothing can be concluded for certain. Only six months later was born his eldest daughter, Susanna, and in 1585 the marriage was blessed with twins, Hamlet and Judith. About this very time, Shakespeare left Stratford for London to seek his fortunes there. The immediate cause of his departure was the trouble he had with the police, as a result of his participation in a poaching affray. Financial difficulties, dissatisfaction with his domestic life, the lure of the city, and an innate dramatic tendency, might have been some of the contributory causes. These are records to show that a company of wandering players, such as were already becoming popular, visited Stratford at this time, and it was as a member of this company that Shakespeare left his native village.

London: Early Career

We next hear of him only about the year 1591, and find that the other playwrights of London are already beginning to find him a formidable rival. What did Shakespeare do with himself during this time, and how did he acquire mastery over his craft? It is said that at first he got only mean employment and worked as a holder of horses at the doors of some London theatres. He passed his dramatic apprenticeship "working at the odd jobs given to him by the theatrical companies, dining at the ordinary taverns, gazing on courtly processions and spectacles, seeing new types of characters and hearing new stories day by day" (Raleigh). Then he tried his hand at acting and was soon a successful actor. The coarse and worthless plays of the time disgusted him, and he began his dramatic career by re-casting existing plays and changing them beyond recognition. He was an intelligent and observant man, the theatre-managers were soon impressed by him, and his rise was rapid.

Success and Recognition

The success of his "*Venus and Adonis*", 1593, which he dedicated to the Earl of Southampton brought him into the notice of the royalty, and, thenceforth, he constantly enjoyed Court favours and soon reached the top of the ladder of fame. He had much practical ability and managed his business well. In 1597, we hear of his purchasing a big house, *New Palace*, at Stratford, and, thereafter, almost every year, he worked in London. He had great love for his native village and visited it regularly at least once every year.

Last Years and Death

About the year 1612, he retired from business and settled entirely at Stratford. He had worked hard producing, on the average, two plays a year, and now his health was failing him. Whatever may be the exact cause of his death, overwork, or, as some say, a drinking bout, certain it is that he died on 23rd April, 1616, and was buried in Stratford Church. His house, *New Palace*, has been preserved as a national museum, and Stratford-on-Avon remains up to date, the most important place of pilgrimage for all lovers of English literature.

The Works of Shakespeare Or The Development of His Mind and Art

His Career

Shakespeare's dramatic career extends over a period of nearly twenty-two years, from 1590 to 1612. During this period, the dramatist worked hard producing, over most of the time, about two plays a year, besides two poems—"*Rape of Lucrece*" and "*Venus and Adonais*"—and a sequence of 154 *sonnets*. His plays achieved immediate success, he rapidly rose to eminence, and died a rich and prosperous man.

Its Four Parts

A study of his plays in chronological order reveals a gradual development of his mind and art. Shakespeare in 1590 is quite different from Shakespeare in 1600, and from Shakespeare in 1610. To stress the gradual growth of his art, **Prof. Dowden** has divided his dramatic career into *four parts*, each revealing a definite advance over the previous one.

(a) **Apprenticeship (1588-94)**—This is the period of apprenticeship. The dramatist was learning his craft. He was revising old plays working in collaboration with other known dramatists of his day, and imitating them. He was "*in the workshop*" (**Dowden**) so to say. The plays of this time are immature and reveal superficiality in theme, treatment and characterisation. The work is largely experimental in nature, for the poet was still groping in the dark. Some of the important characteristics of the early plays are (1) Excessive use of rhymes, puns, conceits and other forms of word jugglery. (2) Artificiality in treatment and style. (3) Boisterous and farcical themes. (4) Frequency of classical allusions. (5) Excess of wit and imagery. (6) Greater importance is attached to the clown than in later plays. (7) Symmetry in the grouping of persons. As **Prof. Dowden** remarks, "the works of this period are all marked by the presence of vivacity, cleverness, delight in beauty, and a quick enjoyment of existence."

This early work consists of *Early Comedy*, *Early Tragedy*, and prentice-work on *History*. The most important of them are :

(1) *Love's Labour Lost*—said to be the first independent and original work of Shakespeare.

(2) *The Comedy of Errors*—a farce full of boisterous fun and laughter.

(3) *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—a delightful romance.

(4) *Richard III*—his first successful attempt at historical drama, revealing the influence of Marlowe.

(5) *Romeo and Juliet*—a lyrical love tragedy, later revised and perfected.

(6) *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a fantasy, marking the close of his apprenticeship.

(b) "In the World" (1594-1600)—This is the period of mature, joyous comedies and mature histories. Shakespeare has now found himself. By this time he has acquired experience of the world as well as mastery over his craft. He is now, as Dowden remarks, "*In the world*". His powers have matured, and he writes with full confidence and sureness of touch. The works of this period are entirely original and independent creations and can easily be recognised as Shakespeare's own. The style is wholly free from the crudeness and affectations of the earlier plays, and our dramatist writes with perfect ease and felicity. The use of rhyme is discarded and his blank verse shows greater ease and elasticity. He is at the fullness of his powers, and his work is robust and strong.

The most important works of this period are:

(1) *Much Ado About Nothing*—this delightful romance is in the manner of his early comedies, but reveals a higher level of wit and humour.

(2) *As You Like It, and Twelfth Night*—the atmosphere of these comedies is one of mirth and gaiety and they are marked with a frank enjoyment of life. There is perfect blending of humour and romance. They are the best comedies of Shakespeare.

(3) *Merry Wives of Windsor, and Taming of the Shrew*—farical comedies, largely in the vein of early comedies, yet revealing a maturity of Shakespeare's power.

(4) *The Merchant of Venice*—a comedy "hovering on the brinks of tragedy", or a tragi-comedy.

(5) *Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V*—the great English histories, which unroll before our eyes the splendid panorama of the history of the nation, and reveal the secret springs of human action.

(c) "Out of the Depth" (1600-1608)—This is the period of the *Dark Comedies*, the *four Great Tragedies*, and the *Great Roman Plays*. Prof. Dowden refers to this stage as "*Out of the Depths*". It seems as if some change has come over the poet and he is ill at ease and depressed. He writes out of the depths of his mind and heart and probes the hidden recesses of human nature. Frustration in love, treachery of some trusted friend, death of his father or son,

seems to have cast a shadow over him, and the plays of this time partake of the gloom and bitterness of his life. The style is governed by the powerful overflow of thought and passion, and is sometimes obscure.

The plays of this period may be classified as :

(1) *The Dark Comedies*—*All Is Well That Ends Well*; *Measure For Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. They are Comedies only in name, as they partake fully of tragic pain and intensity.

(2) *Roman Plays*—*Julius Ceaser*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*.

(3) *The Four Great Tragedies*—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear* and *Othello*. They are the four greatest tragedies of the world, and the supreme creations of Shakespeare.

(d) "*On the Heights*" (1608-1612)—This last period is the period of the great *Dramatic Romances*. Shakespeare was now "*On the heights*". He was at the top of his profession, and was no longer forced to follow accepted convention. He, therefore, wrote with perfect liberty and cared only to indulge his whim. The darkness and burden of tragic suffering had passed away and the dramatist had acquired perfect serenity and calm of mind. He "seeks refreshment in irresponsible play" as he needed relaxation after the strain of the great tragic period (Raleigh).

The plays of this period are : (1) *Pericles*. (2) *Cymbeline*. (3) *The Winter's Tale*. (4) *The Tempest*, and (5) *Henry VIII*.

Shakespeare as a Dramatist Or The Greatness of Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist : His Universality

His Lack of Originality

Shakespeare was one of the greatest men of genius that have ever been born on this blighted planet of ours. The extent, variety and richness of his plays are quite bewildering as one approaches them. Yet he never took the trouble to be original. *He is one of the greatest of literary plagiarists.* According to the custom of the times, he borrowed freely from plays already in existence, and often simply reshaped older plays. Few of his plots are his own invention. Most of them are based upon Plutarch's *Lives*, Holinshed's *Chronicles*, or other popular classical translations. Still he shines to us through the intervening darkness of over three centuries with a dazzling light. What is the secret of his superiority which is so universally recognised to-day ?

His Immense Variety

First of all, his superiority lies in the combination of all the gifts which were scattered or isolated in the works of others, in the extreme diversity of his talents. He could not surpass the pathos and sublimity of the last scenes of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, he created no atmosphere of grief and terror so poignant and terrible as that of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. None of his plays is as solidly constructed as Johnson's *The Alchemist* ; and Fletcher and Dekker often equal him in lyrical intensity. His greatness, his superiority over his contemporaries, lies in the combination of all these gifts. While they tended to be stale and stereotyped, Shakespeare is ever changing, ever becoming different from what he was before. Says Legouis, "*His flexibility was marvellous. He adapted himself to the most diverse material and seemed to use all with equal ardour and joy.*" His dramas are so astonishingly various in kind that no one theory fits them, and each of them must be studied separately. He is never found twice at the same point. "He shows equal aptitude for the tragic and comic, the sentimental and the burlesque, lyrical fantasy and character-study, portraits of men and women." This diversity exists everywhere in his dramas.

His Universality

Shakespeare's freshness is perennial ; his appeal is universal. *Ben Jonson* was right when he said that he was not of an age, but of all ages, not of one country, but of all countries. He is world's immortal poet. He wrote for the Elizabethan stage and audience ; but he is read and enjoyed even today not only by Englishmen, but by the English-speaking people all over the world. His works have been translated into all the important languages of the world ; and the films based upon his dramas continue to draw packed houses. His freshness and appeal seem to grow the more he is read : the mystery of his own *Cleopatra* seems to belong to him,

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."*

Shakespearean drama is like an ever flowing river of life and beauty, and all who thirst for art or truth can have their fill from it.

Its Secret

But what is the secret of this universal appeal of Shakespeare ? How does he achieve this universality ? *Aristotle* defined universality as the idealising power in art, *i.e. the capacity to lift the narrow world of the story to a higher, wider and vaster world.* Shakespeare has this power, for in his works he is constantly generalising, constantly moving from the particular to the general. Thus the particular story of a play becomes a part of the general story of mankind, and his men and women a part of the panorama of humanity which continues "unbroken from generation to generation". He deals with powerful elemental passions, with joys and sorrows common to all humanity, so that each one of us shares vicariously in the fate of his characters. As human nature, in its essentials, is the same in all ages and climates, his works have a universal appeal. Moreover, as his powers matured, the conflict became more and more internalised in his art, till he could lay bare before his readers the very soul of his characters. He could pierce to the hidden centres, the secret sources of impulse and passion, out of which arise the issues of life. He has absolute command over the complexities of the thought and emotion that prompt to action. "*He sweeps with the hand of a master the whole gamut of human experience, from the lowest note to the very top of its compass, from sportive childish treble of Mamilius, and the pleading boyish tones of Prince Arthur to the spectre haunted terrors of Macbeth, the tropical passion of Othello, the agonised sense and tortured spirit of Hamlet, the sustained elemental grandeur, the Titanic force, the utterly tragic pathos of King Lear.*" His characters have the complexity, the fullness, the variety of humanity itself ; hence his works are of interest to all humanity. Their appeal remains unimpaired even after the lapse of centuries. In this way, his works provide clever psycho-analysis of human nature and are of immense help to man in understanding his own

nature and actions. Moreover, throughout his own works we find gems of practical wisdom and philosophical truth, which are as true and valuable to-day as when they were penned. We go to him not only for countless passages of poetic beauty—passages which generations after generations have loved to read and memorise—but also for moral truth and practical guidance in day-to-day affairs of life. Generalised reflections on human life are scattered all over his works. His works are mines of Beauty, Wisdom, and Truth, and hence can never grow stale.

The Cosmic Element

A Shakespearean play, specially his tragedy, reaches beyond the facts of human life and suggests the struggles of man against some mysterious, powerful forces lurking beyond the world of the senses: his characters often appear to be helpless puppets in the hands of some malignant power driving them to their doom. Universality is achieved by connecting the *Dramatis personae* with the universe at large. His works thus acquire a cosmic significance, and his personages become the symbol of mankind struggling against the forces of Evil. Commenting on this element of universality in his tragedies, Bradley writes, "The immense scope of his work; the mass and variety of intense experience which it containsthe vastness of the convulsion both of nature and of human passion; the vagueness of the scene where the action takes place, and of the movements of the figures which cross the scene; the strange atmosphere, cold and dark, which strikes on us as we enter the scene, enfolding these figures and magnifying their dim outlines like a winter mist; the half realised suggestions of vast universal powers working in the world of individual fates and passions",—all these, and much else, contribute to the universality of his plays. His characters, highly individualised though they be, also symbolise the everlasting types and classes of humanity.

Art of Characterisation

In the field of characterisation, the dramatist reigns supreme. "*It is principally in this respect that Shakespeare surpasses all his rivals and is Shakespeare (Legouis).*" He could endow historical and imaginary beings with life, not intermittently and by flashes, but constantly. They are all alive, they grow, change and evolve before the very eyes of the readers. "*In sheer prodigality of output*", says Albert, "*Shakespeare is unrivalled in literature.*" From king to clown, from lunatic and demi-devil to saint and seer, from lover to misanthrope—all are revealed with the hand of a master." He is entirely objective and impartial, and paints the good and the evil, the wicked and the virtuous, with the same loving care. He is like the proverbial sun in this respect, which shines on the just and the unjust alike. Hence follows the vital force that resides in his creations. They live, move and utter speech; they are rounded, entire and capable. His characters are not lifeless and wooden like those of his contemporaries, but living, breathing realities. They have an

unfailing humanity which keeps them within the orbit of our sympathy.

His Empiricism

Another feature of Shakespeare's art, one which has made him so great, is his empiricism. His art takes realities into account and is not based merely on abstract principles or theories. He cheerfully accepted the limitations of his stage, and made a virtue of necessity. The scenery which his stage lacked is provided in the text of his plays, with the result that nowhere else do we get more of the picturesque and of the poetry of nature than in his plays. The tastes of the people were coarse and unrefined and they wanted to have a good laugh at the tricks of the clown. Shakespeare did not reject the clown like Marlowe and others but refined and ennobled him. He made of him a popular philosopher and a critic, and humanised him. Similarly, he refined the supernatural and brought it into the closest relation with character and action.

His Humour

Shakespeare is the greatest humorist in English literature. His laughter is varied, many-sided and all-pervasive, like a sweet perfume. Like his total genius it is dramatic. It is generally objective and impartial, kindly and sympathetic, refined and noble. But, when the occasion demands it, he can also be ironical and satiric, grim or morbid. We find in him comedy of character, and wit, as also farcical situations productive of horse-laughter. In his plays we laugh at "fools, at those who pretend to be wise, at affectation, at extreme simplicity, at awkwardness and at hypocrisy. We are amused at misunderstandings of intention, fruitless struggles of absurd passion, contradictions of temperament, and situations of utter helplessness. We laugh at unforeseen accidents, we delight in seeing vanity mortified, and we are filled with satisfaction at seeing any evil character meet with disaster, provided only that actual physical pain is not involved."

Blending of Humour and Pathos

Though Shakespeare can laugh incomparably, mere laughter wearies him. He often blends it subtly and skilfully with tragedy and pathos. In his mature art, there are perfect interpenetrations of the tragic and the comic, of the pathetic and the gay. In the tragedies, his humour serves to enliven the general atmosphere of gloom, to relieve tragic tensions, and to heighten the effect of the scene that follows, in short, to provide those "tone clashes" which Moulton so much admires. That is Shakespeare's greatness. In this respect, he is greater than the Greek masters, who did not permit any intermingling of the serious and the light. But Shakespeare, a student of man and his life as he was, knew that life is a mingled web of tears and smiles, of sorrows and joys, and so it is in his plays. He holds a "mirror to nature" in the true sense of the term.

The Poetic Element : Style

"The first dramatist was also the first poet of his day and one of the first of all times". The poet is not only revealed by the

hundred exquisite songs with which the plays are strewn. The ardent passion for beauty which is the distinction of the sonnets, and causes the best of them to reach the high watermark of beauty in English poetry, attains in the plays to results as fine, and there has a diversity of mood and accent impossible to the sonnets. *Fusion of the dramatic and the lyric in the art of Shakespeare is perfect. Truth and Beauty* are perfectly blended in his works. "Beauty comes from the perfection of the style and the versification, the rarity of the images, and the accompanying music." His mature style is something incomparable, and for want of a better word we call it Shakespearean. It is apt, quotable and packed with thought. When at his best similes and metaphors come out of his pen as sparks from a chimney fire. Praising the beauty of his mature style, Albert writes, "To a very high degree it possesses sweetness, strength and flexibility ; and above all it has a certain inevitable and final felicity that is the true mark of genius."

Shakespearean felicity of expression has become proverbial. Commenting on the crowded utterance of his later style, Raleigh says, "The very syntax is the syntax of thought rather than of language ; constructions are mixed, grammatical links are dropped, the meaning of many sentences is compressed into one, hints and impressions count for as much as full-blown propositions."

He is a matchless painter *albeit* not with a brush, but with words.

Conclusion

In short, in the words of Dryden, "*He was the man, who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and the most comprehensive soul.*" We may sum up this account of the greatness of Shakespeare with the words of Raleigh : "So Shakespeare has come down to us, as English man of letters ; he has been separated from his fellows, and recognised for what he is : *perhaps the greatest poet of all times ; one who has said more about humanity than any other writer, and has said it better ;* whose works are the study and admiration of divines and philosophers, of soldiers and statesmen, so that his continued vogue upon the stage is the smallest part of his immortality ; who has touched many spirits finely to fine issues, and *has been for three centuries a source of delight and understanding, of wisdom and consolation.*"

The Elizabethan Theatre and Audience : Shakespeare's Stagecraft

Shakespeare's Art : Conditioning Factors

"Shakespeare's beginnings were not courtly, but popular." He wrote for the popular stage and not for our easy-chair study and "the world that he lived in, the stage that he wrote for, these have left their marks broad on his plays." In order to appreciate his works properly, it is essential to form a clear idea of the Elizabethan stage, and of the tastes of the play-going public which conditioned his art. He was an actor before he was a dramatist, and as such he had acquired a thorough knowledge of stage-craft. This enabled him to make a virtue of necessity and to write plays which were box-office hits, as well as works of art, not for an age, but for all ages.

The Elizabethan Theatre

A typical Elizabethan theatre, such as *the Globe* and the *Blackfriars*, with which Shakespeare was intimately connected, was a small wooden structure, in shape hexagonal outside and round within. In *Henry V* it is referred to as "this wooden 'O' ". Except for the stage and the boxes or "rooms" by the wall, the play-house was open to the sky and the performances were given by daylight. No seats were provided in the yard or "the pit". It was spread over with rushes, and the poorer section of the audience, called, "*groundlings*", remained standing throughout the show. Round this 'pit' were rows upon rows of galleries much in the manner of a modern circus. Seats were provided here for those who were willing to pay the price. The rich used the "rooms", while the young gallants often sat on the stage itself.

The Stage

The stage of these early theatres was a raised narrow platform, jutting far into the pit, so that the actors had often to perform surrounded by the "*groundlings*" or "*understanding men*", as Shakespeare humorously calls them, and the gallants who sat on the stage. So the conditions under which the actors had to perform were quite different from those of the modern "picture-frame" stage. The players were seen from many point of view, and, says Raleigh, "had to aim at statuesque rather than pictorial effect." The spectator was not ignored as in the modern theatre; the player had

the audience constantly in mind, and often spoke directly to it. The "soliloquies" and "asides" did not appear so unrealistic and out of place on the Elizabethan "platform stage" as they do to us of the 20th century, for the actor was in sympathy with the audience, like one who speaks on a public platform. The actors freely opened out their hearts and minds to the audience and also aired their views in a grand declamatory style on various topics, likely to be of interest to the listeners.

Its Four Parts

The Elizabethan stage was divided into four parts. "*The front stage*", which projected far into the auditorium, was conventionally used for a scene in some open place as a wood, a field, a garden, etc. It was in this part that street brawls took place, or battles were fought. Then there was "*the back stage*", the part behind pillars. It was used for a scene in any covered place, a room in a tavern, a palace, or an office. For example, it was on this part of the stage that Dogberry and Verges examined the culprits, or Othello attended to the office papers. The wall round the stage was hung over with tapestry. At both the ends of this wall there was a door used for the "*Entrance*" and "*Exit*" of the actors. As an actor, on entrance, had to walk some distance to reach the front-stage, time had to be allowed for this in the play itself. For instance, Iago would exclaim, "Look, where he comes", and then continue with his soliloquy till Othello reached the front. Shakespeare displays considerable mastery of stagecraft, in the management of his entrances.

Between the "*Entrance*" and the "*Exit*" there was a third door which opened into a small inner recess called the, "*rear stage*". It served many purposes. "It was Juliet's tomb, Prospero's cell, the canopy of Desdemona's bed, or the hovel where poor Tom in *King Lear* is found taking refuge from the storm. Over this "alcove" or the "*rear-stage*" there was an *upper stage* which was used for a scene on the upper storey. It was used for the balcony in *Romeo and Juliet*, or for the window in Shylock's house whence Jessica throws the casket, or for Cleopatra's monument, to which the dying Antony is raised to take his farewell of Egypt.

Lack of Moveable Scenery and Curtain

This primitive stage could boast of no drop curtain or moveable scenery. These peculiarities have moulded Shakespeare's art in several ways. As there was no curtain to cover the stage, a scene began with the entrance of the actors, and ended with their exit. The stage had to be cleared, in full view of the audience, before the next scene could take place. The playwright had to make provision for it in the dialogue of the play. In the tragedies, the dead bodies are frequently carried off the stage in a funeral procession; and in the comedies the characters generally dance off the stage, the dead body of Ceaser in *Julius Ceaser* is given to Antonio, in the murder scene, to be carried away by him; Hamlet takes away the body of Polonius; and the Prince of Verona orders, "Bear hence this body". At the end of *Much Ado*, orders are given

to the pipers to "strike up" and all "Exeunt" dancing. Both in comedies and tragedies alike the lack of the drop curtain had a profound effect on the structure of Shakespeare's plays. Scenes had to be ended with the players walking off the stage. His scenes, therefore, often have a tame draw: he could not work them to a crisis and end them with the crisis, for the stage had to be cleared and provision had to be made for it. So every crisis is followed by a relaxation of tension, or an anti-climax. Rhymed tags are a favourite device of the dramatist to indicate the end of a scene.

Frequent Change of Scene

"Two prominent characteristics of the Shakespearean drama may be referred directly to this absence of painted scenery; the continual change in the locality of the action, and the frequency of descriptive passages, in which appeal was made to the imagination of the spectators" (Hudson). He could throw the unity of place to the winds and change his scenes as frequently as he liked. At one moment he could transport the audience to *Bohemia* and at the very next to *Messina*. In "*Antony and Cleopatra*" there are as many as forty-two scenes laid all over the Roman world. This, no doubt, results in some looseness of construction and diffusiveness, but it imparts a breadth and sweep to the action not to be matched by any other representation of the story of the loves of the famous queen of Egypt. In the absence of painted scenery, the scene of action is frequently indicated through dialogue. Thus Viola asks,

"What country, friend, is this?"

and the Captain replies

"This is *Illyria*, lady."

The time of action also is frequently pointed out in the same way. Hamlet asks,

"What hour now?"

and Horatio tells him,

"I think it lacks of twelve."

As no time was needed to change the scenery, the action could be more rapid and swift than that of a modern play. Shakespeare could give more of incident and story to his audience and still his plays could be staged in two hours. This accounts for the complicated plots of the Elizabethan Drama.

Poetic Descriptions

The absence of movable scenery made a wealth of poetic description necessary to appeal to the imagination of the audience. The illusion created on the modern stage by lighting, scenery and orchestra, is created by Shakespeare through an abundance of vivid and poetic description. In the age, "Poetry was the natural medium for dramatic speech, specially at exalted moments; and a good actor could carry his audience with him by the emotional effect of rhetoric".

Thus imagination was the prime need for the enjoyment of the

drama. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus stresses this very point when he dwells on the need of imagination to supply the inadequacy of stage representation :

Theseus—*The best in this kind are but shadows : and the worst are no worst, if imagination amend them.*

Much of the humour of the play presented by Bottom and his companions lies in their determination to leave nothing to the imagination of their audience. Beautiful passages of natural description are strewn all over the works of our dramatist and they have been a source of delight to countless generations of Shakespeare lovers.

"Stage Properties" and Costumes

If the Shakespearean stage had no curtain and scenery, it was rich in, "stage-properties", and gorgeous costumes, chairs, tables, artificial trees, beds, thrones, tents etc., were the common properties of the Elizabethan stage. They were used symbolically and suggestively. Thus a chair and table represented an office or a room, a throne, the king's palace, and a few trees a forest. Money was spent lavishly on costumes, and the actors appeared in gorgeous and fantastic dresses. But these costumes were popular. The Elizabethans cared not for the time in which the action of the play was set. There are frequent anachronisms, but with, "Shakespeare verisimilitude was everything, anachronism nothing". Raleigh rightly stresses that dress was rather a means of indicating rank and office, than time or place. It revealed character and not the setting.

Lack of Actresses

Much depended upon the actors, and the art of acting was brought to a high pitch of perfection. But there were no actresses on the Shakespearean stage, women's parts being taken up by boys and youngmen specially trained for the purpose. This explains why the plays of Shakespeare do not contain many women. In the tragedies, the ladies usually remain in the background, in the comedies, they frequently make raids on masculine wardrobes and appear dressed as men. Portia, Nèrrisa, Jessica, Viola, Rosalind, are only a few of the many female characters who disguise themselves as men. These "boy actresses" must have been very clever, and when after the Restoration, women began to appear on the English boards, "there were those, like the Pepys, who regretted the change" (Hudson). But it is rather difficult for us to imagine that Shakespeare's heroines could ever have been quite adequately interpreted by such male performers.

The Audience : Its Tastes

The tastes of the audience also had equally far reaching effects on the stagecraft of Shakespeare. He was a popular dramatist and it was essential that his plays should be successful on the public stage. He, therefore, often wrote down to the play-goers and gave them what they wanted. The people were crude and unrefined ; they came to the theatre either to have a good laugh at the antics of the clown,

or to enjoy scenes of bloodshed and violence. Hence we find that in his plays, even in his tragedies, the clown or the Fool makes frequent appearances. The grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, the drunken porter in *Macbeth*, the clown in *Othello*, etc., are his concessions to the public taste. But in this respect, as in other respects, he rose to the occasion, and much refined the clown and made him an integral part of the drama. Raleigh's remarks in this connection are worth quoting :

"The citizens delighted in exhibitions of juggling, tumbling, fencing, and wrestling, and these also were provided by the drama. Shakespeare is profuse in his concessions to the athletic interest. The wrestling-match in *As You Like It*, the rapier duels in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *Hamlet*, the sword fight in *Macbeth*—these were real displays of skill by practised combatants."

The audience craved for noise and outcry, hurry and bustle, pomp, show and pageantry, and Shakespeare's plays invariably satisfy this demand : "He entertained the spectators with unceasing movement, and a feast of colours, and the noise of trumpets and cannon and shouting, and endless song and dance. Sometimes, a whole scene is given over to pageantry."

The play-goers loved music and dance, and songs abound in the plays of our dramatist. They were superstitious and believed in the existence of ghosts, witches and fairies, and all these supernatural beings appear and re-appear at every turn of the road. They liked broad jests and word-jugglery and the dramatist does not hesitate to let them have their fill in this respect as well. The average Elizabethan came to the theatre to have an escape from the sordid realities of life into a world of romance, and Shakespeare transports them, on the wings of his imagination, to the forest of Arden or the shores of Illyria, where there is no other business but that of love-making.

Conclusion

Thus many of the blemishes of Shakespeare's plays were imposed upon him, "by the tastes and habits of his patrons and by the fashions of the primitive theatre." The laws which he followed were those laid down for him by the audience :

*The Drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.*

But Shakespeare did not merely write down to the tastes of his audience, he also elevated and refined it. It goes much to the credit of the world's immortal dramatist that, working under such adverse circumstances, he could create beautiful works of art which remain unsurpassed upto this date.

The Renaissance Element in The Works of Shakespere Or The Age of Shakespeare

The Age : Its Importance

Ben Jonson called "*Shakespeare not of an age, but of all ages*", but he also referred to him as the "*soul of the age*". Drama, by its very nature, "*holds a mirror to life*", and the plays of Shakespeare not only mirror his age, but are also a running commentary on the life of the times. Topical allusions and references to contemporary events are scattered all up and down his works. He was a popular dramatist who wrote for the public stage and his art was conditioned by the tastes of the people and the limitations of the stage. It was in the glorious Age of Queen Elizabeth, covering the last quarter of the 16th century and the first few years of the 17th, that Shakespeare "*reached his full stature, and became not only great and wise, but famous, rich and happy*". In order, therefore, to understand his works, it is essential to have a clear idea of his age.

The Renaissance

It was the age of the Renaissance, the age in which the great revival of learning, which started in Italy in the 13th century and which came to England in the second half of the 14th century, reached full blossoming. Monastic libraries were ransacked, and the long-forgotten treasures of Greek and Latin literatures were brought to light, and a boundless enthusiasm for classical studies swept the land. The Renaissance is rightly regarded as the chief force in the making of modern European literatures. It worked in two ways : "*It did much to emancipate thought from the bondage of medieval theology by restoring the generous spirit and ideals of pagan antiquity, and it presented writers with literary masterpieces which they might take as model for their own efforts*".

The Spurt of Translations

It is the Renaissance influence which makes the Age of Shakespeare wonderfully fertile, productive and splendid. The period ranks as one of the greatest in the annals of the world's literature. There was a spurt of translations. The remark of

Legouis highlights the abundance of translations in this Age : "The rich soil was fertilized by a deep layer of translations. By 1579, many of the great works of ancient and modern times had been translated into English, almost all of them by 1603, the end of Elizabeth's reign." Plutarch's *Lives*, Montaigne's *Essays*, Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Homer's, *Iliad*, and Ariosto's, *Orlando Furioso*, are only a few of the innumerable works which formed the reading of the Elizabethan elite, and which influenced the thought and works of all the writers of the period. Classical mythology, fine arts, like painting, sculpture, and music, all fed and pandered to the awakened aesthetic sensibility of the English Nation. Shakespeare's plots are all borrowed from classical and foreign sources, and allusions to classical mythology and lore are frequent in his plays. Music is a passion with his characters, and many of the rich as Portia, Theseus, the Duke of Illyria, Orsino, etc., have their own musicians. *Much Ado* is steeped in the Renaissance spirit. The English drama was nourished and inspired by the tales of love, pleasure, lust, violence and bloodshed of such Italian masters as Boccaccio, Cinthio, Bandello, etc. In short, to quote Legouis again, "The literature of England was enriched by an immense looting of Italian treasures, and the spoils carried back to the island were there exhibited, not only as marvellous works of art, but also as objects of reprobation."

High Conception of Poetry

Under the influence of Plato, the poet came to be regarded as the first of men. This faith in the perfection of the poet served as a magnet to draw men towards poetry. All manner of men from the royalty down to those of the humblest ranks composed poems, and all genres were attempted and perfected. England was a veritable nest of singing birds. The poetic output of this period is second only to that of the drama. "Every breeze was dusty with the pollen of Greece, Rome and of Italy", and even the general atmosphere was charged with the spirit of new learning. Commenting on the amazing interest shown in literature by the Elizabethans, Albert writes, "*Pamphlets and treatises were freely written; much abuse, often of a personal and scurrilous character, was indulged in; and literary questions became almost of national importance. To a great extent, the controversies of the day were puerile enough, but at least they indicated a lively interest in the literature of the period.*"

The Spirit of Freedom and Questioning

The Renaissance did not only mean the revival or re-birth of classical learning, it also meant an awakening of the minds of men. Old traditions and conventions lost their hold on the minds of the people, authority was rejected and all sorts of question were asked. Freedom of thought and freedom of action were the dominant passions of the Age. Rules and regulations were openly flouted and all restraints were thrown to the wind. Liberty often degenerated into license. This is clearly seen in the freedom which the

writers of the period tended to take with grammar and syntax. In this respect there was no fixity of any kind, everything was fluid and changing. Every part of speech was used as every other part of speech, and sentences were constructed without caring for the proper arrangement of words, or for the rules of syntax. Abbot stresses this grammatical license when he writes: "Any irregularities whatever, whether in the formation of words or in the combination of words into sentences, are allowable...almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech."

Modernism : Materialism

The Renaissance freed the minds of men from the shackles of medievalism. The process started in the Age of Chaucer, and it reached its consummation in the Age of Shakespeare. The medieval mind is other-worldly, it subordinates this life to the life after death, and in the interests of the soul shuns all enjoyments of the flesh. Asceticism is its ideal, and any physical indulgence is looked down upon as a negation of the ideal. The Renaissance spirit is marked, on the other hand, with a growing sense of beauty and an increasing enrichment of life. The age of Shakespeare was, therefore, an age of materialism and frank and bold enjoyment of life. Beauty was a passion with the Elizabethans, and women were regarded as adorable creatures. England's trade and commerce flourished, and the country grew rich and prosperous. The people liked to eat well, drink heavily, and dress extravagantly. The plays of Shakespeare are full of references, often satirical, to the extravagant habits of his country men. Iago, for example, remarks "*I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your Swag bellied Hollander—Drink Ho ! are nothing to your English*". And Portia comments on the odd dress of one of her lovers: "*How oddly he is suited : I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.*"

Lavish Living

It was an age of pomp, show and glitter. Money was spent lavishly on rich clothes and jewels. The queen liked to be surrounded by graceful men of handsome appearance. One of her courtiers, Sir Walter Raleigh, is reported to have spent £ 6600 on his shoes alone. Much attention was paid to bodily perfection and manly exercises as wrestling, shooting, swimming, riding, etc. The love of gardens, of field sports, like hunting, hawking, archery and falconry, all bear witness to the materialism of the age and the Elizabethan zest for life. It was, in short, says Raleigh, "an age of glitter and pageantry, of squalor and wickedness, of the lust of the eye and the pride of life, an age of prodigality, adventure, bravery, and excess". It was an age specially favourable to the growth of drama. People craved enjoyment and to satisfy this need, first came the novelettes and then the theatres, which in their turn gave a great flip to dramatic production.

Romanticism : Spirit of Adventure

The Renaissance did much to enlarge the boundaries of men's minds, and kindle fresh ideas. It was an age of great curiosity, and the thirst for knowledge was so powerful that scholars, like Bacon, took all knowledge to be their province. "The romantic quest is for the remote, the wonderful and the beautiful", and the Elizabethans were the first and the greatest romantics of England. They "looked after" into the past and unearthed the treasures of bygone ages : they, "looked afore" into the future and wrote *Utopias* and *Atlantis* : they "looked afar", and bold adventurers like Hawkins, Drake and Forbisher fathomed the vast unknown and all possible lands were discovered, and scientists like Copernicus scaled, "the ghastr heights of sky" and revealed man's true place and significance in the scheme of things. Travelling was a great passion of the times. Bold adventurers travelled to distant lands and on their return excited the imagination of the people by telling them of the sights they had seen, treasures they had got, and strange people they had met. Shakespeare's plays are full of references to such travellers' tales. Othello, for instance, tells Desdemona of

".....antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose
heads touch heaven,
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads,
Do grow beneath their shoulders".

The Elizabethans were for ever seeking for something new, and thought and action were free and unfettered. Life for them was a glorious adventure, and knowledge a fantastic game.

Patriotism

The Renaissance spirit, which stirred feelings and passions, dilated imagination and expended thought, was further fostered, nourished and strengthened by the spirit of patriotism. An intense patriotism is another outstanding feature of the age, and it shows itself in many ways, "in a keen interest in England's past, pride in England's greatness, hatred of England's enemies and extravagant loyalty to England's queen". It was this patriotism which made the historical play so very popular. *Shakespeare's historical plays are so many glorifications of the English kings.* Compliments to the virginity of Queen Elizabeth, and to the healing gift of King James, are frequent in his plays. The defeat of the Spanish Armada had made England conscious of her own power and superiority. She now desired a pre-eminent place in every sphere of activity. With one bound she caught up with her rivals, Spain, Portugal and France, in maritime discovery and sea-faring. "Literature was swept onwards by this spirit of conquest and self-glorification." "England balanced her literary accounts, and was ashamed to realise her poverty as compared to France, her indigence by the side of Italy, and her virtual destitution in comparison with antiquity." She had faith in her own genius, and marched con-

fidently and swiftly ahead to become first in the field of literature, as in other fields.

Peace and Security : Reformation

It was now for the first time that England got internal peace and security. The different forces of disruption were checked and held in balance. The conquest of the Armada had removed all fears of external invasion, and the union of the crowns of England and Scotland had removed another cause of constant friction. The Reformation which began in the age of Chaucer had by now achieved solid results. The church of England had thrown off the foreign yoke by rejecting the supremacy of the Pope. The fierce feuds of Catholic and Protestant were now over, and Puritanism was not yet a force in the life of the nation. The Elizabethan compromise made England a united nation, and men were free to devote themselves whole heartedly to cultural pursuits.

Backwardness of the Age

The age was of great diversity. It was the age of wisdom, the age of foolishness, the age of Light and Darkness, the age of reason and of unreason, the age of Hope as well as of Despaire. The conditions of life were fast changing, but much barbarity and backwardness of the Middle Ages still persisted. It was an age of disorder, violence, bloodshed and tavern-brawls. The police was inefficient as is shown by the example of Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado*; it was unsafe to go out after nightfall as the streets were dark and deserted and highway robberies of the kind mentioned in *Henry IV, Part I*, were the order of the day. The laws were cruel and brutal, and criminals, when apprehended, were frequently hanged, drawn and quartered. The brutality of the age is also seen in such brutal sports as bear-baiting and cock-fighting which were special favourites of the people and to which there are constant references in the works of Shakespeare.

Ignorance and Superstition

It was an age of ignorance and superstition. Despite the advance of science and learning, the majority of the people still believed in witch-craft and charms and omens of all sorts. Frequent appearance of the supernatural in the works of Shakespeare is a concession to the popular faith. We have the ghosts in *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, witches in *Macbeth*, and Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. Medical science was still rudimentary, and all sorts of fantastic cures were prescribed. Lunatics were still confined within solitary cells and whipped for their own cure. It is in this way that Malvolio is treated in the *Twelfth Night*.

Conclusion

But despite this coarseness, violence, ignorance and brutality, it was an age in which, "men lived intensely, thought intensely, and wrote intensely". Hamlet's remark, "what a piece of work is man!" is the very epitome of the Renaissance spirit. They were stirring

times, when passions were strong and speculation was rife, when everything conspired to bring out the best that was in man. In short, it was a glorious age in which men of genius like Shakespeare could make their mark.

The Supernatural in Shakespeare

Shakespeare and the Superstitions of the Age

The Supernatural includes all those phenomena which cannot be explained by the accepted laws of natural science. In the days of Shakespeare, there was almost universal belief in the presence and power of the unseen. All classes of people, including the king, shared this belief. The popularity of Reginald Scot's, *Discovery of Witchcraft*, king James' *Demonology* and Middleton's *The Witch*, are so many eloquent witnesses to the supernatural terrors of the Elizabethans. Most of the forms of the marvellous in which people believed were awe inspiring, uncanny and gloomy i.e., demons, ghosts, witches, wizards etc. There was another category, too, namely the fairies, which was conceived in a lighter vein. Shakespeare himself may or may not have believed in this world of the spirit, but as a popular dramatist he had to cater to the public taste. He freely uses both the categories of the unseen, and ghosts, fairies and witches appear and re-appear in one play after another. But his supernatural is not so crude and rough as that of the other contemporary dramatists; it is always invested with a deep moral and psychological significance. An examination of the various characteristics of his supernatural will clearly bring out his superiority in this field.

The Evolution of His Supernaturalism

Shakespeare's concept of the marvellous underwent a gradual evolution. Though there is a touch of it in at least half of his plays, yet there are four of them, written at different periods of his dramatic career, which deal prominently with this fascinating subject. In *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, written at the age of 29, Shakespeare accepts it in a spirit of light-hearted amused tolerance: by the time of *Hamlet* his attitude changes to one of serious meditation, in *Macbeth* it is darkened to pessimism and apprehension; and in *The Tempest* there is renewed faith in good, and the poet returns to the freedom and happiness of his youthful fairy fantasy. In the play of his youth the fairies have little power over human beings. They exercise no moral influence. In *Hamlet* the ghost has far greater powers, but it fails to achieve its purpose. The witches in *Macbeth* have even greater potentialities for evil and wreck the human soul. In the *Tempest* the unseen powers are entirely in the control of a man, and can do nothing without his permission. Thus

the poet's attitude evolved from an uncritical and ready acceptance, through doubtings and questionings, to a pessimism and despair regarding man's ability to face the forces of Evil, till in his last play, he shows renewed faith in man's dominion over Evil.

The Characteristics of His Supernatural

(1) **Correspondence with Popular Belief**—Shakespeare invests his supernatural with all the circumstances and characteristic features of popular superstitions, so that it may be readily accepted by his audience. The *Hamlet* ghost, for example, appears in eerie circumstances, on a cold and dark night. It does not speak till it is spoken to. It inspires terror in the hearts of those who see it, and it vanishes as soon as it is daylight. "All these were current ghostly superstitions and clever dramatic use was made of them by the poet" (C. Clark). Similarly in *Macbeth*, the witches in their various characteristics conform substantially to those of popular imagination and conception. They are poor and ragged, skiny and hideous. They are dressed like women but grow beards which makes one, like Banquo, doubt their sex. While most critics of Shakespeare find them terrible, Harrison is one of those who consider them ridiculous. They appear in foul weather when there is thunder, lightning and storms. They have gifts of prophecy; can cast spells and raise apparitions. The incantation scene in the play bears witness to their powers.

(2) **Its Subjective Nature**—In all these respects, the supernatural in Shakespeare corresponds closely to the prevalent belief; but it is much more refined and is invariably imparted a deeper significance. His supernatural is both objective and subjective. The ghost in *Hamlet* is objective for it physically appears on the stage and is seen by many people. Later on, when it appears in the Queen's closet, it takes on a subjective turn and is seen by nobody except *Hamlet*. The ghost of Banquo in *Macbeth* is a psychological phenomenon. It is an objectification or externalisation of the guilt-obsessed imagination of *Macbeth*. That is why none else of the characters sees it: it does not speak, and it vanishes as soon as *Macbeth* takes heart and exclaims:

"Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

Such are also the ghosts of Ceasar in *Julius Ceasar*, the apparition seen by Richard III in the play of that name, and the one seen by Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. The spirit of Hermoine seen by Antigonus in *The Winter's Tale* is "the only instance in the whole of Shakespeare where the supernatural presence of a living person is recorded" (C. Clark). Shakespeare obviously intended that the judicious among the audience would take such ghosts to be mental hallucinations, while the uneducated would regard them as the restless spirits of the dead visiting the earth for some special reason as revenge, retribution, warning, or the guidance of those still living.

The wierd sisters of *Macbeth*, too, are not simply the crude

witches of popular superstition, but have been imparted a deeper psychological significance. As H. B. Charlton points out, "the witches are the embodied malevolence which bubbles up from Nature's earth". They hover the border land between the natural and the supernatural, and fuse the two in the dark mystery of man's universe. They, no doubt, have an objective existence for they are seen both by Macbeth and Banquo, but they also symbolise the unseen forces of evil which surround puny mortals on all sides. Moreover, through them, the dramatist has objectively represented the temptation and evil lurking within the soul of Macbeth. That is why Macbeth is startled by their prophecy, while Banquo remains calm and undisturbed. It is only at a later stage, when guilt has entered his soul, that he grows susceptible to them.

(3) **The Supernatural Integral to Action**—As a matter of fact, the supernatural is ever brought by the dramatist in the closest relation with character and action. The witches of *Macbeth* are integral to the plot, they shape the course of events; they are the motive power of the drama. They also serve to intensify the atmosphere of horror and dread in the plays. Similarly, the ghost in *Hamlet* is not a meaningless apparition; it "starts the train of contradictory thoughts in Hamlet's brain which makes the whole play" (C. Clark).

(4) **It is Suggestive and Not Compulsive**—However important may be the part assigned to the supernatural, it has no powers of compulsion. It can only suggest a particular course of action, it can never compel a character to act in a particular manner.

The ultimate responsibility lies with the human actors of a play and not with the super-human. Thus the witches are able to tempt Macbeth because he already has temptation within his soul; Banquo is not tempted because he is free from all evil. The actions of Macbeth issue out of his character, he is perfectly free to resist the temptation of the witches. They merely prophesy the future event; they never tell him how to fulfil that prophecy. The idea of murder is entirely Macbeth's own; he had already discussed it with his wife. In *Hamlet*, the ghost reveals the past and is believed only when it is corroborated. It really fails in its purpose for the Prince hesitates, doubts and delays, and finally is moved to kill the murderer of his father by other causes altogether. Thus the influence of the supernatural, though profound, is only limited. "Man remains his own master, it can only tempt, suggest, appeal and persuade; it cannot command, nor compel."

Its Aloofness

Shakespeare was skilful enough to make only a sparing use of these unseen forces. His supernal beings remain aloof, and do not mingle freely with human beings, as do those of lesser playwrights like Middleton, Fletcher, Greene, Decker etc. His supernatural is never repetitive. He knew that familiarity breeds contempt, that terrifying beings lose their power to terrify the more they are seen. That is why their appearance in the plays of Shakespeare is strictly limited. The weird sisters in *Macbeth* were given only two appear-

ances by Shakespeare—one at the beginning of each half of the drama. The other witch-scenes are now generally accepted as interpolations. But still their influence is felt throughout the play. The ghost of Ceaser, though he appears only once, henceforth dominates the whole action and seems to shape the destinies of the conspirators. Such is Shakespeare's craftsmanship.

Mary A. Woods Quoted

We may fittingly conclude this discussion of the supernatural in Shakespeare, by quoting the excellent summary of the characteristics of the ghosts of the dramatist given by **Mary A. Woods**: "*They (the ghosts) are no mere stage accessories. They have a function and a dignity that compel the awe-struck recognition of the most careless. They are Messengers from the unseen, Ministers of Justice, Avengers of crimes that, but for them, might have remained unpunished. They stand for the Nemesis which is a prime factor in all the plays, though here, as in real life, it may seem to work slowly, falteringly, even at times capriciously.*"

Shakespeare's Concept of Tragedy

Shakespearean tragedy, in the main, conforms with the definition of Aristotle, but it violates the principles of the Greek philosopher in one important respect: its action is not all serious; its seriousness is often relieved by the comic. In this respect Shakespeare was but holding a "mirror to life" in which joys and sorrows, tears and smiles, frequently alternate. He was thus a greater artist than the other dramatists who blindly followed Aristotle.

Shakespeare's Tragic Period

Shakespeare has left behind him a number of great tragedies, written during different periods of his career. They are :

- (1) *Richard III and Richard II.*
- (2) *Romeo and Juliet ;*
- (3) *Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra ;*
- (4) *Timon of Athens and Coriolanus ;*
- (5) *Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and King Lear.*

The last four are his greatest creations and rank among the greatest tragedies of the world. They are the dramatist's tour de force, and all discussions of his tragic art centre round them.

The Theme : Struggle Between Good and Evil

The theme of a Shakespearean tragedy is the struggle between Good and Evil, resulting in serious convulsions and disturbances, sorrows, sufferings and deaths. Says Dowden, "*Tragedy as conceived by Shakespeare is concerned with the ruin or restoration of the soul and of the life of man. In other words, its subject is the struggle of Good and Evil in the world.*" It depicts men and women struggling with Evil, often succumbing to it, and brought to death by it. Through their heroic struggle, we realise the immense spiritual potentiality of man. "For Shakespeare tragedy becomes the stern, awful, but exalting, picture of mankind's heroic struggle towards a goodness which enlarges and enriches itself as human experience grows longer and wider through the ages." It is for this reason that Charlton calls a Shakespearean tragedy, "*the apotheosis (or glorification) of the soul of man.*" It is also for this reason that it never leaves behind a depressing effect. It soothes, consoles and strengthens.

The Melodramatic Note

Before we proceed further with the consideration of the different characteristics of his tragedies, it would be well to remember that our dramatist wrote for the stage and not for our armchair reading. He strove to display "themes essentially stirring, and often melodramatic, and that his primal thought was dramatic effectiveness" (A. Nicoll). In his tragedies, he presents a rich series of excitements that is likely to rouse the most apathetic audience. The themes of all the four great tragedies are sensational. For example, *Macbeth* has its witches, its ghosts and apparitions, its murder in a darkened castle, its drunken tipsy porter, and its thrilling sight of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. In *Hamlet*, we have the ghost and the grave-diggers, in *Othello* night alarms and sword fights, and in *King Lear* the celebrated "trio of madness". "Obviously this is only the outward framework; beyond and within this external sensationalism, Shakespeare has placed a more subtle, a more poetical, and a less tangible tragic spirit" (A. Nicoll). Every one of his tragedies is an expression of some human passion or failing and its disastrous consequences. Any discussion of his tragic vision must be primarily concerned with this inner or higher tragedy which is the soul or essence, and not with the external framework of sensationalism.

The Tragic Hero

A Shakespearean tragedy is pre-eminently the story of one person, "the hero" or at most of two, the hero and the heroine. It is only in the love-tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, that the heroine is as much the centre of action as the hero. There are, no doubt, a number of other persons, but the attention is concentrated on the main figure. A typical Shakespearean tragedy is single star. The story leads upto and includes the death of the hero—at the end, the stage is often littered with corpses. "*It is essentially a tale of suffering and calamity conducting to death*" (Bradley).

His Exalted Rank and Status

The tragic heroes are all conspicuous persons who "stand in a high degree." They are either kings, or princes, or great military generals indispensable for the state. Thus Hamlet is a prince, Lear is a king, Macbeth belongs to the royal family, and is a trusted kinsman and general, and Othello is a great warrior and brave general. Shakespeare's conception of tragedy is medieval, for he is not concerned with the fate of the common man, with his sorrow and suffering which is the concern of a modern tragedy. These exalted personages suffer greatly; their suffering and calamity is exceptional. Thus, Macbeth after the murder suffers the tortures of Hell, as if there were scorpions in his brain: Othello is on the rack with jealousy for the greater part of the play; Lear goes mad and raves; and Hamlet's soul is torn within. Their suffering is contrasted with their previous happiness. The hero is such an important personality that his fall affects the welfare of a whole nation or

empire, and when he falls suddenly from the height of earthly greatness to the dust, his fall produces a sense of the powerlessness of man and the omnipotence of Fate. This is one of the ways in which the playwright introduces an element of universality in his tragedies.

An Exceptional Individual—The Tragic Flaw

The tragic hero is not only a person of high degree, he also has an exceptional nature. He is built on a grand scale. He has some passion or obsession which attains in him a terrible force. He has a marked one-sidedness, a strong tendency to act in a particular way. They are all driven in some one direction by some peculiar interest, object, passion, or habit of mind. *Bradley refers to this trait as the tragic flaw.* Thus Macbeth has "vaulting ambition," Hamlet "noble inaction", Othello credulity and rashness in action, and Lear the folly and fondness of old age. He is passionate and lacks in self-control. Owing to the fault or flaw of his character, the tragic hero falls from greatness. He errs, and his error, joining with other causes, brings ruin upon him. *In other words, his character issues in action, or action issues out of his character.* It is in this sense that "*Character is Destiny*" is true of a Shakespearean tragedy. The character of the hero is responsible for his actions; and from this point of view they appear to be instruments shaping their own destiny. As *Bradley* puts it, "The calamities and catastrophes follow inevitably from the deeds of men, and the main source of the deeds is character."

Tragic Waste

The tragic hero, no doubt, has this particular flaw which spells his doom, but otherwise he is an admirable character—a genius, a great warrior, or an exceptionally honest and virtuous person. But all this exceptional human material suffers and is wasted. Hence it is that a Shakespearean tragedy leaves behind a very strong impression of waste. At the close of the tragedy the Evil does not triumph; it is expelled but at the cost of much that is good and wholly admirable. For example, the fall of Macbeth not only means the death of evil in him, but also the waste of much that was essentially noble. It is in the fitness of things that Iago be punished, but it also leads to the ruin of good represented by Desdemona and Othello. So also in Hamlet and King Lear the Good is destroyed along with the Evil. There is no tragedy in the expulsion of Evil; the tragedy is that it involves the waste of Good.

Sources of Tragedy: Character and Destiny

When we say that "Character is Destiny" in Shakespeare, we do not state the full truth. His tragedies, as *A. Nicoll* points out, are not mere tragedies of character but "*Tragedies of Character and Destiny.*" There is a tragic relationship between the hero and his environment. Fate or destiny places him in just those circumstances and situations with which he is incapable of dealing. Fatal forces seem to hover over his head. For example, Macbeth is exposed to such temptation to withstand which he would have

had to be contented and unaspiring, as well as firm of will. But it is exactly these qualities he lacks. He is weak of will, has ambition, longs for the crown, and desires personal aggrandisement. The situation in *Othello* requires calm and cool thinking, but it is just this quality which the hero does not have; in *Hamlet* swift action would have saved the situation, but the hero is given to brooding thought and noble inaction. In *King Lear* the circumstances require cool thought, but Lear is rash and hasty. Interchange their respective circumstances, and there would be no tragedy at all. In other words, the flaw in the character of the hero proves fatal for him only in the peculiar circumstances in which cruel Destiny has placed him.

Three Complicating Factors

As a matter of fact, the characteristic deeds of the hero *i.e.* deeds issuing from his character, are influenced, and complicated, by the following three additional factors :

Some abnormal conditions of mind as insanity, somnambulism, or excitable imagination resulting in hallucinations. Thus King Lear suffers from insanity, Macbeth has hallucinations, and Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep. The deeds that proceed from such abnormal conditions of mind are not characteristic or voluntary. Such abnormality never originates deeds of any dramatic importance, though it may influence the course of action and precipitate the fall of the hero.

The supernatural, ghost and witches. The supernatural element is not a mere illusion of the hero. The witches in *Macbeth* and the ghost in *Hamlet* have an objective existence as they are seen by others also. Further, the supernatural does contribute to the action, and is often an indispensable part of it. But it is always placed in closest relation with character. It gives a confirmation and distinct form to the inner workings of the hero's mind. The ghost which Brutus sees is an expression of his sense of failure; the witches in *Macbeth* are symbolic of the guilt within his soul; and the ghost in *Hamlet* results from the suspicion already present in his mind. But its influence is never of a compulsive kind; we are never allowed to feel that it has removed the hero's capacity or responsibility of dealing with the situation in his own way. It is merely suggestive; the hero is quite free to accept the suggestion or to reject it. But the hero follows its bosom. It is in this way that the supernatural hastens the downfall of the hero.

In most of the tragedies chance plays a prominent part, as it does in life itself. Such chance happenings always work against the hero and quicken his downfall. It is just a chance that Romeo never got the Friar's message about the potion, and that Juliet did not awake from her sleep a minute sooner; that Desdemona dropped her handkerchief at the crucial moment, and that Bianca arrived on the scene just in time to serve the purpose of Iago; that the pirate ship attacked Hamlet's ship and he could return to Denmark so

soon : and that Edgar's messenger arrived too late at the prison to save Cordelia's life.

Macbeth is the only tragedy of Shakespeare from which chance events are conspicuously absent. The dramatist makes only a sparing use of such accidents, for any large admission of it would weaken the causal connection between character and action, and so spoil the tragic effect. It is for this reason that accidents occur only when the action is well advanced and the impression of the causal sequence is too firmly fixed to be impaired.

The Conflict—Katharsis

The action of a Shakespearean tragedy always develops through conflict. The conflict is both *external* and *internal*. It may be between two persons, or group of persons representing opposing interests. The hero is one of the two persons, or belongs to one of the two groups. This is the external conflict. There may also be an internal struggle in the mind of the hero between two opposite ideas or interests which pull him in different directions so that the hero, torn and divided within himself, suffers the agonies of hell. As the dramatist's art matured, the conflict became more and more internalised. Thus there is conflict in *Macbeth* between ambition and loyalty to the king ; *Othello* is torn within himself between jealousy and love ; and *Hamlet* hesitates and broods and does nothing. Lear suffers terribly as a result of the ingratitude and treachery of his daughters. In this way, the soul of the hero is laid bare before us. This spectacle of suffering is terrible and heart-rending and arouses the emotions of pity and terror—the two tragic emotions according to Aristotle. A Shakespearean tragedy is truly "*Kathartic*" i.e. it purges the readers of the emotions of self-pity and terror. They compare their own sorrows and sufferings with those of the hero, realise the comparative insignificance and pettiness of their own troubles, and so are better able to bear them. It is in this way that Shakespeare enlists our sympathies for his heroes, despite the villainy of some of them.

Regeneration of the Tragic Hero

It may also be noted at this place that though the tragic hero cannot be saved from ultimate doom, he is granted just before the end a glimpse of what might have been a conversion in outlook which enables him to die with a sane and cleansed mind. "A true conception of their own actions, painful as that may be, sheds light into their souls." They form a fresh attitude towards life which banishes a part of the evil in their beings. *Macbeth*, villain though he may be, realises a new beauty in existence, when he thinks of all that might have been—the friends, the esteem and the sincerity which by his own actions he has lost. *Othello* and Lear regain some of their former nobility and dignity just before the end. Antony and Cleopatra, Brutus and Cassius, are never so great and heroic as at the moments of their death. *A sort of calm descends on the tragic hero right in the manner of the greatest Greek tragedies.*

It is owing to this serenity at the end that the readers are never left crushed or pessimistic, despite the tremendous waste involved.

The Ultimate Power

One more question remains to be considered. What is the ultimate power in the tragic universe of Shakespeare? For, the one definite and clear impression which a Shakespearean tragedy creates is that individuals, however great they may be, are not the makers of their own destiny. We constantly feel that there is some ultimate power working through the tragic hero, influencing him from within and without, making him act in a particular manner and driving him to his doom. Shakespeare never defines this power aptly and clearly, and this intensifies the impression of some fearful mystery surrounding human life produced by his tragedies.

No Poetic Justice

But one thing Shakespeare makes quite clear—that this order or ultimate power is moral. It is just. Its justice may be terrible, but still our sense of justice is always satisfied. Of course, there is no poetic justice in a Shakespearean tragedy. Poetic Justice means that "prosperity and adversity are distributed in proportion to the merits of the agents." The tragic heroes suffer more, infinitely more, than is merited or deserved by their faults. The good and the virtuous are often crushed and they do not get that prosperity which they fully deserve. Lear and Othello suffer terribly out of all proportion to their faults; and Desdemona and Cordelia are wholly good. "Poetic Justice" is not a fact of life and so Shakespeare, the realist, does not introduce it in his tragedies.

Partial Justice

However, there is partial justice: virtue may not be rewarded but evil is always punished. The ultimate power is just and moral in the sense that it shows itself favourable and partial to good, and inimical to evil, and that evil is always destroyed in the end. All disturbances and convulsions are produced by the evil; the ultimate power reacts against it violently and relentlessly. "Tragedy on this view is the exhibition of that convulsive reaction." The evil against which the moral order reacts is not something outside it; it is within it and a part of it. It has engendered it along with the good. When it is expelled and destroyed, the moral order expels and destroys a part of itself. But together with evil it also destroys, as we have already noted above, a part of the good which is so dear to it. But why should this be so? Why should the ultimate power generate evil and then expel it? Shakespeare provides no answer to this riddle of life. He was writing tragedy, and tragedy would not be tragedy, if it were not a painful mystery. In a Shakespearean tragedy, says **Bradley**, "we remain confronted with the inexplicable fact, or the no less inexplicable appearance of a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by self-torture and self-waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy."

Conclusion

In short, the dramatist's tragic vision is solemn, terrible and convincing in its reality. As **Raleigh** puts it, "They (tragedies of Shakespeare) deal with greater things than man ; with powers and passions, elemental forces, and dark abysses of suffering ; with the central fire which breaks through the crust of civilisation, and makes a splendour in the sky above the blackness of ruined homes." Man is presented with a choice, and the essence of the tragedy is that the choice is impossible.

Shakespeare's Roman Plays Or Shakespeare's Treatment of Roman History

Close Adherence to History in the Roman Plays

Plays dealing with Roman History were frequent on the Elizabethan stage. Shakespeare, who always took care to sail with the popular wind, has also left behind him three plays based on Roman History. These plays are,

- (1) *Julius Caesar*, 1601
- (2) *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1608
- (3) *Coriolanus*, 1609

For the themes of his Roman plays Shakespeare is indebted largely to North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. He has adhered more closely to his original in his treatment of Roman history than he did while writing the series of plays dealing with English history. He has deviated from history only when he was compelled to do so by the needs of dramatic art. However, this does not mean that there is faithful recording of facts. There may be literal fidelity to fact sometimes, but more often than not the dramatist has succeeded in capturing the spirit of the remote far off ages which he was dramatising. There is ordering and selection of material, there is much condensation and invention, but still he remains true to the spirit of the times. As *Dr. Johnson* puts it, he takes care to make his characters human beings, before he makes them kings and Romans.

Causes of Shakespeare's Interest in Roman History

It will be noticed that Shakespeare's interest in Roman history began only with the turn of the century. Various factors account for this new interest of the world's immortal poet. For one thing, the popular interest in English history largely resulted from the upsurge of patriotism following the defeat of the Spanish Armada. By the turn of the century this patriotic impulse had waned, there was increasing internal unrest, and so the national story did not inspire such curiosity and delight. Secondly, Shakespeare had already written ten plays on the history of his land, and thus had exhausted such episodes as had a special attraction for his age. Thirdly, he

might have felt that not only would the annals of other lands have more charm and interest, they would also give a freer scope to his art. Following the Renaissance, there had been a spurt of translations and practically all the masterpieces of antiquity had been translated by the end of the 16th Century. His contemporaries were already familiar with Roman history, had a keen desire to know more about those remote ages, and hence nothing could have been more natural for Shakespeare than to turn to the annals of ancient Rome for his themes.

The Roman Plays : Comparison with English Histories and the Tragedies

The Roman plays differ from the English Histories both in the selection of their material and in the treatment of the selected material. Selection of themes for the English History plays was influenced by contemporary historical interests. These interests were the unity of the country under a strong sovereign, rejection of Papal domination, and the power, prestige and safety of the country against such enemies as France. All the ten plays on English history deal with rivalry for the throne, the struggle with the Pope of Rome, and the success or failure of the English in France. Even minor episodes and events apparently of little dramatic value were selected, and the dramatist could well afford to do so, for he was dealing with national history familiar to the people at large. But while dealing with Roman history the circumstances were different. Despite keen interest in antiquity, Roman history was known to the people only in the mass, so to say, and they were likely to be impressed only by the outstanding features. He, therefore, selected episodes of more salient interest and more catholic appeal. The fall of Caesar, the throwing away of the world for love, are events fraught with tragic possibilities and bound to excite the interest and wonder of the audience. They are momentous events not only of national, but of international, interest and significance. Further, the treatment, too, of this material is different. The English history plays, even the best of them, can hardly be described in terms of the ordinary drama. They cannot be classified either as comedies or tragedies. The Roman plays, on the other hand, are all tragedies. There is invariably a tragic problem in the career of the hero, and it finds a tragic solution in his self-caused ruin. But this does not mean that they follow the tragic technique of the four great tragedies of the dramatist. The Roman plays differ from the great tragedies in as much as the background, the atmosphere, and the environment is always provided by the larger political life of the state. The chief characters are always exhibited in relation to the great mutations in the state. The political vicissitudes and public catastrophes are not of such interest and significance in the tragedies proper.

Awkwardness in Structure : Its Causes

While dealing with Roman history, as also with English history, Shakespeare was dealing with known and accepted facts and he

could not take liberty with his sources as he does in the comedies and the tragedies. As a Historical dramatist, he was subordinated to his subject. He could introduce variations only in details, but had to adhere faithfully to the main course of events. Often the historic material was not easily amenable to dramatic treatment, and put a severe strain on his art. Thus, as Dr. Bradley points out, in the middle of *Antony and Cleopatra*, owing to the undramatic nature of the material, there is an excessive number of brief scenes and the *dramatis personae* are changed too frequently. In *Julius Caesar* there are such super-fluities as the "famous and wonderful quarrel scene" and the episode of Cinna's murder. "*Shakespeare puts up with an occasional awkwardness in the mechanism rather than fail to give what he considers a faithful picture*" (MacCallum).

Inaccuracies and Anachronisms

However, this does not mean that in the Roman Plays he has succeeded in re-constructing the past accurately. Shakespeare, like the Elizabethans in general, had little historic sense, and distinctive contrasts in manners and customs were but scantily recognised. There was a good deal of similarity between Roman life and Elizabethan life and Shakespeare can well bring out this similarity. But distinctive differences between the two are generally missed. Thus there are glaring anachronisms in all the three Roman plays. Even in weightier matters, he failed to distinguish the peculiar features which differentiated the life in ancient Rome from the life in his own age. His approximation to actual conditions of Roman life is closest in *Antony and Cleopatra*, for war, love and feasting were characteristic features of Renaissance life as well. He was out of sympathy with the Republican cause and so in *Julius Caesar* he is not true to the whole situation. In his treatment of Roman history, he does not give us the features that mark it off from every other civilisation, but rather those that it possessed in common with his own age. He even introduces into his picture qualities that are characteristic of Elizabethan rather than of Roman life.

Idealisation of Reality

Thus his treatment of Roman history is marked with a dual characteristic: it combines a pious regard for the facts of history with complete indifference to critical research. The fact is that Shakespeare was neither an antiquarian nor a classical scholar like Ben Jonson, and, therefore, we do not find in him any scholarly accuracy or fidelity to fact. Facts are accepted as they are without any critical investigation or verification. He was an imaginative artist, and certain aspects of his material were realised in his mind with all the power of his imagination, emotion, passion and experience. Hence it is that his delineations are often more authentic than those of far greater scholars. He may not reproduce the minor peculiarities but he gives us the very essence of the times, the spirit, "the living energy and principal of it all" (MacCallum). He does never distort history. He may introduce fictitious characters like

Lucius in *Julius Caesar* and Silius in *Antony and Cleopatra* but such fictitious characters do never interfere in the political story. "*No unhistorical person has historical work to do, and no unhistorical episode affects the historical action*" (MacCallum). He presents historical truth as idealised by his poetic imagination.

Standard of Judgement : Moral and Spiritual

The angle of vision, the standard of judgement by which human achievement is measured is different in the Roman plays from the vision with which human achievement is viewed in the English histories. In the English histories worldly success or worldly failure is the test of greatness. Dowden emphasises this point and writes, "Success in the visible material world, the world of noble, positive action, is the measure of greatness in the English historical plays". Henry V is an ideal king because he is a practical man of action and successful in the worldly sense. In the Roman plays, on the other hand, the standards of success are moral and spiritual rather than worldly. Cassius is practical and shrewd and the course of events would certainly have been different had he been the leader instead of Brutus. But it is Brutus rather than Cassius whom we love and esteem. This is so because he is a man of moral integrity, which he prizes above all his worldly possessions and which he retains upto the very end. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the impression again and again created is that worldly glory, power and pelf is contemptible and love is far superior. For Antony kingdoms are clay, and the world is well lost for love.

Human Nature Fashioned on a Grand Scale

Human nature in the Roman plays is fashioned on a grand scale compounded of weaknesses as great as its strength. The principal figures are all Titans, mighty Colossuses who stalk the world with giant strides. Caesar is a mighty figure, "more dangerous than danger itself". Antony, the descendant of Hercules, is a giant, a veritable Mars when in armour. He rules half the world, has hundreds of kings as his attendants, and gives away kingdoms, as if they were mere toys. Cleopatra, of infinite variety, is a wonder of the East and the West. She can ensnare Caesars and mighty Roman generals in the meshes of her rare charms ; she gives gorgeous feasts that have become a legend, outwits Octavius Caesar, and rises to the heights of royal grandeur and dignity at the moment of her death.

Moral Failure, the Cause of Ruin

But these mighty Titans have faults equally great, and these faults ultimately bring about their ruin. Antony knows no self-control, and his lordly nature and heroic powers go waste, owing to his blind infatuation for Cleopatra. Both of them are given to pleasure, though pleasure of a magnificent kind, and hence their downfall. Caesar is over-ambitious, tyrannical and arrogant and hence

he arouses the hostility of the lords and senators of Rome. Coriolanus brings about ruin on himself by his inordinate pride. These are all figures drawn to heroic proportions, and through their moral degradation, Shakespeare has highlighted ethical values and the need for moral control and orientation of life.

General Introduction to the Play— Its Chief Features : Its Outline Story

Date of a Shakespeare Play : Ways of Determining it.

It is very difficult to determine exactly the date of composition of a Shakespearean play. There are two ways of determining the probable date on which a particular play was written. This is done either by (1) *External evidence* i.e., reference to the play in the *Stationer's Register* or in some other contemporary record (2) or by *Internal evidence* i.e., allusions in the play to contemporary events, and its language, style and versification.

The Probable Date of "Julius Caesar"

Now both external and internal evidence indicate that *Julius Caesar* must have been written about the year 1600. The play is not mentioned in Mere's list of Shakespeare's plays published in 1598. It is, therefore, clear that the play must have been published after 1598. In Wever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, published in 1601, there is a passage which clearly refers to *Julius Caesar*. From this evidence it can safely be concluded that the play must have been composed before 1601. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was written in 1601-2, and there are several passages in it which clearly allude to the present play. From all this evidence, we can conclude with full certainty that *Julius Caesar* must have been composed in 1600.

Internal evidence also indicates that 1600 is the probable date of the composition of *Julius Caesar*. In thought, style and versification, it bears close resemblance to other plays of Shakespeare written during this period. The percentage of prose is low, and rhymed lines are fewer than in the earlier plays, but not so few as in the plays of a later period. The proportion of *double-endings* and *weak-endings* also indicates that the play must have been composed in the year 1600.

Its Moral Tone : Resemblance with Hamlet

The moral tone of the play also favours this date. There is utter absence of that note of bitter cynicism which is sounded in other plays, even of a slightly later date. It closely resembles *Hamlet* which was written in 1601. Both these plays are tragedies of *thought* and *character*, rather than of *action*. Each is the tragedy of a man who feels he has a great duty to perform, wishes to per-

form that duty, but is unable to perform it. The failure arises from the fact that he lacks resolution and is much given to "brooding thought". Both plays turn upon a murder, and in both the spirit of the murdered man plays an important part in the unfolding of the plot.

It is for all these reasons, both external and internal, that 1600 is generally accepted as the date of composition of "Julius Caesar", and the suggestion of *Malone* that it was written in 1607, in continuation with the other Roman Plays, is rejected.

The Source of the Play

The principal source of the play is Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *The Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans*. The lives of Caesar and Brutus furnished the dramatist with the bulk of his material, but suggestions were also provided by the lives of Antony and Cicero. Shakespeare has followed his source closely as far as the general programme is concerned, but has introduced significant alterations and modifications in details and in characterisation. In this way, he has transformed history into effective drama.

Time-analysis

The historical time covered by the play extends over a period of three years, from B.C. 45 to B.C. 42. But the time of dramatic action is only six days, and it is divided into Acts and Scenes, with brief intervals, as follows :

Day 1 : Act I, Scene i and part of Scene ii

Interval

Day 2 : Act I, Scene ii

Day 3 : Act II and III

Interval

Day 4 : Act IV, Scene i

Interval

Day 5 : Act IV, Scene ii and iii

Interval

Day 6 : Act V

Its Title

The title of the play *Julius Caesar* has come in for a good deal of criticism. It is pointed out that Julius Caesar dies in Act III, while the hero of a tragedy should die only at the end. Brutus, it is said, is the real hero and the tragedy ought to have been named after him. However, it must be remembered that though Caesar is assassinated in First Scene of the Third Act, his influence is felt throughout. After his death, his spirit controls the action, and it is even more powerful than Caesar living. There is civil war in Rome and instead of one Caesar there are three—Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

The play represents the triumph of Caesarism over Republicanism and hence it has been fittingly named after Caesar.

Its Theme

Julius Caesar is both a political tragedy as well as a tragedy of character. As a *political tragedy* it depicts the decay of Republicanism and the rise of Caesarism or Imperialism. As a *tragedy of character* it shows that "*Good cannot come out of evil.*" Brutus is "noble, wise, valiant, and honest." but he comes to a bad end. He commits a crime (murders Caesar) to free his country from the tyranny of Caesar (as he thinks) and thus brings upon himself and his country greater evils than he sought to avert.

Outline Story

The plot of the play is simple. Julius Caesar has grown all-powerful in Rome. He has won a number of victories, extended the territories of the Roman empire, and brought home rich spoils. The people love him, and it is intended that he should be crowned as the king.

However, his increasing power has excited the jealousy of a number of important senators of Rome, chief of whom is Cassius. He organises a conspiracy to murder Caesar. His reasons are personal, but he gives them a patriotic colour. He succeeds in persuading Brutus, a noble and honourable Roman, and a trusted friend of Caesar, to join the conspiracy. He does so, for he is an idealist, and is easily convinced that the liberty of Rome is really in danger at the hands of Caesar.

Caesar is murdered in the Roman Senate Hall. His death is followed by Civil War, chaos and confusion. The Republicans—Brutus, Cassius and others—are opposed by the royalists—Antony, Octavius Caesar and Lepidus. Antony, who is a clever orator, is easily able to win over the people to his side. The Romans fail to understand the noble principles of Republicanism of by which Brutus Justifies the murder of Caesar. They are excited to mad fury by Antony's appeal to the love of Caesar for them and the services which he had rendered to them.

The final and decisive battle is fought in the battle-field of Philippi. The Republicans are routed, and Cassius and Brutus commit suicide. The monarchists are now left in full control of the situation. They divide the Roman empire among themselves, and so Rome now has three Caesars instead of one—Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

Historical Background to the Play

In the year 59 B.C., three of the chief men of Rome, Pompey, Caesar and Crassus, entered into a political alliance known by the name of the First Triumvirate. Of these men, Pompey had distinguished himself by his superb victories in Sicily, Spain and Asia, and was known as the most successful military commander of the time. Caesar, who was really the greater man, was as yet known more or less as a man of pleasure, who had achieved enormous popularity by lavish expenditure of money and had a genius also for political intrigue. Crassus was the richest Roman of the age. All the three were aristocrats by birth, and Pompey was an aristocrat also by his sympathies. Caesar had been closely identified with the popular party from the very beginning of his career. But, whatever their personal views might have been, towards the year 59 B.C., they all found themselves driven to espouse the popular cause, partly because of their ambition and love of power, and partly because of the perversity of the Senate.

One immediate result of the combination was the partition of the Roman empire among the triumviri. Caesar became the Governor of Gaul, Pompey of Spain and Africa, and Crassus of Asia. Caesar left at once for his province, remained there for the next ten years, and achieved a brilliant reputation for himself as a conqueror and general. Meanwhile the triumvirate, which had been originally formed for five years, was renewed in 55 B.C. for another five years. But it fell to pieces almost immediately after such renewal. The reasons for this dissolution were many. Julia, Caesar's daughter, who had been married to Pompey, died in B.C. 54; Crassus was killed in Syria in B.C. 53; and Pompey, whose sympathies were always with the aristocrats, was won over by the Senate to repudiate some of the terms of his compact with Caesar; the chief of such terms being that Caesar would be allowed to stand for the Consulship without coming to Rome, and while he was still in command of his army in Gaul.

Caesar, on his part, was not to be cowed down by Pompey's defection. He was sure of the support and allegiance of the army; and so, in defiance of the Senate's orders, he crossed over from Gaul to Italy, at the head of a single armed legion, in B.C. 49. The rapidity of his movements and the energy and decision of his

measures bewildered his foes. Pompey, accompanied by the majority of the Senate, left Rome as untenable, and fled to Brindisi, with Caesar hot at his heels, and crossed over to Greece. By 49 B.C., Caesar was undisputed master of Italy, and so he remained till his death in B.C. 44.

His first military measure was to cross over to Spain and defeat Pompey's lieutenants. Thence returning to Italy and receiving the dictatorship and consulship both, he followed Pompey to Greece, and defeated him decisively at the battle of Pharsalia in January, B.C. 48. After various conquests in Egypt and Asia, all achieved with bewildering rapidity and completeness, Caesar returned to Rome in July, was granted a four-fold triumph for his many victories and received the dictatorship of Rome for ten years. In November of the same year, he again crossed over to Spain, and crushed the forces of Pompey's sons in the great battle of Munda. He returned to Rome in the September of the same year.

His own end was, however, drawing near. At the feast of the Lupercal, February, 44, he was thrice offered a crown by Antony, but was thrice obliged to reject it out of fear of public displeasure. Meanwhile, the adherents of the Senate party had formed a conspiracy to assassinate Caesar, and on the fifteenth of March, B.C. 44, he was assassinated while attending a meeting of the Senate in the Curia Pompey.

Caesar's murder was followed by civil war and the various events depicted in the play.

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Scene-wise Summary of the Play with Critical Comments

ACT I : Scene i

The scene is laid in a street of Rome. The Roman people are enjoying a holiday and crowding the streets to welcome Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph over the sons of his old rival, Pompey. The senators, Flavius and Marullus, angrily rebuke the people and drive them out of the streets. They are jealous of the growing power of Caesar and so do not want that his victory should be celebrated in this way.

Shakespeare's opening scenes are masterpieces. They at once strike the key-note of the play. Thus the present scene tells us of the atmosphere of intrigue and uncertainty that prevails in Rome and which will soon result in the murder of Caesar. The fickle nature of the Roman mob is also indicated.

ACT I : Scene ii

This scene, too, is laid in a street of Rome. Caesar passes in procession to the Forum to celebrate the festival of Lupercal. A soothsayer bids him beware the Ides of March. The procession passes on, and Brutus and Cassius are left alone. Cassius is jealous of Caesar and is organising a conspiracy against him. He incites Brutus against Caesar. He appeals to his patriotism and his love for the people of Rome, and Brutus is moved. When Caesar with his followers is returning from the feast, Brutus detains Casca to hear from him an account of what has happened. Casca relates how Antony had thrice offered the crown to Caesar and how reluctantly Caesar had declined it. Brutus then leaves, promising to think over the matter. On the departure of Brutus and Casca, Cassius hits upon a plan for winning over Brutus to join his conspiracy against Caesar.

The scene is important in more ways than one. It reveals the characters both of Brutus and Cassius. The conspiracy against Caesar is gaining ground.

ACT I : Scene iii

A few days later, on a stormy night, Casca meets Cicero in a street of Rome and tells him of the unnatural happenings he has

seen. Cicero remains unmoved and soon after goes away. Cassius appears and working upon the agitated mind of the superstitious Casca easily induces him to join the conspiracy against Caesar, adding that a party of conspirators is already waiting for him in Pompey's theatre. Cinna, who soon arrives, is sent to throw certain forged letters from the people of Rome, containing appeals to Brutus, in places where Brutus is likely to come across them easily.

The storm in nature is symbolic of the agitation in the minds and hearts of the conspirators. It also symbolises the storm of civil war which is soon to overtake Rome.

ACT II : Scene i

The scene takes place on the same night and is laid in the garden of Brutus' house. The storm is still raging. Brutus, being unable to sleep, is walking in his orchard brooding over the words of Cassius. He resolves to join the conspiracy, for he concludes that the liberation of Rome can only be accomplished by Caesar's death. The conspirators enter and are welcomed by Brutus. Cassius succeeds in persuading Brutus to join them, and the details of the plot are discussed. Brutus disapproves of the suggestion that Antony should be killed with Caesar. The conspirators, to make sure of Caesar's going to the Capitol next day, decide to go to his palace and escort him to the Senate. Then they disperse.

Brutus' wife Portia now arrives in the garden and urges him to tell her the secret cause of his recent worry and strange behaviour. She cuts open her thigh to prove that she is a brave woman and can bear any secrets. Brutus promises to tell her his secret and she withdraws. Ligarius then enters and is told of the conspiracy.

The scene throws a flood of light on the character of Brutus. He is essentially a noble man who is ready to do every thing "honourable" for his country. But he is an idealist and has no knowledge of practical politics or of such intriguing politicians as Cassius. Besides this, he thinks too much, and his thinking is illogical and wrong. This makes *Julius Caesar* a tragedy of thought as much as a political tragedy.

The scene also brings out the wifely love and devotion of Portia.

ACT II : Scene ii

We are now taken to the palace of Caesar. On the morning of the Ides of March, Caesar is entreated by his wife, Calpurnia, not to go to the Senate as she has been alarmed by the unnatural happenings she has heard of and the evil dream she has herself dreamed. The priests also declare the omens to be unfavourable to Caesar. Caesar should better stay at home. But Caesar boasts of his being too terrible a personage to be terrified by danger. However, he yields to his wife's entreaties and agrees not to go out that day. Decius enters, and by artful flattery induces Caesar to disregard the fears of his wife and go to the Senate. Brutus and the

others conspirators now come to Caesar's house as arranged and join Decius in persuading Caesar to go to the Senate. Caesar yields to them, and goes out with them.

The scene shows Caesar as boastful and proud. He is also inconstant and fickle. Thus the faults of his character are driving him to his doom.

ACT II : Scene iii

The scene is laid in a street of Rome. It is the Ides of March. Artemidorus reads a paper warning Caesar of the danger he stood in from the conspirators. He is a well-wisher of Caesar and he intends to hand the letter to Caesar as he passes by him in the street on his way to the Senate.

ACT II : Scene iv

The scene is laid in another street, on the same morning. Portia, to whom Brutus has imparted the secret of the conspiracy, is much agitated, and cannot rest patiently in the house after Brutus has left. She is worried about the safety of her husband, and is distracted, as if she were mad.

ACT III : Scene i

Caesar proceeds to the Capitol, the conspirators and others following. Meeting the soothsayer in the way, he taunts him with the failure of his prophecy. Artemidorus gives him the paper warning him of the approaching danger, but Caesar does not read it. On reaching the Capitol, he takes up the business of the Senate. Metellus Cimber requests Caesar to recall his brother from banishment. The other conspirators join him in the entreaty. Caesar haughtily refuses to reconsider his decision. The conspirators then attack him. When Brutus also stabs him, Caesar is much pained, and falls down dead. The conspirators proclaim, "Peace, freedom and liberty". Antony, who had fled in the confusion, sends a messenger to ask permission to have an audience with the conspirators. The permission is readily granted, and Antony returns. Seeing Caesar's dead body, he laments his death and utters a prophecy that there will be confusion in Rome. It is settled that Antony will deliver a funeral speech as one of the friends of Caesar, after Brutus has spoken. Brutus gives him the permission, much against Cassius' wish.

The conspirators depart, leaving Antony in charge of the dead body. A messenger arrives with news of the near approach of Octavius.

The murder-scene has been described so vividly that one can visualise it clearly. It is a tribute to the dramatist's power of description. Brutus commits another blunder in allowing Antony to speak over the dead body of Caesar. Antony's prophecy will come true, there will be civil war in Rome, and Cassius and Brutus will be defeated. Caesar may be physically dead, but his spirit

lives on and influences the course of events. "*Caesar dead is more powerful than Caesar living.*"

ACT III : Scene ii

The scene is laid in a street of Rome. At the funeral of Caesar, Brutus makes a speech in the market-place in which he justifies the murder of Caesar, and the audience are so pleased that they desire "to make him the Caesar." Then after Brutus is gone, Antony makes a speech in which he stirs the feelings of the people to such an extent that they break out into a mutiny against the murderers of Caesar. Cassius and Brutus fly out of the city.

The scene is important in many respects. It brings out the skill of Brutus and Antony as orators. Brutus in his speech appealed to the reason and understanding of the Roman mob. But a mob has no mind ; it cannot think and judge for itself. Hence it is that Brutus fails. Antony, on the other hand, appeals to the heart of the people. He tells them of the great love that Caesar had for them, and the services he had rendered to them. He reads out the will of Caesar. The result is the mob is emotionally excited and forgets the reasons for Caesar's murder given by Brutus. Antony is thus a much more clever orator than Brutus. Indeed, his speech is regarded as a classic of oratory.

The scene also reveals that the Roman people are not yet ripe for democracy and hence the murder of Caesar, "was not only a crime but a blunder."

ACT III : Scene iii

The scene is laid in another street of Rome. The citizens in their fury slay Cinna, the poet, mistaking him for his name-sake, Cinna, the conspirator.

The scene is Shakespeare's comment on the nature of a mob. The people are fickle, rash and excitable, and hence unfit for governing themselves.

ACT IV : Scene i

The scene now shifts to a room in Antony's house. The three Triumvirs—Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus—meet together and draw up a list of persons to be killed. Lepidus is used as a mere tool by the other two.

The scene throws a flood of light on the character of Antony. He is shown to be a man of intriguing, unscrupulous nature. He is so callous that he does not care even if the name of his sister's son is included in the list of those who are to be killed.

ACT IV : Scene ii

The scene changes from Rome to the camp of Brutus and Cassius near Sardis. Brutus and Cassius have a quarrel over the wrongs each has suffered from the other.

ACT IV : Scene iii

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius intensifies. They move to the camp of Brutus to discuss matters in private. The Charge against Cassius is that of corruption and extortion. Cassius is at first highly incensed, but afterwards cools down and is reconciled to Brutus, when Brutus tells him of Portia's death. A council of war is then held and it is decided, against the opinion of Cassius, that the Republican army should march forward to Philippi and give battle to Octavius and Antony there. After the council, Brutus reads a book in his tent, and just then the ghost of Caesar appears and tells him that it is his evil genius and that he will see it again at Philippi.

The quarrel-scene, as it is called, is one of the most wonderful scenes in all Shakespeare's plays. It reveals the characters both of Brutus and Cassius. The decision to move to Philippi is a blunder and it will lead to their undoing.

ACT V : Scene i

Octavius and Antony encamped at Philippi are surprised to see the Republican army coming to give them battle there. A parley between the leaders of both the parties results in mutual abuses. Hot words are exchanged. Brutus and Cassius then discuss the moral propriety of suicide and determine what they will do in the event of defeat. The two friends bid farewell to each other, for it is possible that they may be killed and so may never meet again.

ACT V : Scene ii

The scene is a continuation of the previous one. Brutus ordered the attack too soon. Cassius is defeated and thinking that his lieutenant, Titinius, is captured and an utter rout is imminent, commits suicide. Titinius, coming back, sees Cassius dead and out of grief slays himself with his sword. Brutus and others enter soon after and find Cassius and Titinius dead.

ACT V : Scene iii

The battle at Philippi continues but it is clear that the Republican cause is lost. Cato, the younger, is slain. Lucilius, declaring himself to be Brutus, yields to the enemy and is taken to Antony, who discovers the trick. But he is glad that Lucilius has been taken prisoner.

ACT V : Scene iv

Brutus is defeated and he appeals unsuccessfully to his friends to slay him. At length Strato consents, and helps Brutus to commit suicide. Octavius and Antony enter as he falls dead. Antony pays a glowing tribute to Brutus. The battle ends and Octavius and Antony go away, "to part the glories of this happy day".

The spirit of Caesar thus triumphs over his enemies. The Republican cause is lost and Rome will henceforth have three Caesar's instead of one. *It is clear that crime does not pay and no good can come out of evil.*

Characters of the Play

(a) JULIUS CAESAR

The Caesar of Plutarch : Shakespeare's Writing Down of Him

The Caesar of Shakespeare is quite different in character from the Caesar of history as depicted by Plutarch. The real Caesar was a genius—a shrewd man of action, a man of penetrating intellect, an able General, and a brave soldier. "Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment ; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution ; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king ; a noble Roman in the deepest essence of his nature". He was a perfect man and a perfect ruler. But for dramatic reasons, Shakespeare has written down Caesar a little.

Caesar in the Play : Proud and Boastful

In the play, we see very little of Caesar's greatness, rather what we hear of him is in most cases unfavourable. He strikes one as proud, arrogant and boastful. The senators, Flavius and Marullus, speak of his "*growing feathers*". Cassius complains of Caesar's "*becoming a god*" or, "*a Colossus bestriding the world*". Casca tells Brutus and Cassius that Caesar's refusal of the crown offered to him at the feast of Lupercalia was out of fear of public disapproval. In reality, he wanted to accept it. Decius tells us of his fondness for flattery. All this creates the impression that he is a man cold and calculating, boastful, proud and insulting, obstinate and rude. This impression is further confirmed by his attitude towards the petitioners in the Senate, and by his boasting that, "*he is more dangerous than danger itself*", and that he is, "*as fixed as the Northern star*". The result is that, as Hudson points out, he seems, "*little better than a strutting piece of puff-paste*".

Reasons for Shakespeare's Writing Down of Caesar

Why has Shakespeare represented Caesar in such an unfavourable light ? There is a satisfactory explanation for this, but before it is offered it may well be asked whether Caesar has really been shown in an unfavourable light. First, in this connection, it should be remembered that much of the criticism of Caesar comes from the other characters of the play who are all hostile to him. Flavius and Marullus, as members of the Senate, have to uphold

popular rights against the despotic government of Caesar. Cassius is frankly jealous of him and it is envy or personal malice that is at the root of his criticism of Caesar's character. Casca is not to be taken seriously, for he is a cynic and is in the habit of finding fault with everything and everybody. The remark of Decius should not be taken as true of Caesar's character generally, for his remarks are meant for a special purpose—to soothe Calpurnia's fears and to induce Caesar to go to the Senate. Secondly, it should be remembered that Caesar has been presented in his old age, and quite naturally he suffers from the various weaknesses that come with age. Thus he has grown superstitious. He is physically weak, and has fainting fits. Thirdly, there are dramatic reasons why Shakespeare has not represented Caesar as possessed of the heroic qualities he did actually possess in ample measure. The theme of his play is not the life of Caesar, but the tragedy of Caesar, and the tragedy would have become a mere 'butchery', if Caesar had been represented as perfect. The tragic hero suffers owing to some fatal flaw in his character, which brings about his downfall. Caesar's pride and ambition excite envy, and thus cause his ruin.

His Faith in God ; His Lofty Courage

But while he has not been represented as a faultless hero, he has certainly not been painted as a villain. Leaving apart the praise of him by Antony, his virtues, so far as they are revealed in the play, are sufficiently good to make him fairly worthy in our eyes. He is a believer in the will of God,

What can be avoided

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?

He is brave and untouched by the fear of death :

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear :

Seeing that death, a necessary end,

Will come when it will come.

These words breathe not only a lofty courage and defiance of death, but also a philosophic spirit, a mind which can put a spiritual interpretation upon death itself.

His Kingly Virtues : Majestic Bearing

We have also the testimony of Artemidorus, a foreigner in Rome, in whose eyes Caesar is an example of virtue exposed to malicious envy. Moreover, Caesar's arrogance and self-assertion that strikes us as an undesirable trait was, in the Elizabethan age, and more so in the Roman world of Caesar's time, regarded as not only perfectly in keeping with dignity, but also as an essential quality of sovereignty. It should be noticed that Caesar has a manly scorn for falsehood. He rebukes Calpurnia for her suggestion that he should send word to the Senate that he will not come, because he is not well :

Shall Caesar send a lie ?

Further, he loves the people of Rome, and has a greater regard for them than for his private interests. When Artemidorus wants him to read his "schedule" first, on the ground that it concerns him personally, Caesar says,

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

He opens the deliberations of the Senate by inquiring what public grievances there were for him and his Senate to redress :

What is now amiss

That Caesar and his Senate must redress ?

His rejection of Mettilus' suit, though accompanied by an expression of pride and rudeness, is based on the soundest and oldest principles of law now expressed in the words, "the king can do no wrong" :

*Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause,
Will he be satisfied.*

Charle Knight rightly says, "that he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what he is not."

His Real Greatness : Power and Influence

We thus see that Shakespeare has not wilfully belittled Caesar. He has presented only so much of him as suited his dramatic purpose. For dramatic reasons, his faults have been emphasised and his virtues have been mentioned only casually, yet we have been made to feel his greatness, and his power and influence. The conspiracy against him occupies the first part of the play ; his assassination comes in the middle of the play, and the latter half of the play shows the influence which Caesar's spirit exercised over the Roman world. The entire action of the play centres round him. We may conclude with Brutus' dying words,

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet !

(b) BRUTUS

Honourable and Patriotic

Whenever one thinks of Brutus, the word "*honourable*" instantly comes to the mind. He is "*honourable*" and also intensely patriotic. The family of Brutus had been for generations honoured in Rome for its republican spirit. As Plutarch puts it, his ancestors "did from the streets of Rome the Tarquin drive, when he was called a king." This fact Brutus never forgot ; nor would he have been allowed to forget it, had he been so disposed. Upon this theme Cassius continually harps when he wishes to gain him over to his cause, "*There was a Brutus once*," etc., he reminds him and he must be worthy of his noble ancestry. Ligarius addresses him as "*Soul of Rome*," and recalls his honourable ancestry. His motto is "*Peace, freedom, and liberty*", and the reason he assigns to the people for the murder of Caesar is, "*Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more*". His honest opinion is that there could be

no man, "no vile, that will not love his country". Lastly, we have Antony's testimony to his patriotism, carrying the greater weight from the fact of its being the evidence of an opponent :

*All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.*

His Idealism

Thus Brutus is noble and patriotic, sitting "high in all the people's hearts". And yet his cause is a failure. Why does he fail? It is to his idealism that his failure must be attributed. He lacks knowledge of the practical world of action. "He is a philosopher rather than a man of action ; a good theorist, but a bad conspirator." He is bookish and not practical. His idealism is disastrous alike to himself and to his party. He cannot, as Cassius could, take a clear view of facts. He gives reasons to the mob when they require stirring words to rouse their emotions, their love of country, etc. He has no eyes to see that republicanism in Rome is dead, that the people want a Caesar (a strong ruler), and that all his fellow-conspirators are guided only by envy.

His Gentleness

Closely connected with this idealism is his gentleness. His gentle and considerate nature is seen in his relations with every one, but more particularly with his wife "dear to him as are the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart." Equally considerate is he to his loving and lovable little attendant, Lucius, whom he regards with almost fatherly affection.

His Mistakes

These two qualities, his idealism and his gentleness, are the causes of the four great mistakes which he commits as leader of the conspiracy against Caesar :

(1) He did not consent that Antony should be murdered along with Caesar.

(2) He allowed Antony to speak in Caesar's funeral.

(3) Against Cassius' better judgment, he decided to move from Sardis to Philippi, to "put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be possible."

(4) He gave the word of battle, too, soon. But, his errors notwithstanding, his gentleness is one of the most beautiful traits of his character, as the poet must himself have thought, when he put into Antony's mouth the following praise :

*His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"*

His Lack of Worldly Wisdom : His Philosophy

Brutus is a philosopher, and has a philosopher's idealism and

lack of worldly wisdom. He belongs to the Stoic school of philosophy "which held that pleasure and pain are independent of outward circumstances, and are of no significance in themselves ; that a life virtuously spent leads to happiness ; that the wise man cannot really meet with misfortune, outward calamity being divine instrument of training designed to teach indifference to external conditions ; and that virtue is to be cultivated for its own sake" (Wood and Wood). Such was the philosophy by which he had ordered his early life ; but his philosophy could not be of any good to him through the trials and dangers of his later years. Even before the assassination of Caesar, he loses something of his usual calm. He is agitated and cannot conceal his anxiety from his wife. His quarrel with Cassius shows him to have become peevish, and subject to fits of ill-temper. He confesses that he is "sick of many griefs", upon which Cassius remarks :

*Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evil.*

However, it must be said to his credit that he bears the death of his wife Portia with stoical patience and endurance. It is a great loss to him, and he is grief-stricken, but he dismisses it, as if it were of no consequence.

His Failure as an Orator

Mark Antony, in his famous oration, modestly declares himself to be "no orator as Brutus is", and the student of the play is consequently led to regard Brutus as an excellent orator. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, Antony is an orator ; while Brutus is not. The speech of Brutus makes no deep impression upon the Roman mob, which is easily moved by Antony. Antony effects his purpose ; Brutus does not. Brevity and logical precision are the chief features of the speech of Brutus. He appeals to the reason of the mob, while Antony appeals to its heart and easily wins it over.

His Reasoning : Diseased and Illogical

Brutus is a staunch Republican. Hatred of the very name of king, and dread of tyranny, are so firmly rooted in his nature that the instigations of Cassius were scarcely necessary to impel him to join the conspiracy against Caesar. The chain of reasoning by which he persuades himself to join the conspiracy shows that his thinking process is diseased. He knew, he admits, that Caesar is not a tyrant by nature ; but then there was a possibility that sovereignty might "change his nature", and, therefore, he says, he must,

*Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.*

"Such is the erroneous argument, based upon a mere supposition of an assumed possibility and making no allowance for his own possi-

ble errors of judgment, by which Brutus arrives at the conclusion that Caesar must be killed" (Wood and Wood)

A Tragedy of Moral Idealism

The tragedy of Brutus is a "tragedy of reflection", as well as a tragedy of "moral idealism". He is an idealist, who like Brutus is called upon to set right the times that are "out of joint", and hence suffers terribly, and meets his doom ultimately. However, he dies bravely in the "high Roman fashion," and so dying wins the admiration of even his enemies.

(c) CASSIUS, THE FOIL TO BRUTUS

A Foil to Brutus : His Jealous Nature

The character of Cassius has been conceived as an antithesis to Brutus. He is a foil to Brutus, whose opposite he is in almost every respect. Above all, he is a contrast in this, that whereas Brutus has, "no personal cause to spurn at Caesar," Cassius is envious of Caesar's greatness and hates him for personal reasons. Consequently, he has a keen eye for his defects, none for his merits. Regarding himself as Caesar's equal, if not indeed as his superior, he cannot bear to occupy an inferior position. Comparing his own physical strength with that of Caesar, he wonders why,

*This man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.*

He cannot endure that an ordinary man like him, who has "fainting fits", whom he once defeated in a swimming match, and then helped to reach the shore, should "bear the palm alone". His envious nature is written on his face :

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

Caesar knows no man more to be avoided than "that spare Cassius", for experience has taught him that,

*Such men as he, be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.*

A Cunning Politician : His Practical Ability

Cassius is a cunning and intriguing politician. In fact, he possesses all the qualities that combine to make the successful politician. He is a shrewd judge of human nature :

*He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.*

He has an idea of the real nature of Antony, while Brutus regards him as merely a frivolous youngman. That is why he suggests that Antony should also be killed. Later on, he does not like that Antony should also speak in Caesar's funeral and events prove that he was right. He has great practical ability, takes things seriously,

and impresses others with his seriousness of purpose. He is quick in action and ready to take advantage of every opportunity. He is cautious and does not care much about the morality of his deeds. He acts according to the needs of the situation. Thus he does not hesitate to raise money by extortion and bribery, when circumstances require it. He knows human nature and knows that there are few, "so firm that cannot be seduced". He, therefore, suggests that they should bind themselves with an oath. He uses just the right arguments with Brutus to win him over to his purpose, and knows exactly what manner to adopt towards Casca and the other conspirators. In respect of every one of the points upon which his opinion differs from that of Brutus, he is always right and Brutus wrong.

His Real Nobility

He is the originator, the organiser, and the very soul of the conspiracy, which might have succeeded had he not always yielded to Brutus upon most important questions of policy. That he was not merely a cunning politician but also had some noble qualities of head and heart is clear from his friendship with Brutus, and from the fact that he always respects his wishes. Brutus would not have honoured him with his confidence and close friendship had he not possessed many noble qualities. Brutus, after the quarrel, addresses him as "noble, noble Cassius", and upon beholding his dead body pays him this tribute :

*The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.*

His Philosophy : His Rash and Choleric Nature

We know from Plutarch that by inclination and education Cassius was an Epicurean. He believed that the gods exercised no influence whatever upon the world of man and attached no credit to omens and portents or to a life beyond this world. Further, he believed that happiness or peace of mind, to be acquired only as the result of a virtuous life, is the end of all human efforts. He appears also to have studied the philosophy of the Stoics, for on perceiving the fortitude with which Brutus bore the loss of his wife, he says :

*I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.*

He is of too excitable a temperament to make the Stoic philosophy the basis of his life. The rash and choleric temper inherited from his mother could never remain hidden for long. It is to be seen clearly in the quarrel scene.

His Death : Dignified and Noble

As was the case with Brutus, who modified his views of life just before death, so also the opinions of Cassius, towards the close

of his career, undergo a change. Just before the battle of Philippi, feeling a premonition of his approaching death, he says to Messala :

*You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.*

His death is dignified. He commits suicide "after the high Roman fashion". The "wreath of victory", for which he struggled in vain during his life, was awarded to him in death. His death exalts him above the common run of Roman politicians.

(d) MARK ANTONY

A Frivolous Youngman

When we are first introduced to Antony, he seems to be a frivolous youngman given to games and sports, and merry-making in general. He takes part in the games on the occasion of the feast of Lupercal, and Caesar asks him to touch his Queen, Calpurnia, as he (Antony) runs the race. He has as yet no care for the affairs of state, and does not yet attend to any serious business.

Brutus entirely misunderstands Antony, sees only this side of his character, and speaks of him with some contempt as a man not to be taken seriously. In his view, he is, "gamesome", "given to sports, to wildness and much company", "who can do no more than Caesar's arm, when Caesar's head is off", and consequently makes the two great mistakes, of (1) sparing his life, and (2) of allowing him to speak in Caesar's funeral. Caesar praises him for his love of plays and music ; Cassius calls him "a masker and a reveller."

Unscrupulous and Unprincipled

Besides this, we also know from the play that he is entirely unscrupulous and unprincipled. He is greedy, and does not hesitate to alter the will of Caesar and deprive the people of much that he had left for them. His treatment of Lepidus, whom he proposes to use first for his own purpose and then to,

*Turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons,*

is the very essence of selfishness ; whilst his conduct in connection with the preparation of the list of those who are to be killed shows that he is entirely cruel and heartless.

His Love for Caesar, Sincere and Genuine

But Shakespeare, in the play, has dwelt more on the attractive side of his character. The dramatist has emphasised the good in his character. His love for Caesar has been prominently set forth. Cassius wisely fears, "the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar" ; there is no affection in the emotion he shows upon the death of Caesar. He expresses his love for Caesar not only when he could show it

with safety, as before the servant of Octavius, but also in the very presence of his enemies. "Live a thousand years," he says :

*I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.*

The genuine love and friendship for Caesar which Antony shows in this scene claims our admiration. It is this love which imparts force and eloquence to his funeral oration over the body of Caesar in the market-place. Subsequent events proved that he can at times be great in deeds as well as in words.

His Practical Ability and Resourcefulness

Antony is a man of great ability and his real ability is brought out after the murder of Caesar. He is faced with over-whelming difficulties, his task is difficult, but he does it with great success. He does not hide his grief at the death of Caesar, and yet succeeds in throwing dust in the eyes of the conspirators. He acts his part so well that they all, except Cassius, are convinced that he is friendly to them, and will side with them. He is resourceful, and changes himself according to circumstances. At one time he is cunning and persuasive ; at another outspoken and bold. Cassius alone understands his real nature, and with reason dreads his power for mischief :

*You know not what you do : do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.*

A Great Orator

And Cassius is right, Antony's great speech in the Forum is one of the finest specimens of eloquence to be found in the English language. He understands the psychology of the mob, and so plays upon its emotions. He proceeds cautiously and in the beginning does not say even a word which can give offence to the conspirators. He tells the Romans of Caesar's great love for them, shows them his wounds, and finally reads out Caesar's will. The result is that the mob is incited to revolt without his speaking even a single word against the conspirators. He succeeds where Brutus fails.

Conclusion

Although Antony scorned not to bask in the sunshine of a Caesar's smile, and although his own weaker will remained helpless before the stronger will of an Octavius, yet he himself has no respect for men of only moderate abilities and weak will, who cannot act upon their own initiative. For such a man as Lepidus who "must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth," he has nothing but contempt. Himself unprincipled and unscrupulous, he can admire the great and noble qualities of Brutus, but he does never seek to imitate them. Shakespeare further developed the character of Antony in his famous play *Antony and Cleopatra*, and there fully brought out the undesirable aspects of his character.

(e) OCTAVIUS CAESAR

A Crafty Politician : His Cool Determination

Octavius is the nephew of Julius Caesar and his adopted son. He is the dark and crafty politician, who steps in at the right moment to reap the fruits of the efforts of others. His arrival on the scene soon after Caesar's murder shows that though Caesar has been murdered, Caesarism is not dead. A great reserve of power is behind the calm and passionless exterior of this beardless schoolboy. He says little during the conference of the triumvirs, as they arrange the details of the proscription, but what he does say is to the point, and he imposes his will upon the others, by his cool determination and practical commonsense :

Oct : *Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?*

Lep : *I do consent—*

Oct : *Prick him down, Antony.*

A Man of Few Words

He is a man of few words, but what he says is effective and to the point. We read in Plutarch that, "he never spake unto the Senate nor to the people, nor to his soldiers, but he had first written and premeditated that he would say unto them", and this aspect of his character Shakespeare has presented in the play. He grows impatient as he listens to the abusive language and recriminations which the generals of the two sides hurl at each other on the plains of Philippi. He cuts them short saying :

Come, Antony, away !

*Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth ;
If you dare fight today, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.*

Cool and Calculating

He is cool and calculating, and takes the lead in every situation in which he is called upon to act. Although young and inexperienced in wars in comparison with the brilliant and experienced Antony, he nevertheless assumes leadership and acts as if he were in sole command of affairs :

Act : *Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left side of the even field.*

Oct : *Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.*

Ant : *Why do you cross me in this exigent ?*

Oct : *I do not cross thee ; but I will do so.*

And afterwards, although his wing had been overthrown by Brutus' power, yet he still, in the presence of Antony, assumes the position of the sole commander :

*So call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.*

After Brutus' death, he gives instructions regarding his funeral and puts Antony into the background.

(f) LEPIDUS

Lepidus is the third and the weakest of the triumvirs. The weak character of Lepidus affords a strong contrast to the more powerful natures of the other two triumvirs—Antony and Octavius. He appears as an active character in one scene alone, in which he is sent to Caesar's house to "fetch the will hither". He is referred to by Antony as "a slight, unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands", "a barren-spirited fellow", who "must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth" :

*One that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion.*

Antony talks of him, "but as a property."

In short, he is stupid and inefficient and is used merely as a tool by the other two.

(g) PORTIA

"A Softened Reflection of Brutus"

Portia, the wife of Brutus and Cato's daughter, has been called by Mrs. Jameson, "a softened reflection of Brutus". Her character is a reflection of that of her husband. Husband and wife possess but one mind and one soul. She is his "true and honourable wife", accustomed to share all his thoughts, his pleasures, his griefs.

Her Wifely Pride and Self-assertion

She is proud of her ancestry and her husband :

*I grant, I am a woman ; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife ;
I grant, I am a woman : but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded ?*

Like her father and her husband she has cultivated Stoicism, thinks of herself as a strong woman, who is steadfast and able to suffer for others :

*I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh ; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?*

Therefore, she asserts her right as a wife to know the secrets of her husband, and Brutus has to yield to her request.

Her Feminine Weakness

But the self-discipline to which she had schooled herself would

not enable her to bear the terrible strain of knowing the secret of the conspiracy, for she was a woman before she was a philosopher. She could suffer, but she could not endure suspense. Her anxiety and love for Brutus could be kept in bounds by no rules of philosophy. Her impatience to learn the issue of the conspiracy, almost drives her mad, as is clear from the scene with Lucius. She herself grows conscious of her weakness and says,

*I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !*

She was the possessor of her husband's secret, and thus she discovered for herself, "how weak a thing the heart of woman is".

Her Distraction and Death

The manner of her death shows how her attempt to struggle against nature ended in failure. Suspense and over-wrought feeling broke her heart, and in a fit of madness she commits suicide. Brutus thus relates to Cassius the cause of her death :

*Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with death
That tidings came : with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.*

She dies distracted and her death reacts on the mind of Brutus, and makes him more agitated still. He tries to conceal it, but it is apparent that the sad news has overwhelmed him with inward gloom. Henceforth, he is not his usual self.

(h) CALPURNIA

Calpurnia, the wife of Caesar, is a woman of a different nature. Shakespeare has presented her as, in almost every respect, a contrast to Portia. She is weak with no individuality of her own. She cannot assert her wifely rights, as Portia does. Caesar frequently orders her about, and does not care much for her wishes. He orders her to stand in the way of Antony, and she agrees to do so without saying a word. He goes to the capital against her wishes. Once his own fears have been set at rest by the interpretation of her dream by one of the conspirators, he goes to the capital without carrying the least for her. He would sometimes "humour" her ; but in the marriage of Caesar and Calpurnia there is not, as there was in the case of Brutus and Portia, a secret sympathy, wedding heart to heart and mind to mind. She does not, like Portia, share her husband's ambitions, plans, and secrets. He does not impart to her his fears. Her influence over him is, in short, negligible. She is treated as a mere child, and is helpless before the will of her dominating husband.

JULIUS CAESAR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JULIUS CAESAR.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar.

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

Young CATO,

VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS;

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

} friends to Brutus and Cassius.

} servants to Brutus.

CALPURNIA, wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE

*During a great part of the play at Rome ; afterwards
near Sardis, and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CAESAR

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Citizens

Flav. Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday ? what ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not to walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession ? Speak, what trade art thou ?

5

First Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?
You, sir, what trade are you ?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

11

Marullus. But what trade art thou ? answer me directly.

Second Citizen. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

14

Marullus. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave,
what trade ?

16

Second Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me :
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that ? mend me, thou saucy
fellow !

20

Second Citizen. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl :
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters ; but
withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in
great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon
neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

27

Flavius. But whatfore art not in thy shop to-day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my-
self into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see
Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

(62)

PARAPHRASE

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street*

FLAVIUS, MARULLUS and some Citizens enter

Flavius. Go home, you idle fellows. Do you think that this is a holiday? Don't you know that this is a working day and that you, being mechanics, should not walk in the streets without wearing the badges of your professions? (*To one of the citizens*) Speak, sir, to what trade do you belong?

First cit. Sir, I am a carpenter.

Marullus. If you are a carpenter, where is your foot-rule and your leather apron? Why are you putting on your holiday clothes? (*To the second citizen*) and you, sir, what is your trade?

Second cit. Truly, sir, as compared to a skilled workman, you might say that I am only a cobbler.

Mar. But what is your occupation? Answer my question without beating about the bush.

Sec. cit. Mine is a trade, sir, which I hope I can follow with a good conscience. I am a mender of old soles.

Mar. But tell me what is your trade, you knave, you rogue and rascal?

Sec. cit. I request you, sir, not to be angry with me. But if you are out (angry) I know how to mend you.

Mar. What do you mean by saying that you can mend me, you rascal?

Sec. cit. Why, sir, I simply mean that I could mend your shoes (if they were out or torn.)

Flavius. So it means you are a cobbler. Are you a cobbler?

Sec. cit. Yes, sir, all that I live by is my awl (an instrument used by a cobbler). I do not interfere with the affairs of either men or women. I am in fact, sir, a mender of old shoes which I repair when they are torn. I have made shoes for the best people in all Rome. The greatest in Rome have used the shoes of neat's leather made by me.

Flav. But why are you not in your shop today? Why are you leading these people about in the streets?

Sec. cit. The reason, sir, is quite clear. By walking about in the streets, their shoes will be worn out, and that gives me more work. But, truly sir, we have declared today a holiday in honour of Caesar who is returning home in a triumphal procession. We want to meet him and rejoice in his victory.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ? 35
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout, 45
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ? 50
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood :
 Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 55
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream 60
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Exeunt Citizens
 See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd !
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : disrobe the images, 65
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so ?
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about, 70
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt 76

SCENE II. *A public place*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR ; ANTONY, for the course ;
 CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and
 CASCA ; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer
 Caesar. Calpurnia !*

Mar. But why do you rejoice? What conquest is Caesar bringing back to Rome? What captive kings, who would pay tributes, follow his chariot wheels? You cruel men of Rome, you who are as unfeeling and stupid as stones and wood, do you not remember Pompey? There was a time when with infants in your arms you climbed the towers, walls and battlements, even chimneys, and waited there patiently the whole day to see great Pompey pass through the streets of Rome. And as you saw his chariot coming, you shouted so loudly that river Tiber shook within her banks on hearing your shout echoed back from her banks. And now you put on your best clothes, declare it a holiday, and spread flowers on the path of one who comes after defeating Pompey's sons! Go away, and go to your homes, and falling on your knees, pray to the gods to hold back the plague that would surely visit you for such black ingratitude.

Flav. My countrymen, go away quickly, gather all poor people of your class and go to the banks of the river Tiber and there weep till your tears swell the waters to such an extent that the river overflows its highest banks. *[The citizens go away]*

Now see that even the meanest of these people have been touched and so they have gone away silently, fully aware of their guilt. You better go by that way towards the Capitol, while I shall go this way. If any of the statues are decked, they should be stripped of all decoration.

Mar. Is it proper that we do so? You must remember that to-day is the festival of Lupercal.

Flav. It does not at all matter whether it is a festival today or not. Let no statue be decked with the trophies won by Julius Caesar. I will go about the streets and disperse the crowd. You also do so wherever you find the people crowding. It is only by plucking these growing feathers from his wings that Caesar can be made to fly only upto ordinary heights (i.e. his growing ambition can be checked). Otherwise, he will rise to such heights of power that he will keep all of us in subjection, and we will have to fear him like slaves. *[They go away]*

SCENE II. *A public place*

CAESAR, ANTONY, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS and CASCA enter along with a big crowd and a Soothsayer

Caesar. Calpurnia, listen to me.

Casca. Peace, ho ! Caesar speaks. [*Music ceases*
Caesar. Calpurnia !

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius ! 5

Antony. Caesar, my lord ?

Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse. 10

Antony. I shall remember ;
 When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Caesar. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music*

Soothsayer. Caesar ! 15

Caesar. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—peace yet again !

Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me ? [*Music ceases*
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry "Caesar," Speak : Caesar is turn'd to hear. 20

Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.

Caesar. What man is that ?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caesar. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon Caesar. 25

Caesar. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Caesar. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius*

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brutus. Not I. 30

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
 I'll leave you. 35

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have :

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you. 40

Brutus. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself, 45

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—

Casca. Silence, Caesar speaks !

[*Music stops*]

Caesar. I say, Calpurnia, listen to me.

Calpurnia. Yes, my lord, I am here.

Caes. Listen, Calpurnia, when Antony runs in the race, take care that you stand directly in his way. Antonio, come here.

Anto. My lord, I am here.

Caes. Antonio, do not forget to touch Calpurnia when you are running in the race. Our elders say that barren women lose their sterility if they are touched by one who is running in this holy race.

Anto. I will not forget to touch her, my lord. When Caesar says that something should be done, it is at once done.

Caes. Begin the race then, and see that no rite is left out.

[*Music is played*]

Soothsayer. Hail, Caesar !

Caes. Who calls me ?

Casca. Let there be complete silence once again. Let every noise be stopped.

[*Music stops*]

Caes. Who is it in the crowd that wishes to talk to me ? I heard a voice louder than all the music. The voice called my name "Caesar". Caesar is ready to listen, speak.

Sooth. Caesar, beware of the 15th of March.

Caes. Who is that man ?

Brutus. An astrologer bids you beware of the 15th of March.

Caes. Bring him before me ; let me see his face.

Casca. You fellow, come forward from the crowd and stand before Caesar.

Caes. Speak again ; what is it you tell me ?

Sooth. Beware of the Ides of March.

Caes. This man is an idle dreamer ; let us leave him and pass on.

[*All go away, except Brutus and Cassius*]

Cass. Will you not go to witness the sports ?

Brut. I will not go.

Cass. Please do go.

Brut. I am not fond of sports. In fact, I do not possess that light-hearted spirit which Antony possesses. However, if Cassius, you desire to go, let me not stop you. I will go away.

Cass. Brutus, I have been watching you for sometime, and I find that I do not get from you the same kindness and love which you used to show to me. It seems to me that you are adopting a stern and harsh attitude towards me, a friend who loves you.

Brut. Cassius, do not misunderstand me. If I am gloomy and melancholy, I keep my worries to myself, and do not trouble my friends with my worries. Surely, I have been for sometime a victim of conflicting emotions, which, though they belong wholly to myself, might yet influence my conduct towards my friends. For this reason my friends shall not be displeased with me and Cassius, you are one of my best friends. Do not put any interpretation on my conduct and manners other than this, that Brutus, at

Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men. 50

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 55
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just :
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
 Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes. 60 65

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me ? 70

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of. 75
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men ; and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. 80

Brutus. What means this shouting ? *[Flourish and shout]*
 Choose Caesar for their king. I do fear, the people 85

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it ?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.—
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently ;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death. 90

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men

war with himself, forgets to show due love and courtesy towards other people.

Cass. Then I am sorry to say, Brutus, that I have much misunderstood you, and so I have been hiding from you some very important thoughts which are worthy of being made known to you. Now tell me, Brutus, can you see your own face?

Brut. No, Casius, I cannot see my face, for the eye cannot see itself except by reflection from something else.

Cass. What you say is quite right. And it is a great pity, Brutus, that you do not have such mirrors as could show you the true image of your own greatness. I have heard the greatest men in Rome—excepting the great Caesar—speak bitterly of the tyranny and oppression from which they suffer in these times, and regret that Brutus is blind to these facts. They desire that Brutus should see his own nobility and greatness.

Brut. To what dangers do you intend to lead me, Cassius, by thus pointing out a greatness in me that I do not possess.

Cass. It is for this reason that I am now going to explain to you how great you are. Be prepared to listen to me. As you cannot see yourself except by looking into a mirror, let me act as your mirror in which you will see a reflection of your own greatness, of which you are ignorant. And, gentle Brutus, donot doubt me. I am not an ordinary flatterer who abuses his friendship by loudly declaring it to every new person he meets; I am not also one of those who first flatter a friend, embrace him openly, and then desert him and speak ill of him at his back. I do not make friends with disreputable people by entertaining them with feasting and drinking. If I had any of these faults, then your suspicions of me will be justified. [Loud shouting is heard]

Brut. What is that noise? I am afraid the people have chosen Caesar to be their king.

Cass. Are you afraid of Caesar's becoming the king. This means that you do not want him to be the king.

Brut. You are right, I do not want him to be the king though I love Caesar well. But why are you detaining me here so long? What is it that you want to tell me? If it is anything which is for the welfare of the people, do not hesitate to reveal it to me, for I will risk even death in doing anything honourable for the good of the people. I pray to the gods to give me success, for I hold honour more valuable than life.

Cass. I know that you care more for honour than for your life. I know this as clearly as I know your face. Honour is the theme of what I am now going to tell you. I do not know what you and other people think of this life. But so far as I am concern-

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he : 105

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood.

And swim to yonder point ?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy : 115

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink !" *I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,*

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 120
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man

Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake : 125

His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan : 130

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. 135

[*Flourish and shout*]

Brutus. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world 140
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 145

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
"Brutus" and "Caesar" : what should be in that "Caesar" ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

ed, I prefer death to living under the tyranny and fear of one who is no better than myself. Both you and I have had as good a birth as Caesar and have been brought up as well as he. We both can endure the severities of cold as well as he. Once on a very cold day, when the Tiber was in full flood, Caesar asked me whether I could compete with him in swimming and crossing the river to a point on the other bank. Although I was fully dressed, I at once jumped into the river and challenged him to follow me. He did so. The current was flowing with a roaring sound and we breasted it bravely and swam against it with a firm determination resulting from the spirit of competition. But before we could reach the point agreed upon, Caesar cried for help and told me that if I did not help him he would be drowned. And then just as Aeneas, our famous ancestor, carried his father, Anchises, from the burning walls of Troy, I, too, carried the drowning Caesar away from the roaring waves of Tiber. And this very Caesar has now become a mighty god and poor Cassius has to live humbly bowing low to him, while he merely nods carelessly in return to my salute. Once when Caesar was in Spain he had an attack of fever, and when the fever was high I observed how terribly shaken he was. Yes, this god did tremble at that time. His lips lost their usual colour and that eye of his, whose frown now inspires awe and fear in the beholders, was then pale and dull. I heard him groaning with pain. And that voice of his, which today orders the Romans to listen to him and record his speeches in books, cried at that time in helpless, girlish tones, "Give me some water, Titinius." O gods; it is really incredible how a man of such a weak and womanish nature now lords over the world, winning the race of glory and bearing the prize of victory all by himself. [*Loud shouting is heard again*]

Brut. Listen ! I hear another shout. I do believe that this shouting is for some new honours conferred upon Caesar.

Cass. Brutus, this Caesar today is ruling over Rome like some mighty Colossus (a giant), and we petty people have to move between his huge legs and take care not to be crushed to death, until death ends our inglorious lives. Men are masters of their own fate. If we are down-trodden to-day, the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in us. Brutus and Caesar, these are two names, equally good; yet the name of Caesar seems to have some charm in it, for it is spoken more than that of Brutus. If you write your name and that of Caesar; both will appear equally good to see.

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ; 150
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar".
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, 155
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome, 160
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man ?
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd 165
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this, and of these times, 170
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time 175
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time 180
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
 That my weak words have struck but thus much show
 Of fire from Brutus.

Brutus. The games are done, and Caesar is returning. 185

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train : 190
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is. 195

Caesar. Antonius !

If you pronounce your name, Brutus, it sounds as good as Caesar's ; if you weigh the two names, it will be found that both are equal in weight ; if they are used to cast a magic spell, both will be found to be equally good for conjuring spirits. Now I ask in the name of all the gods, what special food does this Caesar eat that he has become so very great. Surely our age should be ashamed of itself, and Rome seems to have lost the race of her noble sons. Since the great flood there never was a time in Rome when there were not many great men in it. Till now, when people spoke of Rome, they could not say that the walls of Rome enclosed only one great man. But now Rome indeed has room enough for only one person. Both you and I have heard our fathers say that one of your ancestors would have as readily lived under the rule of the Devil himself as under that of a king. So suspicious was he of kings and dictators.

Brut. I do not doubt that you do love me. I have also some idea of what you want me to do. I will tell you some other time my opinion of Caesar and of the age in which we live. But at present let me tell you that I do not wish to be further influenced in this matter. I tell you so with all possible respect and regard for you. I will seriously think on what you have said and will also hear attentively what you have to say in future about such serious matters. I will find some other time more suitable for hearing and answering such important matters. But be sure of this, my friend, that Brutus will prefer to be an ignorant rustic rather than call himself a true Roman, if he has to live under such hard conditions.

Cass. I am happy that my weak and feeble speech has produced such a spirited reply from Brutus.

Brut. It seems that the games are over and that Caesar is returning.

Cass. As they pass this way, pull Casca aside, and he will tell you in his own bitter, cynical manner what has happened today worthy of note.

[*Caesar and his followers return*]

Brut. I will do so. But look here, Cassius, how angry does Caesar seem to be, and how like a set of timid, whipped children the others look. Calpurnia, too, is pale, and Cicero looks as agitated and red-eyed as when we have seen him opposed in the debates at the Capitol by some members of the Senate.

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is ?

Caes. Antony !

Antony. Caesar ?

Caesar. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights : 200
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Caesar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caesar. Would he were fatter !—but I fear him not : 205
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays, 210
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease 215
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, 220
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train, except Casca*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with
me ?

Brutus. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day
That Caesar looks so sad. 225

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Brutus. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and being
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then
the people fell a-shouting. 230

Brutus. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice ? 235

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time
gentler than other ; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours
shouted.

Cassius. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca. 240

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it
was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him
a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;
—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my

Ant. Caesar, what have you to say to me ?

Caes. Let only fat men come near me. Men with well-groomed heads and those who sleep soundly at night, should alone stand round me. That Cassius, there, has a lean and hungry look. He is given to deep thinking, and such men are dangerous.

Ant. You need not fear Cassius. He is not dangerous. He is a noble son of Rome and well-intentioned.

Caes. I wish he were fatter ! However, I am not afraid of him. Yet if Caesar were likely to fear, he would fear that lean and thin Cassius most of all. I would like to avoid him most of all. He reads much, and is also a keen observer, and he can see clearly into the hearts of men. Like you, Antony, he does not love stage plays, nor does he like to hear music. He very rarely smiles, and when he does, he smiles in such a manner that it would seem to others that he mocked at his own spirit which could be induced to smile at something. People like him are never happy, if they find that there are in the state men who are greater than themselves. It is for this reason that they are dangerous. I am not personally afraid of him, but I only tell you of the kind of men one should be afraid of. As for myself, I am always Caesar, one who never knows any fear. Come to my right side, for I am deaf in my left ear, and let me know truly what you think of him.

[All go away, excepting Casca]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak. Do you want to speak to me ?

Brut. Yes, Casca, tell us what has happened today to make Caesar look so disturbed.

Cas. You were both with him, were you not ?

Brut. If I were with him, I would not have asked you to tell me what took place.

Cas. The people offered Caesar a crown, and he did not take it. He put it back with his hand, and then people burst out into loud shouts.

Brut. Why was there such loud shouting a second time.

Cas. They shouted again for this very reason.

Cass. They shouted thrice, what was the reason of the third shout ?

Cas. They shouted the third time, for that very reason.

Brut. Did they thrice offer him the crown ?

Cas. Truly, and he refused it all the three times, but each time more gently than before, and every time he did so, the foolish mob of Rome shouted.

Cass. Who gave him the crown ?

Cas. Mark Antony.

Brut. Tell us how it all happened, Casca ?

Cas. It is impossible to describe the foolish show exactly. It was all nonsense. I did not observe it attentively. But I saw how Antony offered him the crown—it was not exactly a crown but a little coronet—and as I have already told you, Caesar thrust it aside. But so far as I could see, it seemed that Caesar would have

thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 254

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you what, did Caesar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like ; he hath the falling sickness.

Cassius. No, Caesar hath it not : but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness. 263

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself ? 265

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut :—an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul !” and forgave him with all their hearts : but there’s no heed to be taken of them ; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 276

Brutus. And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say anything ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again : but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling 281

very much liked to have the crown, and he seemed unwilling to let it go. Then Antony again offered it to him, and again Caesar put it back. But it seemed to me that he was most unwilling to let it go. And then Antony gave it to him for the third time, and Caesar did not take it the third time also. And as Caesar refused to accept the crown, the foolish mob shouted and shouted, and they clapped their rough hands and threw up their greasy caps. They gave out such a foul breath at his refusing the crown that it almost suffocated him, for he did swoon and fall down. And though I was inclined to laugh at the whole foolish show, I dared not do so for fear of inhaling the foul air.

Cass. But did you say that Caesar fell down in a swoon?

Cas. Yes, he did fall down in the market-place, and foam came out of his mouth and he could not speak.

Brut. It is possible, for Caesar suffers from the falling sickness.

Cass. No, it is not Caesar, but you and I and good Casca, who suffer from the falling sickness.

Cas. I do not know what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar did fall down. And I can assure you that the disgusting crowd did shout and clap and hiss accordingly as he pleased or displeased them, just as they clap or hiss the actors in a theatre.

Brut. And what did Caesar say when he came to his senses?

Casca—By Mary, before he fell down, and when he clearly saw that the mob was pleased at his having refused the crown, he unfastened his doublet, and offered his neck to them and asked them to cut it. I tell you, were I one of the mechanicals in the mob, I would have at once taken him at his word and promptly cut his throat. And then it was that he fell down. And when he came to his senses, he asked forgiveness of the mob for anything wrong which he might have said or done. They should pardon him, for it was due to his weakness (he said) that he might have done or said any such thing. Three or four poor girls who were there said, "Alas! good soul!" and they forgave him with all their hearts. But we need not seriously consider the words and actions of such weak people, for they would have pardoned Caesar, even if Caesar had killed their own mothers.

Brut. Was it after this that he came sadly away in this manner?

Casca. Yes

Cass. Did Cicero speak anything?

Casca. Yes, he spoke something in Greek.

Cassi. What did he say?

Casca. If I were to tell you that, I would be so ashamed of myself that I would never again be able to look you in the face. But those who understood him smiled and nodded at each other to show their appreciation. So far as I am concerned, I could not understand what he said. I can give you some more news also. Marullus and Flavius have been killed for disrobing Caesar's sta-

scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me tomorrow ? 290

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so ; farewell, both. [Exit 295

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be :
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, 300
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me.
I will come home to you ; or, if you will, 305
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so : till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet 310
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Caesar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night, 315
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at : 320
And after this let Caesar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit 322

SCENE III. A street

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

Cicero. Good even, Casca : brought you Caesar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

ues. Goodbye, now ; I wish I could recollect more of the foolish show that happened.

Cass. Will you be able to come to-night to have supper at my place, Casca ?

Casca. No, thanks. I have already accepted another invitation to supper.

Cass. Well then, dine with me to-morrow. Will you come ?

Casca. Yes, I will come, provided I am alive, you still remain firm in your invitation, and your dinner is worth eating.

Cass. Right, I will wait for you.

Casca. Do so : good-bye, gentlemen. [Goes

Brut. What a blunt fellow has he become ? He was bright and intelligent when he was a boy.

Cass. He is so too now, specially in carrying out some adventurous task, although he puts on this show of dullness. The fact that he is rude acts as a sauce to his wit. It increases the charm of his wit, and people are then able to digest it better.

Brut. Yes ; it seems to be so. And now let me take leave of you. If you wish to speak to me, I will come to your place to-morrow ; or, if you so desire you may come to me, and I shall wait for you.

Cass. Yes, I will come to you. Till then think on what I have told you. [Brutus goes away

O Brutus, you are essentially a noble person. But your noble nature can easily be changed and diverted from its honourable course by interested persons. It is, therefore, proper that such noble souls should keep company with equally noble souls, for there is none so firm as cannot be corrupted and perverted by others. Caesar has a grudge against me, but he loves Brutus. If, however, I were loved like Brutus and Brutus were hated like me, I would never have allowed myself to be influenced by him. To night I will throw in his window several letters, written by different persons, which will all tell him how highly he is honoured by the people of Rome. And these letters will obscurely hint at the ambitious nature of Caesar. When this is done, let Caesar take care to sit more firmly on his throne, for we will either shake him from his place, or else we will endure even worse days.

SCENE III. *A street*

There is thunder and lightning, and CASCA, with drawn sword, and CICERO, come from opposite sides

Cicero. Good evening Casca, did you follow Caesar to his home ? Why are you so breathless and why do you look in such a strange manner.

Casca. Are you not shocked when this solid earth seems to shake like an unstable thing ? O, Cicero, before now I have seen storms which have torn and uprooted the strong oaks. And I have seen tempests when the sea has swelled with the winds, rising high as if

To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me : and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets, 25
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noonday upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons ; they are natural" ; 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
 Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca : this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in. 40

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero

Enter CASSIUS

Cassius. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ! 45

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
 And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, 50
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it. 55

the waves were ambitious to touch the threatening clouds. But I never saw still today a tempest which poured down liquid fire. This means that either there is a civil war in heaven, or that this world, having offended the gods with its pride, and has made them angry so that they are sending down destruction.

Cicero. Have you seen something more unusual ?

Casca. Yes (I have seen extraordinary sights). A slave, whom you know very well, held up his left hand and it burned like twenty torches burning together, and yet he was unhurt, and did not feel any pain at all. And then I met a lion opposite the Capitol which looked at me fiercely, walked away silently and did no harm to me. Since that time, I have not put up my sword. And further I saw a whole crowd of a hundred terrified women who swore that they saw men surrounded by fire walking up and down the streets. And yesterday—the owl—the bird of night—was sitting and hooting at mid-day upon the market-place. When such miracles happen at one and the same time, people should not say that they are natural. They should not try to give reasons for these occurrences. I am quite sure that these strange events are omens of danger to that place and time where they occur.

Cicero. Indeed, these are strange times. But people who interpret things according to their fancy, often do so wrongly. They misinterpret the real significance of such omens. Will Caesar go to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. Yes, he will go. I heard him telling Antony to inform you that he would be in the Capitol to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, Casca ; this strong night is not for walking out.

Cas. Good bye, Cicero.

[*Cicero goes away*]

CASSIUS enters

Cass. Who comes there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cass. I think you are Casca by your voice.

Casca. You are right. I am Casca. Cassius, what a terrible night is this ?

Cass. It is quite a good night for honest people.

Casca. Who has ever before known such a threatening night as this ?

Cass. Those who know the world so full of faults, have also seen before such threatening nights. As for me, I have walked about the night, exposing myself to the dangers of the night, and, as you see me, with my doublet unbuttoned, so that my breast is fully exposed to the thunderbolts. And I put myself right in the way of the lightning when it seemed to tear open the surface of the sky.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life 60
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause 65
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and pre-formed faculties 70
To monstrous quality ;—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 75
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown, 80
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?
Cassius. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead, 85
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land, 90
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat : 95
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself. 100
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I : [Thunder still
So every bondman in his own hand bears 105

Casca. What made you thus to expose yourself to the anger of the heavens? Poor human beings like us should fear and tremble when the gods send down such fearful signs of their displeasure, to surprise us and strike terror into our hearts.

Cass. Casca, you have grown dull and do not seem to have that true spirit which a Roman should have, or at least you do not put that true Roman spirit to use. You are pale and look with fear and confusion at the sight of these strange outbursts of the anger of the gods. But if you really try to understand the true cause of all these fires, of all these moving ghosts, of the unnatural behaviour of birds and beasts, and of old men acting like fools, while children make prophecies, and why all these things are happening unnaturally, in a way opposite to their normal way, why, then you will realise that these unnatural events are being caused by the gods to make them agents of their warning and anger against some very unnatural fault in our world. And Casca, I can point out to you a man who most resembles this dreadful night which gives out thunder and lightning, which lets the dead out of their graves, and which roars as loudly as does the lion in the Capitol—This man is not more powerful than you and I in his character and action, but who has now developed into as unnatural and mighty a force as these fearful events of this night are.

Casca. It is Caesar whom you mean. Is it not so, Cassius?

Cass. I do not care who he is. But what grieves me is this, that the Romans today have the same muscles and limbs as their ancestors had, but, alas, the spirit of our ancestors is dead, and we seem to be ruled with the gentle spirit of our mothers. The fact that we humbly submit ourselves to tyranny shows that we have lost our manliness and have become womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say that the senators are going to make Caesar a king tomorrow, and that he will be allowed to wear the crown everywhere on land and sea, except here in Italy.

Cass. If it will be so, I know where to use this dagger. I will free myself from slavery. And I thank the gods for giving us the power to destroy ourselves, and thus enabling us to defeat tyrants. In this way, they make the weak most strong. Nothing in the world, not the huge towers of stone, nor walls of hammered brass, nor the suffocating cells of prisons, nor the strong iron chains, can subdue and check the mighty strength of our spirits. Our spirits, growing tired of the obstructions and chains of the world, can always free themselves in this way. Since I know this, let the whole world know that I can shake off my part of suffering under tyranny at any time I like.
[Still there is thunder

Casca. I, too, can do the same; every slave thus has the power in his hands to free himself from bondage.

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then ?

Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

110

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Caesar ! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this

115

Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made ; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man
That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand :

120

Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.

125

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;

And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,

130

There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element

In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

135

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

Cassius. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

140

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me,

Cinna. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could

146

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cassius. Be you content : good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax

150

Cass. If this is so, how is it that Caesar continues to rule as a tyrant? He would never be a wolf but for the fact that he sees that the Romans of today are sheep. He would not be strong as a lion if Romans were not weak as deer. He who wishes to make a quick bonfire will begin with light, inflammable materials. Romans today are no better than worthless rubbish which serves to light the fire of vile Caesar's ambition. It is our weakness that makes him so ambitious. My grief has compelled me to speak out thus foolishly. It is possible, I am speaking these words to one who is willing to remain a slave to Caesar, and so I might have to suffer for the words I have used against Caesar. My comfort, however, is that I am well armed, and am indifferent to danger.

Casca. Remember, Cassius, you are talking to Casca, to one who is not a base and flattering betrayer of secrets. Here is my hand which I offer to you as the token of my friendship. Form a party to fight out and set right all these wrongs, and be sure that I will take as much risk as any one else.

Cass. I agree with you. Let this be the settlement between us. Now I must tell you, Casca, that I have already persuaded some of the noblest of Romans to support us in our enterprise, which is full of danger as well as honour. I know by this time, they must be waiting for me in the porch of Pompey's theatre. This night is very fearful and no one moves about the streets, and the colour of the night is as fearful and dark as the thing we are going to undertake.

Casca. Hide here for a moment, for I see someone is coming in a haste.

Cass. It is Cinna, whom I can know by the way he walks. He is a friend. (*Cinna comes*) Cinna, where are you going in such haste?

Cinna. I was searching for you. Who is with you? Is he Metellus Cimber?

Cass. No, it is Casca, one who is a party to our enterprise. Are they waiting for me, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad to see that Casca has joined us. What a terrible night is this. Two or three of us have seen the most amazing sights.

Cass. But tell me, are they not waiting for me?

Cinna. Yes, they are. O, Cassius, if you could only win over Brutus to join us!

Cass. Do not worry, good Cinna, take this letter and see that you place it in the chair of state where Brutus sits so that he may read it. And throw this in through his window. And fix this upon

Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone 155
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompeys's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him 160
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him our.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy, 165
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. 170 [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard

Enter BRUTUS

Brutus. What, Lucius, ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what, Lucius ! 5

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord ?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

Brutus. It must be by his death : and, for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the question :
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;— 15
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

the statue of old Brutus. Having done all this, come to Pompey's porch where you will find us. Have Trebonius and Decius Brutus reached there ?

Cin. All are assembled there excepting Metellus Cimber who has gone to seek you at your house. I will now go quickly, and place these letters as you have just directed me to do.

Cass. Having done it, go to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna*
Come now, Casca, you and I will go to meet Brutus at his house before morning. We have already persuaded three-fourths of him to join us, and we shall completely win him over at our next meeting.

Cass. O, he occupies a very high place in the heart of the people. And his support can turn what might seem to be crime in us into a virtue by his reputation and influence, just as base metals are changed into gold by the art of alchemy.

Cass. You have correctly judged Brutus and his importance and our great need of him. Let us now go, for it is past midnight and before dawn we will awake him and make sure that he will join us.

ACT II

SCENE I. ROME. BRUTUS'S ORCHARD ; BRUTUS comes

Brutus. Hullo Lucius, come here ! I cannot know what time it is by the position of the stars. (*Calling again*). Lucius come here. I wish I could sleep as soundly as this boy (*Calling again*). What, Lucius, when are you going to wake up ?

LUCIUS Enters

Luc. Did you call me, my lord ?

Brut. Yes ; place a candle in my study ; and tell me when you have lighted it.

Luc. I will do so, my lord. [*He goes*

Brut. There is no way out of the present situation except through Caesar's death. I have no personal cause for hating him, but he must die for the public good. He desires to wear the crown. The question is, how this will change his character. One must walk carefully when there is a serpent, which is made to come out by the brightness of the day. In the same way, a man's prosperity brings out all the evil in him. If we make him a king, it will be like equipping him with means and power to do mischief when he likes. Power is misused when it is used without remorse or pity. Upto this time, of course, I have never known Caesar to act unreasonably and emotionally. It is common knowledge that

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees 25
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day. [Gives him the letter
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March ? 40

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir.

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them. 45

[Opens the letter and reads
 "Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !" —

"Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out ; 50

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What, Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress !" Am I entreated 55

To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks. 60
 [Knocking within

[Exit Lucius

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is

modesty and humility are the steps of the ladder of ambition. So long as ambitious men have not fully realised their ambition, they go on showing humility and modesty. But once they reach the top of the ladder of ambition, they hate the means by which they achieved their ambition and glory. They then hold their heads high in the air, and look down upon the humble stairs by which they achieved their greatness. Caesar may also do like other people. Therefore, we must prevent him from behaving in this way. At present, the position of Caesar will not justify the strong measures we propose to take, we should argue it in this way. If he is allowed to become great, he may abuse his powers to the harm of the people. And, therefore, we should consider him a serpent's egg which, if allowed to be hatched, will according to its nature, do much mischief. Hence it is better to destroy a serpent in the egg.

LUCIUS *re-enters*

Luc. I have lighted the candle in your study, sir. When I was searching for a flint, I found this paper sealed in this way. I am quite sure that when I went to sleep, this paper was not there.

[*Gives him the letter*

Brut. Go and sleep again ; it is not yet dawn. But tell me boy, is not to-morrow the fifteenth of March ?

Luc. I do not know, sir.

Brut. See the calendar, and tell me.

Luc. I will do so, sir.

[*Goes away*

Brut. I can read this letter here by the light of the meteors rushing across the sky. (*Opens the letter and reads*) "Brutus, you seem to be sleeping ; better get up and see what you are. Will Rome, etc. Act, speak and get our injuries redressed. Brutus, you are sleeping. Awake from your sleep." I have often come across inciting letters, that have often been dropped at places where I have found them. "Will Rome, etc." I must complete this sentence in this way : "Will Rome be tyrannised by one person ? That very Rome, which my ancestors set free from the Tarquin when he ruled over Rome as a king." The letter says : "We want you to speak, strike and get our injuries redressed." Am I thus asked to speak and strike ? O, Rome, I promise solemnly that I will try to get your wrongs redressed, and in thus way I fully grant your request.

LUCIUS *re-enters*

Luc. Sir, fifteen days of March have passed. [*Knocking within*

Brut. Right ; go and see who knocks at the gate. [*Lucius goes* I have not been able to sleep at all, since Cassius provoked and instigated me against Caesar. The time between the first desire for

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream : 65
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
 Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone ?

Lucius. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Brutus. Do you know them ?

Lucius. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears, 75
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark or favour.

Brutus. Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius*

They are the faction. O conspiracy, 80
 Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
 When evils are most free ? O, then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;
 Hide it in smiles and affability : 85
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
 and TREBONIUS*

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
 Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ? 90

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
 Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
 But honours you ; and every one doth wish
 You had but that opinion of yourself 95
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this Metellus 100
 Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.—
 What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word ? 105

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper*

Decius. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

some action or dangerous project and the actual execution of it is one of frightful suspense, resembling a horrible dream. At such a period there is between the reason (the guardian angel of a man) and the passions of a person a great conflict, which is comparable to the agitation in a small kingdom, full of conflicts and rebellions.

LUCIUS *re-enters*

Luc. Sir, your brother Cassius is waiting at the door to meet you.

Brut. Has he come alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are several other people with him.

Brut. Do you recognise them ?

Luc. Nor, sir, for they have pulled down their hats over their faces so that half of their faces are hidden, and so it is impossible to know them by any particular mark or feature.

Brut. Ask them to come in.

[*Lucius goes*
I am sure these persons are the members of our party. O Conspiracy ! are you ashamed of showing your dangerous face even at the hour of night when evil persons walk about most freely ? If so, where will you find in broad daylight a cave dark enough to hide your horrible face ? Therefore, the conspirators should not try to hide their face in darkness, but rather try to put on a smiling, friendly appearance which will effectively hide their real self. Because if conspirators begin to go about in their natural appearance, even the darkest Erebus (Hell) will not be dark enough to hide them and make them free from discovery and arrest.

The Conspirators enter

Cass. I am afraid we have disturbed you in your sleep and rest. Good morning, Brutus, are we really troubling you ?

Brut. No, I have been awake for one hour. I am sleepless to-night. May I know who these gentlemen are ?

Cass. Yes ; everyone of them honours you highly. And everyone of them wishes that you were aware of their own opinion of your greatness which is also the opinion of every Roman. This man is Trebonius.

Brut. I welcome him.

Cass. This is Decius Brutus.

Brut. I also welcome him.

Cass. These are Casca, Cinna, Metellus Cimber.

Brut. I welcome them all. What deep anxiety is it that disturbs your sleep to-night ?

Cass. May I speak a word to you, apart ?

[*Brutus and Cassius talk apart*

Deci. This is the east ; is it not the quarter where the day dawns ?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day. 110

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north 115
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath : if not the face of men, 120

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, 125

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond 130

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?

Swear priests, and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls 135
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits, 140

To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle 145
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means. 150

Metellus. O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, 155
But all be buried in his gravity.

Casca. No

Cinna. But, surely, it does dawn in this direction. And those gray lines which mark the clouds are the fore-runners of dawn.

Casca. Both of you are mistaken. It is here, where I point my sword, that the sun rises. It is more towards the south than the east, for it is the season of spring now. After two months the sun will rise a little higher towards the north. And the east is where I point my sword now, towards the building of the Capitol.

Brut. (Returning) Let me welcome everyone of you. Give me your hands.

Cass. And let us all take an oath in support of our determination to carry out our enterprise.

Brut. No oath is needed. If the agony on the faces of men, and the misery of their souls, and the unbearable tyranny of these days, are not strong enough motives for joining us together in this enterprise, then it is better that we give it up now, when it is still time, and go to our beds, and let insolent and proud tyranny flourish freely in Rome, until every one of us is slain as fate decrees. But if the motives I have urged are strong enough, as I am sure they are, to inspire even cowards and put heroism even in the weak souls of women, then, indeed, my countrymen, what need is there for any other motive for seeking the remedy for these evils, excepting our cause? No other spur is needed. What need is there of any other bond to join us except this, that we are all true Romans who know how to keep secrecy and who, having once made up their minds, do not hesitate or fall apart. What other oath (guarantee) is needed except the fact that we are all honest and true men who have come together and decided to do certain things, or die in the attempt? Let priests take oath, and cowards and crafty men, and weak and worn-out persons, and such weak-souled fellows who submit to wrongs and welcome them. Let such poor creatures take oath who undertake causes which are unworthy. But let us not disgrace the pure and noble enterprise we have undertaken or the irresistible spirit in us all by imagining that oaths are needed to keep us true to our cause. Every true Roman, as we all are, would rather be a base slave than break in the slightest manner the word of honour that has once escaped his lips.

Cass. What about Cicero? Shall we try to know his views? I think he will prove to be a very staunch supporter of our conspiracy.

Casca. Yes, he must not be left out.

Cinna. No, certainly not.

Metel. O yes, let us have him with us, because his white hair will gain for us the good opinion of the world, and the people will praise our actions. It will be said that in whatever we did we were guided by his wise judgment. All our immaturity and rashness will be fully covered up by his old age and wisdom.

Brutus. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out. 160

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar ?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar : we shall find of him 165
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, 170
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar ; 175

And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O that we, then, could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar ! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ; 180

Let's crave him as a dish fit for the gods.
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make 185

Our purpose necessary and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm 190
When Caesar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him ;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Caesar, all that he can do 195
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Caesar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes

Brutus. Peace ! count the clock. 201

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no : 205
For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Brut. Do not let us talk of him, nor let us reveal to him our purpose, because he will never be a party to any movement which other people have begun.

Cass. In that case, he must be left out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not a worthy person.

Decius. Is no other man except Caesar to be killed ?

Cass. You have spoken rightly, Decius. I think it is not proper that Mark Antony, the most loved friend of Caesar, should survive him. If he is allowed to live, we shall find that he is a very clever intriguer. You must know that he has powers, which if fully used, will cause harm to us. In order that he may be prevented from doing harm to us, I propose that he and Caesar be killed together.

Brut. Caius Cassius, if we do so, our actions will seem too bloody. If we cut off the head, and then proceed to cut the limbs also, it will appear that we were moved by wrath in killing Caesar, and by envy in killing his followers, because, truly, Antony is only a limb of Caesar. Let us not be cruel butchers, Cassius, but only sacrificers to a good cause. We have to destroy only the spirit of ambition in Caesar, and the spirit contains no blood. O, how I wish that it were possible only to destroy the spirit, and not the body of Caesar ! But, alas, since this is not possible we are forced to kill Caesar. And so, my good friends, let us kill Caesar boldly, but not murder him in anger. Let us so kill Caesar that he may prove to be a worthy dish for the gods ; and not in such a way that he may be a carcass fit only for the dogs. Let us act as noble masters do who ask their servants to do some act of blood, and when they have done it, they rebuke him for it. If we do so, we will be judged as those who have done this deed, not out of personal envy against Caesar, but because it was necessary for the good of the public. If our actions are judged in this way by the public, we shall not be misunderstood to be cruel butchers. So far as Antony is concerned, let us not bother our heads about him, for he is like Caesar's hand which cannot do any harm when the head is cut off.

Cass. Yet I am afraid of him, for in the deep love which he has for Caesar—

Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not worry about Antony. If Antony really loves Caesar, he can cause harm to himself alone by remaining deeply sad for his death and thus kill himself out of love for Caesar. But he will never die, for really speaking he is a frivolous, light-hearted fellow who is given to sports, to wildness and to bad society.

Treb. There is no need to be afraid of him ; let us not kill him. He will survive the murder of Caesar and laugh at it later on.

Brut. Listen, the clock is striking. Count the strokes.

Cass. It is three o'clock.

Treb. Then it is time for us to depart.

Cass. But it is still uncertain whether Caesar will come out of home today or not. For, recently, he has become quite super-

Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night, 210
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Decius. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, 215
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work ; 220
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then. 225

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons. 230
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassius. The morning comes upon's : we'll leave you,

Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans. 235

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy—
And so, good morrow to you every one. 240

[*Exeunt all except Brutus*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. 245

Enter PORTIA

Portia.

Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, 250
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

stitious, and quite opposed to his former disbelief in such things as dreams and sacrifices and omens. It is quite possible that the omens and the unnatural happenings of the night, and the advice of his sooth-sayers, might prevent Caesar from going to the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Do not be afraid of this. If Caesar is really inclined to stay at home, I have the power to persuade him against his own superstitions. He laughs at the idea that unicorns might be caught by means of trees, bears with mirrors, elephants with pits, lions with snares and men with flattery. And when I tell him that he, Caesar, hates flattery, he agrees with me and feels deeply flattered by this opinion of mine. In other words, he likes flattery and so can easily be befooled. Let me go to him, for I know how to flatter him rightly, so that he will definitely go to the Capitol.

Cass. No, we all will go to take him to the Capitol.

Brut. Will eight O' Clock be the latest hour for our meeting ?

Cinna. Yes, let us not fail to meet latest by that hour.

Met. I wonder why none of you have thought of making Caius Ligarius join our party, because he hates Caesar deeply ever since Caesar rebuked him sharply for speaking in praise of Pompey.

Brut. Now, good Metellus, pass by his house. He is a good friend of mine, and I have given him reasons for what we are doing. Only send him to me, and I will soon persuade him to join us.

Cass. It is very near morning. We will now go away, Brutus. And comrades, disperse, but remember your promises and act as true Romans.

Brut. Go, friends, and look cheerful and happy. Let not our looks betray our motives. Let us do as our Roman actors do, who carry themselves with untired energy and great constancy in their outward behaviour. And now let me bid good-bye to you all.

[All go away except Brutus

(Calling) Lucius ! Are you fast asleep ? It does not matter. Enjoy the sweet honey of sleep, for you have no wild imaginings, nor soaring fancies which vex the minds of care-worn people, and which do not allow them to sleep. Hence it is that you sleep so deeply.

PORTIA enters

Portia. Brutus, my lord ! what are you doing here ?

Brutus. Portia, what do you mean by getting up and coming here at this hour ? It is not good for your health that you, who are so weak, should expose yourself to the cold wind of the morning.

Por. Neither is it good for your own health. Brutus, you have very cruelly got out of the bed, and have come here secretly. Yesterday, while at supper, all of a sudden you rose up and began to

Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks : 255
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand, 260
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man. 265
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. 270

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed,

Portia. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical 275
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air 280
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, 285
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you,—for here have been 290
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. 295
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs 300
 Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

move about in agitation, with your arms across your bosom, sighing and musing. And when I asked the reason of your agitation, you began to stare at me with ill-concealed anger. I pressed you further for an answer, at which you loudly stamped the ground and scratched your head. I insisted again, and again you did not reply, but waving your hands in an angry manner asked me to get away from your presence. And I obeyed you, lest I should only increase your anger which was already very great ; and I hoped that this was due to that passing mood which commonly affects everyone of us at one time or the other. This mood of melancholy is not allowing you to eat or talk or sleep, and if it had worked in the same way upon your body, as it has already done upon your mind, I am afraid I would not be able to recognize you at all. My dear lord, I implore you to let me know the reason of your present sadness.

Brut. I am only unwell, and that is all.

Por. Brutus, you are wise and if you were ill, you will use the means of regaining your health.

Brut. This is exactly what I am doing now. Go to sleep, Portia.

Por. You say you are sick, Brutus. If so, is it good for you that you should move about unbuttoned, inhaling the moist air of the damp morning ? Is Brutus really sick, and still he gets out of his bed at night to risk breathing the moist and impure air, which will only worsen his sickness ? No, my dear Brutus, yours is not a bodily sickness at all. Yours is a mental sickness, and by the right and privilege of a wife, I must know the sickness. And on my knees, I pray to you to tell me of it. I pray to you in the name of that beauty which you once praised so much, in the name of all your vows of love for me, and in the name of that great vow of marriage which has made us one, to tell me (who is your own self, or half of yourself) how is it that you are so weighed down with sadness, and who were those men that came to meet you to-night. For I saw six or seven persons who were here and who covered up their faces even in this dark night.

Brut. Pray, do not kneel, gentle Portia.

Por. I would have no need to kneel, if you were kind to me, Brutus. Now tell me, Brutus, is there any exception in the law of marriage which says that the wife should know the secrets of her husband ? Are there any secrets which a wife should not know ? Am I to be yours only in some respects, such as in keeping company with you at your meals, comforting you in your bed, and talking to you sometimes. Must I live only on the outskirts, so to say, and not in the centre, of your love and affection ? If I am not worthy of more than this, then I can only say that Portia is only a prostitute and not the trusted wife, of Brutus.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 305

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter. 310
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels ; I will not disclose 'em :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 315
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knocking within] 320
Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart :
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :—
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.]—Lucius, who's it that knocks ?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 326

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, 330
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 335

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, 340
And I will strive with things impossible ;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, 345
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

Brut. No, no, you are my trusted and honourable wife, who is as dear to me as the drops of blood that feed my sad heart.

Por. If it is so, then I must know what your secret is. I admit that I am a woman, but then I am also a woman whom Brutus made his wife. I admit I am a woman, but I am a woman well-reputed, the daughter of great Cato, and so held high in high esteem. Do you suppose that I am no stronger in character than ordinary women, even though I am the wife of such a husband and the daughter of such a father? Tell to me your secrets, and I will never disclose them. Here is sufficient proof of my firmness, for here is a wound inflicted by me upon my thigh. Since I can endure silently such a pain, do you suppose I cannot keep the secrets of my own husband?

Brut. O ye gods, make me worthy of such a noble wife. (*Knocking within*) Listen, someone is knocking at the door, Portia; please go in for a short while, and very soon I shall make you a sharer of the secrets of my heart. I will disclose to you all my plans, and the full meaning of the sadness of my face. Now go in at once. (*Portia goes*). (*Calling*) Lucius, who is it that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick person who wishes to meet you.

Brut. It is Caius Ligarius of whom Metellus spoke to me. Lucius, withdraw for a while. Now, Caius Ligarius, how do you do?

Lig. Accept the greetings of a sick man.

Brut. But, Caius, what a time you have chosen to be sick and to tie your face with your kerchief. I wish you were not sick at this time.

Lig. I am quite healthy for any risky job, which is honourable, and which Brutus wants me to do.

Brut. I have certainly a very honourable work for you, if you are healthy enough to do it.

Lig. In the name of all the gods that ever Romans prayed to, I hereby throw off my sickness. Noble son of Rome! noble Brutus! you who are descended from honourable ancestors, you have acted like a magician and have revived my dead spirits. Now order me to do anything and I will do it, however impossible it might seem to be. I will overcome all obstacles in my way. Let me know what is to be done?

Brut. It is a work which will make even sick persons strong and healthy.

Lig. But are there not some people strong and healthy whom we have to make sick and weak?

Brut. Yes, we must do that. I will tell you the whole thing, my dear Caius, as we go to him to whom it has to be done.

Lig. Go forward, and I will follow you with new spirits to

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt* 352

SCENE II. *A room in CAESAR'S house*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his nightgown

Caesar. Nor heaven not earth have been at peace to-night :
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho ! they murder Caesar !" — Who's within ?

Enter a Servant

Servant. My lord ?

Caesar. Go, bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

5

Servant. I will, my lord.

[*Exit*

Enter CALPURNIA

Calpurnia. What mean you, Caesar ? think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caesar. Caesar shall forth : the things that threaten'd me 10
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek and squeak about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use, 25
And I do fear them !

Caesar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Caesar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar. 30

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Caesar. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, 35
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

do the work the nature of which I do not know. But it is enough for me to know that Brutus is leading me.

Brut. If it is so, then follow me.

[*They go away*]

SCENE II. *A room in CAESAR'S house*

Enter CAESAR

Caesar. Neither the sky above nor the earth below seems to be peaceful this night. I have heard my wife, Calpurnia, cry in her sleep, "Help, help, they murder Caesar." Is any one there inside the house?

Enter a Servant

Servant. Yes, my lord, I am here.

Caes. Go and tell the priests to offer immediately sacrifice to the gods and tell me their opinion of the result.

Ser. I will do so, my lord.

[*Goes away*]

Enter CALPURNIA

Calpurnia. What do you mean, Caesar, by saying that you are going out of home to-day? You must not step out of house today.

Caes. Caesar will go out today. Dangers have only seen my back, for as soon as they see my face they disappear.

Calp. Caesar, I was never a believer in superstitions, rites and ceremonies, but today they have frightened me. There is now some one in this house who describes what horrible things were seen by the guards in addition to those that we have ourselves seen and heard. He says that a lioness has given birth to its young ones in the streets; and that graves have opened out and let out the dead, and further, frightful and bloody warriors were seen fighting upon the clouds in regular battle formations, as they do in real battles, and that, as a consequence, blood rained upon the Capitol. He says that the whole atmosphere resounded with the clashing sounds of battle, and that horses neighed aloud, dying men groaned deeply, and ghosts went out howling through the streets. O, Caesar! these things are indeed very unnatural and I am afraid of them.

Caes. What is proposed by the great gods cannot be avoided. I will certainly go out. These unusual happenings are as much meant for the world in general as for me.

Calp. No comets appear to announce the death of common beggars, but when great princes die, the very heavens proclaim their deaths.

Caes. Cowards die many times in their lives (out of fear), but the brave persons never die more than once. I have heard of many wonderful things, but the most surprising thing to me is the fact that people are afraid of death, for death is the necessary end of life, and it comes to everyone at its own fixed time.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers ?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 40
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well 45
That Caesar is more dangerous than he :
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas, my lord, 50
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say you are not well to-day : 55
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Caesar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Caesar : 60
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser : 65
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Caesar. Shall Caesar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth ? 70
Decius, go, tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Caesar. The cause is in my will,—I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate. 75
But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know :
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts, 80
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :

The Servant returns

Now what is the report of the priests ?

Ser. They say that you should not go out of the house today, because when they opened the body of a beast which was to be offered as sacrifice to the gods, they found no heart in it.

Caes. Gods create such creatures to put cowards to shame. Caesar, too, would be like a beast without a heart, if he were to stay at home out of fear. No, Caesar will not stay at home, for he knows that he is more dangerous than danger itself. I and danger are like two lions born on the same day, but I am the elder of the two, and therefore more terrible. I shall certainly go out.

Calp. My lord, I am sorry to find that your judgment is destroyed by your over-confidence. Do not go out today. Tell them that it is due to my fear, not yours, that you stay at home. We will send Mark Antony to the Senate in your place, and he will tell them that you are not well today. Let me, on my bended knee, pray you to grant my request in this matter.

Caes. Mark Antony, then, will tell the senators that I am unwell, and in order to please you, I will stay at home today.

DECIUS enters

Here comes Decius Brutue, who will tell them that I am not well, and so I will not come to-day.

Decius. I salute you, Caesar ! Good morning, worthy Caesar ! I have come to take you to the Senate House.

Caes. And you have come at the right time, because you can now carry my greetings to the Senate and tell them that I will not come today. If I say "cannot", it would be false, and if I say "dare not", it would be falser still, but it is enough if you tell them that I will not come. Decius, tell them so.

Cal. Tell them Caesar is sick.

Caes. Shall I send a false message ? I who have made conquests far and wide in my life, shall I be afraid of telling the truth to a group of old people ? Decius, go and tell them that I will not come.

Dec. Mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, lest I should be laughed at when I tell them that you do not come for no reason at all.

Caes. The cause is that I do not desire to come. To be told that I will not come should satisfy the senators. But to satisfy you personally, since I love you, I will tell you the reason. Calpurnia, my wife, prevents me from going out. This night she had a bad dream in which she saw my statue sprouting out blood like a fountain from its many mouths, and that many strong Romans came

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day. 85

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath d,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck 90
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Caesar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say : 95
And know it now,—the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, 100
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Caesar is afraid” ?

Pardon me, Caesar ; for my dear dear love 105
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Caesar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go. 110

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caesar. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius, 115
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock ?

Brutus. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caesar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 120

Enter ANTONY

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Caesar.

Caesar. Bid them prepare within ;
I am to blame to be thus waited for. 125

smiling to wash their hands in that blood. This dream she interprets as a warning and sign of impending evil for me. She has therefore implored me on her knees to stay at home today.

Dec. You have put a wrong interpretation on this dream. In reality the dream foretells prosperity and good luck to you. Your statue spouting out blood from its many mouths, in which many smiling Romans washed their hands, signifies that Rome will derive fresh life and vitality by means of your heroic deeds, and that great men in future will come forward to preserve your relics as healing balms, and signs which have miraculous powers. This is the right interpretation of the dream of your wife.

Caes. And I agree that you have explained it in a fitting manner.

Dec. Yes, I have explained it rightly, and you will agree with me more fully when I tell you something more which I know. The Senators have decided to offer you a crown today, and they might change their minds if you send them word that you don't intend to come. Besides, it will be a matter for a good joke at your expense if one were to say: "Let there be no meeting of the Senate till Caesar's wife has a better dream." And if you hide yourselves, will they not say that Caesar is afraid! Pardon me for speaking thus bluntly, noble Caesar. It is only my love of you which makes me speak so frankly. My reason is subject to my love of you.

Caes. Now that Decius has explained the real significance of the dream, how foolish do your fears, Calpurnia, appear to be. I am ashamed of having given in to them. Give me my robe, for I have decided to go. And see, there also comes Publius to take me to the Senate.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS
and CINNA

Pub. Good morning to you, Caesar!

Caes. Publius, you are welcome. What, Brutus, are you also awake so early? Good morning, Casca. And Caius Ligarius, Caesar has never been such enemy of yours as that fever which has made you so lean. What is the time?

Brut. It is eight o'clock, Caesar.

Caes. I thank you for your courtesy and pains you have taken in coming here. Look, there, even Antony, who enjoys himself till late in the night, is up, and has come here. Good morning to you, Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I return the greetings of the most noble Caesar.

Caes. Tell them to prepare for my going out. I am to be blamed for making these gentlemen wait. Now, Cinna, Metellus,

Now, Cinna :—now, Metellus :—what, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me that I may remember you.

Tribonius. Caesar, I will :—[*Aside*] and so near will I be, 130
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caesar. Good frinds, go in, and taste some wine with me ;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [Exeunt 135

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Artemidorus. "Caesar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of
Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye on Cinna ; trust not
Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee
not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all
these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,
look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty
gods defend thee ! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS" 7

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live 10

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live ;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit 13

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street,
before the house of BRUTUS*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :

Why dost thou stay ?

Lucius.

To know my errand, madam,

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again, 5
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

[*Aside*] O constancy, be strong upon my side,

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—

Art thou here yet ? 10

Lucius.

Madam, what should I do ?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, 15

For he went sickly forth ; and take good note

What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

and Trebonius, how do you do? I have much to talk to you. Do not forget to see me again to-day. Be near me so that I may remember you.

Treb. I will do so, Caesar. (*Aside*) And I will be so near to you that your best friends will wish that I were very far from you.

Caes. Good friends, go in and take some wine with me, and then we will also go out like friends.

Brut. (*To himself*) Oh, Caesar, it makes me sad to think that we are not at all like your friends, as you suppose us to be.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol*

ARTEMIDORUS comes, reading a paper

Arte. "Caesar, beware of Brutus : be careful of Cassius ; do not go near Casca ; watch Cinna carefully : do not trust Trebonius : keep a watch on Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus does not love you ; you have also offended Caius Ligarius ; all those men have only one object in their mind, and that is to murder you. If you do not consider yourself to be immortal, then be careful ; over-confidence and a sense of security gives opportunity to conspirators. May the gods protect you. Your friend, Artemidorus." I will wait here till Caesar comes along, and I will give this paper to him as if it were my petition. It makes me sad to think that a good person like Caesar cannot live safely away from jealous people. If you read this, Caesar, you have a chance of living ; if not, then it means fate has joined the enemies.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the street before the house of BRUTUS*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Portia. I pray, Lucius, run to the Senate and do not stop to give any answer to me. Why do you not go?

Luc. To know what I am to do on reaching there.

Por. I wish you had gone there and returned before I could tell you why you should go there. (*To herself*) O my heart, be firm and strong in my support. Place some mountain between my heart and my tongue so that I might not express my thoughts in words. It is a pity that I possess the intellectual power of a man, along with the weaknesses common to women. It is very difficult for a woman to keep a secret ! (*To Lucius*) You have not gone away as yet !

Luc. Madam, what am I to do? Should I merely go to the Capitol, and do nothing there? And should I then come back to you, and do nothing else?

Por. Yes, boy, bring me word if my lord is well, for when he went he was sick. Also mark well what Caesar does, and what people go forward to meet him. Boy listen, what noise was that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well :

20

I hear a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer

Portia. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

25

Portia. What is't o'clock ?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

30

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not ?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady : if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
wards him ?

35

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

40

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit

Portia. I must go in.—[*Aside*] Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,

45

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit

That Caesar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

50

Say I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

52

[*Exeunt severally*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol ; among
them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others*

Caesar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar ; but not gone.

Luc. I did not hear anything, madam,

Por. Listen carefully. I just heard some indistinct noise as if some people were quarrelling, and the noise seemed to come from the Capitol.

Luc. I tell you truly, madam, I heard nothing.

A Soothsayer enters

Por. Come here, fellow ! where are you coming from ?

Sooth. From my own house, good madam.

Por. What is the time now ?

Sooth. About nine o'clock, madam.

Por. Has Caesar gone to the Capitol as yet ?

Sooth. Not yet, madam. I am going to stand waiting on the way by which he goes to the Capitol, so that I may have a look at him.

Por. Have you any petition to make to Caesar ?

Sooth. Yes, lady, I have, if Caesar will be so good to himself as to hear me, I will pray to him to be his own friend and take care of himself.

Por. Why do you say so ? Do you know that some harm is going to be done to him ?

Sooth. I do not know of any definite danger that may befall him, but I fear that much might happen. Good morning, madam. The street is very narrow here. The huge crowd of senators and common petitioners which follows Caesar is likely to crush a weak person like myself to death. Therefore, I will go to a wider part of the street, so that I may speak to the great Caesar when he passes that way. *[He goes away]*

Por. I must go in. *(To herself)*—What a weak heart a woman has ! O, Brutus ! I pray that the gods may help you in your undertaking. I am sure that the boy has overheard me. Brutus has a prayer to make to Caesar which Caesar will certainly not grant. O, I feel as if I would faint. Run, Lucius, and tell my husband that I am quite well and happy. Tell him I am cheerful. Then return to me and tell me what he has told you. *[They go away]*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome : Before the Capitol, with the Senate sitting above*

There is a crowd of people among whom are ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Then CAESAR enters to the tune of trumpets, followed by BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, and others.

Caesar. *(To the Soothsayer)* The Fifteenth of March is come.

Sooth. Yes, Caesar, but it is not yet over.

Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar ! read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

Artemidorus. O Caesar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer : read it, great Caesar.

Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar ; read it instantly.

Caesar. What, is the fellow mad ? 10

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

Publius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Publius ? 15

Publius. Fare you well.

[Advances to Caesar]

Brutus. What said Publius Lena ?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar : mark him. 20

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant : 25

Publius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way. 30

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius]

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Brutus. He is address'd : press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Caesar. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss 35

That Caesar and his senate must redress ?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,—

[Kneeling 40]

Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood 45

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,

Arte. Hail to you, Caesar, read this petition of mine.

Dec. Trebonius wishes that you may read his humble petition at your own convenience.

Arte. O, Caesar, read my petition first, for it concerns yourself more intimately ; please do read it, great Caesar.

Caes. Anything that concerns me personally will be considered last of all.

Arte. Caesar, do not delay, but read it immediately.

Caes. Is this fellow mad ?

Pub. You fellow, go away from this place.

Cass. If you have any petitions to make, come to the Capitol. Do not press your petition here in the street.

[CAESAR, followed by others, goes to the Senate

Pop. (To *Cassius*) I wish you success in the enterprise you have undertaken today.

Cass. What enterprise do you refer to, Popilius ?

Pop. Good-bye to you. [Goes towards Caesar

Brut. What did Popilius Lena say to you ?

Cass. He wishes success to your enterprise. I am afraid that our plot has been discovered.

Brut. See, how he is going towards Caesar ? Observe him well.

Cass. Casca, you must act quickly now, for we fear discovery. What shall we do, Brutus ? If our plot is discovered, then either I will kill Caesar or I will kill myself. One of us will not go away alive from this place.

Brut. Be firm, Cassius. Popilius Lena does not speak to Caesar about our enterprise. See, he is smiling, and Caesar does not show any surprise or fear.

Cass. Trebonius knows well what he has to do at this time. Do you not see how he is already drawing away Antony from this place ?

[Antony and Trebonius go away

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go forward and make his petition to Caesar.

Brut. He has been reminded of it ; go to him and support him.

Cinna. Casca, you have to strike Caesar first of all.

Caes. Are all of us ready ? What wrongs are to be righted by Caesar and the Senate today ?

Metel. O most high and most mighty and honoured Caesar, Metellus Cimber humbly throws himself before your feet—

[He kneels

Caes. Cimber, I will not allow you to kneel before me. Such servile and humiliating bending down might appeal to the mean passions of ordinary people, and might change what has already been justly decreed and thus render laws as changeable as the moods of little children. Do not be so foolish as to imagine that Caesar is one who will be ready to reverse his just and true judgments, influenced by which appeals influence only fools, I mean, sweet, flattering words, servile cringing of the body, and dog-like gestures of self-

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished : 50
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own, 55
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand but not in flattery, Caesar ;
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal. 60

Caesar. What, Brutus !

Cassius. Pardon, Caesar ; Caesar, pardon :
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caesar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ; 65
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, 70
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :

So in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number I do know but one 75
 That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this,—
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so. 80

Cinna. O Caesar,—

Caesar. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Decius. Great Caesar,—

Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me ! 85
*[Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. He is then stabbed
 by several other conspirators, and last by
 Marcus Brutus]*

Caesar. Et tu, Brute !—Then fall, Caesar !

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion]

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !" 90

Brutus. People, and senators, be not affrighted ;
 Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

debasement. Know once for all that I have decreed the banishment of your brother according to law. If you still persist in adopting these mean gestures to appeal for his return, I will kick you out of my way, as if you were a dog. Please understand that Caesar never commits any deliberate wrong, nor is he satisfied except by sufficient reasons.

Met. Is there none here whose voice will sound more sweetly to Caesar, and who will appeal on behalf of my banished brother, so that he may be recalled ?

Brut. I kiss your hand, Caesar, but not to flatter you. I pray to you that Publius Cimber should be immediately recalled.

Caes. What ! Brutus, you also plead on his behalf ?

Cass. Pardon me, Caesar, I, too, beg of you most humbly lying at your feet, that you give full freedom to Publius Cimber.

Caes. If I were a person like you, I would be influenced by prayers: If I could pray to move others, prayers would certainly move me. But I am as firm and constant as the Pole star which is unequalled in all heaven for its steady and constant position. The sky is decorated with a host of innumerable stars each one of which shines brightly and brilliantly, but there is only one among them all which is true and constant, and remains fixed at its own position. It is the same in this world of ours. Here too there are innumerable persons, everyone of whom is made of flesh and blood and is gifted with power of understanding but among all of them, I know only one who remains fixed and constant, and is never swayed by passion. I am that person and to prove that I am constant to some extent I will now say that I was firm in my decision that Cimber should be banished from Rome, and I remain equally firm today in keeping him banished.

Cinna. Oh, Caesar—

Caes. Be off. It is as impossible for you to try to move me as to try to move a mountain.

Dec. O great Caesar !

Caes. Don't you see that even Brutus has prayed and appealed to me in vain ?

Casca. If words fail to move you, then let hands support me. (*Casca stabs in the neck, and all others stab Caesar, last of all Brutus*).

Caes. You also stab me Brutus ! Then Caesar must die. (*Falls and dies. Senators and People run away in fear*).

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! The tyrant is dead ? Run about the streets proclaiming that liberty has been obtained.

Cass. Let some of us go to the public platforms and declare that liberty, freedom and rights have been obtained for the people of Rome.

Brut. Senators and people, do not be afraid. Do not run away, but remain in your places. Ambition has now got what it deserved (i.e. death).

Casca. Go to the platform, Brutus.

Dec. Let Cassius also go up the platform.

Brutus. Where's Publius ? 95

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person, 100
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so :—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. 105

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cassius. Where's Antony ?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd :
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures : 110
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit : 115
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, 120
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty !"

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown ! 125

Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd 130
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth ?

Cassius. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome. 135

Brutus. Soft ! who comes here ?

Enter a Servant

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
A friend of Antony's.

Brut. Where is Publius ?

Cinna. Here he is, quite terrified by this revolt.

Met. Stand close together, lest some friend of Caesar should happen—

Brut. Do not talk of standing here. Publius, take courage, we do not mean any injury to you, nor to any other Roman. Publius, tell this to the people.

Cass. Leave us, if you so like, Publius, lest the people trying to attack us, may do some injury to your old and feeble body.

Brut. Do so, and let no one suffer for this deed, except we who have done it.

TREBONIUS returns

Cass. Where is Antony ?

Treb. He has run home much amazed and the people in the streets, men, women and children, are moving about and crying in a terrified manner, as if this day were a day of judgment.

Brut. Now we will like to know what Fate has in store for us. We all know that we have to die some day, but what worries people is the uncertainty about the hour of death and the long, uncertain period that is lived before death.

Casca. He who dies, say, twenty years before his death, is lucky for he cuts short those twenty years in which every moment he would be subjected to the fear of death.

Brut. If you admit that, then we must admit that death is welcome. In this sense we are the real well-wishers of Caesar, since we have cut short the period during which he would have lived in fear of death. Romans, bend down and let us dip our hands up to our elbows in the blood of Caesar, and then let us anoint our swords with his blood, and then let us proceed to the market-place, and brandishing our blood-covered swords over our heads, let us shout "Peace, Freedom and Liberty."

Cass. Let us then dip our hands in Caesar's blood. This great scene in which we have acted will be enacted in many states, as yet not born, and spoken in various languages, not yet known.

Brut. And in days to come this Caesar whose body now lies at the base of Pompey's statue, no better than a handful of dust, will be the subject of dramas in which his bloody death will be enacted times out of number.

Cass. And every time that the murder of Caesar is enacted, we will be called the men who gave to their country freedom and liberty.

Dec. Are we ready to go out ?

Cass. Yes, and let every one go out, led by Brutus. We shall follow him with most courageous and loyal hearts.

A Servant enters

Brut. But, see, who comes here. He is a friend of Antony.

Servant. Brutus, my master asked me to kneel before you humbly in this way, and lying prostrate before you to give you the

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :—
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ; 140
 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
 Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
 Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd 145
 How Caesar has deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Through the hazards of this untrod state 150
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour, 155
 Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much ; and my misgiving still 160
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Caesar ! dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.— 165
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich 170
 With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die : 175
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, 180
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 185

following message. Brutus is noble, wise, brave and honest; Caesar was powerful, bold, royal and lovable. So I honour and love Brutus; also tell him that I feared, honoured and loved Caesar. If Brutus guarantees that I may come safely to him in order to know for what fault Caesar was killed, Antony shall not love the dead Caesar more than the living Brutus. Further, I will loyally follow Brutus through all the dangers and difficulties that might arise in this new situation that is now prevailing. This is the message I bring from my master Antony.

Brut. Your master, I know, is a wise and brave man. I never regarded him otherwise. Tell him that if it pleases him to come to this place, he will be fully satisfied as to the reasons for Caesar's death and I promise on my honour that he will be allowed to leave this place unharmed.

Ser. I will go and ask him to come immediately. [Exit

Brut. I am sure that it would be good for us to have him as our friend.

Cass. I wish it may be so, but I fear him all the same, and my fears have always come out to be true.

Enter ANTONY

Brut. But here comes Mark Antony. You are quite welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O great Caesar! how low are you lying today! Have all your mighty conquests, glories, triumphant processions and spoils of war you brought to Rome, been reduced today to this sorry state? Farewell to you. Gentlemen, I do not know what your plans are, who else is to be murdered, and who else is fit for death in your eyes. If I am one such, I think there is no better hour for me to die, nor any better weapons for me to be killed by than those swords you are holding in your hand, swords which have been enriched by the most noble blood on this earth. If your pleasure is to kill me, do so with those hands of yours which are still reeking with the warm blood of Caesar. Even if I were given a thousand years to live, I will never get an opportunity to die so fittingly as now. No place will be more suitable for my death than this where Caesar lies dead, and no means of death will be so fit for me as your own hands which killed Caesar—you who are the choicest souls of this age, and I would be most pleased to be killed by your hands.

Brut. Mark Antony, do not beg your death from us. Though we seem now to be bloody and merciless on account of what we have done and because of our red hands, yet you must not judge us by these bloody hands of ours, but you must try to see our hearts which are full of pity, pity for the people of Rome. Our pity for the people of Rome drove out of our hearts our pity for Caesar,

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
 Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in 190
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 195
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand : 200

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Thou last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. 205
 Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true : 210

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ? 215

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand, 220
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes, 225
 Dost thou here lie !

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. 230

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so :
 But what compact mean you to have with us ?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

just as one fire drives out another. So far as you are concerned, our swords are blunt as lead, Mark Antony. Our arms do not intend to do any injury to yourself, and in our hearts we have nothing but brotherly affection for you, and thus it is that we welcome you with all good wishes, love and respect.

Cass. And, what is more, you will now have as much influence as any of us in the matter of conferring new posts and honours.

Brut. I only request you to be patient until we have pacified the crowds who are now almost mad with fear, and then we will give you ample reasons why I, who loved Caesar, even when I stabbed him, have acted in this way.

Ant. I do not doubt your wisdom. Let me now shake the bloody hands of each one of you. First, Brutus, I will shake hands with you ; next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand, and then yours, Decius Brutus, and yours, Metellus, Cinna, yours, too, O heroic Casca and last, but not least in love, yours, my good Trebonius. Now, alas, gentlemen, what can I possibly say to you all. My present position is so uncertain that I am sure you will interpret my character in either of the two ways, and both the interpretations are disgraceful for me. You will either think me a flatterer or a coward. O, noble Caesar it is true that I loved you. It will grieve you much, if your spirit were to see me now making peace with your enemies and shaking their bloody hands, in the very presence of your corpse ? It would have been more suitable and fitting if I had as many eyes shedding tears for you as your body has wounds from which blood flows in a stream, than that I should make friendly terms with your own enemies. You must pardon me for this, O Julius Caesar ! Here were you surrounded, like a stag, and here you were killed, here your hunters are standing round you with their hands covered with your blood, and made red with it. O, world, you were like a forest in which this stag roamed at large, and he was indeed the heart and centre of the world ! But now he is lying here like a stag killed by many princes !

Cass. Antony (you are going too far).

Ant. You must excuse me, Cassius, because even the worst enemies of Caesar would say what I have said. For a friend like me these words are cold and unfeeling. They are not worthy of a friend like me.

Cass. I do not object to your praising Caesar in the way you have done. But what kind of settlement do you propose to have with us now ? Shall we take you as one of our friends, or shall we proceed without depending on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed, 235
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle : 240
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek ; 245
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place :
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you 250
[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do : do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Brutus. By your pardon ;— 255
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented Caesar shall 260
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body. 265
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar ;
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 270
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except Antony*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 275
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— 280
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;

Ant. It was to be friends with you that I shook your hands, but I was carried away by the sad sight of Caesar's body. I will be friendly with you all, and love you all. I only hope that you will tell me the reasons why you regarded him as dangerous and fit to be killed.

Brut. Be assured that this act of ours will be an act of barbarians, if we did not have sufficient reasons for it. And those reasons are so strong and satisfactory that even if you were Caesar's own son, you would be satisfied.

Ant. That is all I want. And I also request that I may be allowed to carry this body to the market-place, and there speak at the time of his funeral such words as a friend is expected to speak on such occasions.

Brut. We will permit you to do so, Antony.

Cass. Brutus, I wish to speak a word to you. (*Aside to Brutus*) You do not know what you are doing. Do not allow Antony to speak at the time of Caesar's funeral. Do you know how the public might be excited by his speech?

Brut. But, Cassius, just excuse me. I will myself first mount the pulpit and tell people why Caesar was killed. And I shall then declare that it is by our permission that Mark Antony says what he does say. And I shall also say that we are willing that Caesar should have all the due and legitimate funeral rites which should be performed. This will do us more good than harm.

Cass. I do not know what might happen; only I do not like that Antony should be allowed to speak.

Brut. Come now, Antony, and carry away Caesar's dead body. While speaking at the time of the funeral, you must not blame us, but speak as much good of Caesar as you care and tell them that you are doing this by our permission. Otherwise, you will not be allowed to take any part in his funeral. And you will speak, after I have spoken, in the same pulpit where I will first mount to speak.

Ant. Let it be so; I do not want anything more.

Brut. Get the body ready, and follow us.

[*All except Antony go away*]

Antony. If I am humble and submissive before these inhuman butchers who have killed you, you must pardon me, O blood-stained corpse of Caesar! You are one of the noblest souls that ever lived in the course of ages. A curse upon those hands that shed such a noble blood. Standing by your wounds which are wide open, and which are bleeding now, as if they were appealing to me to speak for them, I prophesy that a curse will fall upon the lives of the people. Civil wars and internal violence and disorder will spread all over Italy. And the sight of blood and murder will be so common

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; 285
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds : 290
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc", and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 295
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not ?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming ; 300
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
 O Caesar !—

[Seeing the body

Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 305
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 310
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take 315
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Caesar's body

SCENE II. *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ; 5
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Caesar's death.

and the presence of frightful objects so very usual and familiar, that when their babies are torn to pieces by the fury of war the mothers will only smile to look at the terrible sight. Pity and humanity will be destroyed by daily acts of cruelty and bloodshed. And then the spirit of Caesar, hungry for vengeance, from the very gates of Hell followed by Ate, will come to these regions and with an imperial voice cry out death and destruction, and let loose the wild dogs of war to feed upon the land, so that the smell of this slaughter will rise up to Heaven, arising from the decomposed dead bodies left without being buried.

Enter a Servant

(*To the servant*) You are the servant of Octavius Caesar, are you not?

Ser. Yes, I am.

Ant. Caesar wrote to him asking him to come to Rome.

Ser. Yes, he received his letters and he is coming and has asked me to tell you—(*Seeing the corpse of Caesar*) O, noble Caesar!

Ant. I perceive that your heart is heavy with sorrow, and so you may go apart and weep your fill. Grief is an infectious thing, it seems, since seeing the drops of tears falling from your eyes, mine too are full of tears. Is your master coming?

Ser. My master is sleeping at a distance of some seven leagues from Rome.

Ant. You must hurry back to him and report what has happened here. Rome today is in mourning, and it is a dangerous Rome, not a place of safety for Octavius. Run at once to tell him this. But stay for a moment. You should not go back till you have helped me to carry this corpse to the market place. There through my oration, I will try to find out what the people think about the bloody deed of these butchers. Then you may go back to your master and report to him accordingly about the state of affairs here. Come, help me to carry this body.

SCENE II. BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter, followed by a crowd of people

Citizens. We must be satisfied. Give us such reasons as will satisfy us.

Brut. If so, come with me friends and listen to me. You, Cassius, go into the next street, and let us divide this crowd between ourselves. Those who wish to hear me must remain here, and those wishing to hear Cassius should go with him. We will both publicly give the reasons which led us to kill Caesar.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons, 10

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last. 14

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men ? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 32

Citizens. - None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 37

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus ! live, live ! 44

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Caesar. 47

First Cit. I will hear what Brutus says.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius, and when we have heard both of them we will compare their statements and judge them.

[Cassius goes away followed by some of the citizens.]

Brutus mounts the pulpit to speak

Third Citizen. Silence ! The noble Brutus has now gone up to speak.

Brut. Hear me patiently until I finish.

Romans, countrymen and friends ! While you hear me, listen to me for my cause is noble, and therefore be silent. Believe what I have to say, for I am an honourable man. Have respect for my honour, so that you may easily believe me. Judge me wisely, and use your critical faculties so that you may judge me rightly. If there is anyone here who is a friend of Caesar, to him I say that my love of Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend goes on to ask me why it was that, being a friend, I killed him, my answer is that I loved Rome more than I loved Caesar. Would you have preferred to live as slaves under Caesar to living as freeman after his death ?

Because Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was lucky, I am happy ; as he was a heroic man, I honour him ; but since he was also ambitious, I killed him. So I have tears for his love, joy for his luck, honour for his valour and death for his ambition. Is there any one here who is so mean as to wish to live as a slave ? If there is, he should speak out, for I have done a wrong to him ; is there anyone here who is so rude as not to like to be a civilised Roman ? If there is any such person, then he should speak out, for I have offended him ; is there anyone here who is so mean as not to love his country ? If there is, then let him speak, for surely, I have done some wrong to him. I wait for a reply to my question.

Citizens. There is none such among us, Brutus.

Brut. Why then, if it is so, I have done no wrong to anyone. I have done nothing more to Caesar than what you will do to me, if I become ambitious as Caesar did. The causes of Caesar's murder are fully recorded in the papers of the Capitol. His glorious deeds have not been made light of ; nor have his faults, for which he was killed, been exaggerated.

ANTONY, with others, comes, with CAESAR'S body

Here comes Mark Antony mourning over the corpse of Caesar. Though Antony took no part in the killing of Caesar, yet he will enjoy no less the benefits arising out of Caesar's death, since he will now live as a citizen of a free country, as everyone of you will also do. Having said this much, I will now go. But I add that as I have killed one of my best friends for the good of Rome, I will use the same dagger when my country needs my death.

Citizens. Long live Brutus. May you live long.

First Cit. Let us carry him in a procession to his house.

Second Cit. Let us erect his statue along those of his great ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be made the Caesar.

Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and
clamours. 51

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

Brutus. Peace, ho !

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 55

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories ; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. 60

First Citizen. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony. *[Exit*

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. 65
[Goes up into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant. 70

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him. 75

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus 80

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man ; 85

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man. 90

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff : 95

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

Fourth Cit. The good qualities of Caesar will be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We shall take him to his house with rejoicings and cheering.

Brut. My countrymen.

Second Cit. Silence. Brutus wants to speak.

First Cit. Peace there.

Brut. My good countrymen, let me now go alone, and you stay here to listen to Antony for my sake. Do honour to the dead body of Caesar and do honour to Antony by patiently listening to him. He will speak in praise of the good qualities of Caesar. He does so by our permission. I request you that not a man should go away till you have heard Antony's speech. [*He goes away*]

First Cit. Friends, let us stop and listen to Antony.

Third Cit. Let him mount the platform, and we will listen to him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. I am obliged to you for the sake of Brutus.

Goes up the platform

Fourth Cit. What did he say about Brutus?

Third Cit. He said that he was obliged to us all for the sake of Brutus.

Fourth Cit. He must not say anything against Brutus at this time. This would be best for him.

First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Yes, that is quite certain and we are all happy that Rome is now free from his tyranny.

Second Cit. Silence. Let us hear what Antony has to say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

Citizens. Silence, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans and fellow-citizens, hear me silently for some time. I have come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil done by men is remembered even after their death, but the good they did is soon forgotten. So let it be in the case of Caesar. The noble Brutus has declared that Caesar was full of ambition. If it were so, it was really a very serious fault, and he has suffered heavily for it. I have come here with the permission of Brutus and others. Brutus and others are all honourable gentlemen, indeed.

It is with their permission that I am making this funeral speech for Caesar. Caesar was my true and faithful friend. But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honourable man (so we must believe him). Caesar brought innumerable captives to Rome and the money received for their release went to fill the public treasuries. Does it appear to be the act of an ambitious person? And Caesar's heart always melted with pity at the sight of the sufferings of poor people. Ambitious persons are more stony-hearted and cruel. In spite of this, Brutus says that he was ambitious, and this must be true because Brutus is an honourable man. Everyone of you saw that on the occasion of the festival of Lupercal I presented the crown to Caesar three times, and you know

And Brutus is an honourble man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ? 100
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once,—not without cause : 105
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me. 110

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will be a worse in his place. 115

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take
 the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping. 121

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
 Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Caesar might 125

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, 130
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;
 I found it in his closet,—'tis his will : 135

Let but the commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ; 140

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony. 145
Citizens. The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's will.

that Caesar refused it every time. Does this show that Caesar was ambitious? And yet Brutus says that he was ambitious, and surely, Brutus is an honourable man. I do not want to speak against Brutus, I have come here to tell you personally what I know. All of you once loved Caesar. It must have been for some cause, and I do not know what prevents you now from mourning for him. It seems to be the power of reasoning and judging has left men, and gone to the beasts. Excuse me for saying all this, for my heart is with the dead Caesar, now lying in the coffin there. I must wait till I am myself once again i.e. till I regain some self-control.

First Cit. I think there is much truth in what he says.

Second Cit. If you consider rightly, Caesar has been greatly wronged.

Third Cit. Yes, he has certainly been wronged. If so, friends, I fear a man worse than Caesar might now take his place.

Fourth Cit. Did you hear what he said? Caesar refused to accept the crown, and so he was certainly not ambitious.

First Cit. If it is so, some people will have to suffer for it very much.

Second Cit. Poor Antony's eyes are swollen with weeping.

Third Cit. There is no one more noble than Antony in all Rome.

Fourth Cit. See he is about to speak again.

Ant. Only yesterday Caesar's power was so great that he would have faced the whole world, and today he is lying so low that not even the humblest man is willing to honour him. O my friends, if I were to excite you to deeds of revolt and violence, I would be doing wrong to Brutus and Cassius who, as you all know, are honourable gentlemen. But I will not do any wrong to them. I would rather choose to wrong Caesar, myself, and you all than to wrong such honourable men as Brutus and others. I have brought with me some papers which I found in Caesar's house, and they are his will. Let only the poor people hear what this will is—but, pardon me, I do not intend to read it to you,—for if I do so, you would all hasten to colour your kerchiefs with the blood of Caesar, to kiss his wounds, and beg one hair of Caesar for keeping it as a memorial. You will keep it with you, and on your death-beds, mention it in your wills as the most precious gift for your heirs.

First Cit. We must hear the will; so you must read it out, Mark Antony.

All Citizens. Let us all hear the will of Caesar.

- Antony.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
 It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men :
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, 150
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For, if you should, O, what would come of it !
- Fourth Citizen.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will,—Caesar's will. 155
- Antony.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.
- Fourth Citizen.* They were traitors : honourable men ! 160
Citizens. The will ! the testament !
Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers : the will ! read
 the will.
- Antony.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
 And let me show you him that made the will. 165
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?
- Citizens.* Come down.
Second Citizen. Descend.
- Third Citizen.* You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down* 170
Fourth Citizen. A ring ; stand round.
- First Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.
- Antony.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back ; room ; bear back. 175
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
- You all do know this mantle ; I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :— 180
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd 185
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ; 190
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. 195

Ant. But my dear friends, have patience. I must not read this will before you. It is not good that you should know how much Caesar loved you. You are not senseless like wood, or stones, but you are human beings, and as such men, on listening to the will of Caesar, you will be moved so strongly, that you will begin to behave like mad men. It is, therefore, good that you should not know that you are the heirs of Caesar. And if you do know this, O, I fear to think what terrible consequences will follow!

Fourth Cit. You must read the will to us, Mark Antony; we are determined to hear it.

Ant. Will you please be patient, and wait for a while? I have gone beyond the limit of my intentions in speaking to you about this will. I am afraid I have wronged those honourable gentlemen, who killed Caesar.

First Cit. They are not honourable gentlemen. They are traitors.

All Citizens. We insist upon hearing the will.

Sec. Cit. They are all murderers and villains! Read the will to us.

Ant. So you force me to read the will. Then stand in a circle round the corpse of Caesar, so that I may show him to you who made this will. Shall I come down now? Will you permit me to do so?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec Cit. Do come down.

Third Cit. You have our full permission (to come down).

Fourth Cit. Let us stand in a circle round the body of Caesar.

First Cit. Stand away from the coffin and the corpse.

Sec. Cit. Make room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Do not crowd like this upon me, please stand further away.

All Citizens. Draw back, there; make room.

Ant. If you have tears in your eyes, now is the time to shed them. You all recognise this mantle. I now remember when Caesar put it on for the first time. It was one evening in the summer, the day on which he defeated the Nervii. Mark now this is the place where Cassius thrust his dagger, and see here what a fatal wound has been made by the malicious Casca. And here, the most beloved friend of Caesar, Brutus, stabbed, and when he drew out his cruel dagger, the blood of Caesar rushed out after it as if it wished to make sure whether such a treacherous wound was inflicted by Brutus or not, because, Brutus, as you all know, was the most trusted friend of Caesar. O gods, be witnesses to the fact that Caesar loved Brutus dearly. So, this was the cruellest wound ever inflicted upon Caesar, because when noble Caesar saw him stabbing, the fact of ingratitude and treachery on the part of a trusted friend affected him so deeply that he was overcome with grief more than by the weapons of traitors. This ingratitude made

Of what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel 200

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle ! 205

Second Citizen. O noble Caesar !

Third Citizen. O woful day !

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains !

First Citizen. O most bloody sight !

Second Citizen. We will be revenged. 210

Citizens. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill ! Slay !

Let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him. 216

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable :
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, 220
 That made them do't ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away you hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well 225
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ; 230

I tell you that which you yourselves do know :
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue 235
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators. 240

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves ?

his heart burst out. And it was then Caesar drew his mantle over his face and fell down at the base of Pompey's statue which was by that time wholly covered by his blood. O what a fall was Caesar's, my countrymen, for in his fall I and you and everyone has fallen down, and the murderous traitors have established their power over us all. I now see that you are beginning to be moved, to weep, feeling pity for Caesar ; your tears are kind and do honour to your. Poor souls, do you weep at the holes made in the mantle of Caesar ? But look here under it, for here is Caesar himself lying most mercilessly wounded by these traitors !

First Cit. O what a sad sight !

Second Cit. O noble Caesar !

Third Cit. O miserable day !

Fourth Cit. O you traitors and villains !

First Cit. O most bloody spectacle !

Second Cit. We will have our vengeance now !

Citizens. Yes we will have revenge, we will go about searching, burning, killing ; we will not allow even a single traitor to live.

Ant. Please wait a bit, my countrymen.

First Cit. Silence there, let us hear what Antony says.

Second Cit. Yes, let us hear him, follow him and die with him.

Ant. My sweet friends, let me not be the cause of exciting you to such a sudden outburst of revolt. Those who have done this murder are honourable gentlemen. What personal grudge they had against Caesar is not known to me. They are all wise and honourable people and they will no doubt be ready with reasons to satisfy you. I have not come to you to appeal to your emotions. I am not an orator as Brutus certainly is. But I am, as you all know, a very plain and simple person who loves his friends, and this is fully known to the people who gave me permission to speak here publicly. They are not afraid of me for I am not gifted with wit or wisdom or reputation or the command over gestures, or power of expression or eloquence sufficiently powerful to excite the passions of my audience. I can only go on telling the truth in a straightforward manner. I only tell what you already know. I can only show you the wounds of Caesar which, though sadly dumb, may yet speak for me better than I can. If, however, I were gifted with Brutus's power of speech, then indeed, I would be able to excite your passions, make every wound of Caesar speak to you so that the very stones of Rome would rise up inflamed to actions of revenge and rebellion.

Citizens. We will surely rise up in revenge.

First Cit. We will burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Come, then, let us go in search of these conspirators.

Ant. Hear me a little more, my good friends.

Citizens. Silence, let us hear noble Antony.

Ant. My friends, you are going out to do something which you do not fully understand. What has Caesar done to deserve your love ?

- Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then : 245
 You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true ; the will ! let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal :
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. 250
Second Citizen. Most noble Caesar !—we'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen. O royal Caesar !
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho !
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, 255
 His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Caesar ! when comes such another ? 260
First Citizen. Never, never.—Come, away, away !
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body.
Second Citizen. Go fetch fire. 265
Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[Exeunt Citizens with the body]
Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant

 How now, fellow !
Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome. 270
Antony. Where is he ?
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him :
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us any thing. 275
Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
 How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. *[Exeunt]* 279

 SCENE III. *A street*
Enter CINNA the poet

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

First Citizen. What is your name ? 5

You do not know, and so I must tell you. You have forgotten the will of Caesar of which I told you.

Citizens. Quite right, let us stay to hear the will.

Ant. Here it is, signed and sealed by Caesar. He gives to each Roman seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar, we will revenge his death !

Third Cit. O royal Caesar !

Ant. Hear me in silence.

Citizens. Silence there !

Ant. Besides this, Caesar has bequeathed to the people of Rome all his gardens, pleasure-walks, and newly planted fruit-gardens on the bank of the river Tiber. He has given them over to you and to your children for ever to be used as public parks and gardens where you may walk and refresh yourselves. O, here was a noble man, indeed ! such a noble person is rarely born.

First Cit. Never will we get another Caesar so noble. Come away, now, let us first burn his body in the holy place and then with the burning wood burn the houses of the traitors. Let us take up the corpse now.

Sec. Cit. Let some of you bring pieces of wood for the fire.

Third Cit. Break down the benches.

Fourth Cit. Break down benches, doors and windows in order to make a big fire. [*They go*]

Ant. Now let the spirit of vengeance, thus fully aroused, take its own course.

Enter a Servant

What news do you bring, fellow ?

Ser. Octavius has already arrived at Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Ser. He and Lepidus are in the house of Caesar.

Ant. I shall presently go there to meet him. He comes, at the right moment, as soon as I wished him to come. Fortune seems to be kind to us, and if it continues to remain so, we will get everything we desire.

Ser. I heard Octavius saying that Cassius and Brutus have ridden out of Rome like mad men.

Ant. It is most likely that they formed some idea of the mood of the people whom I have excited. Lead me to Octavius.

[*They go away*]

SCENE III. *A Street*

CINNA, the poet, comes

Cinna. I dreamed to night that I was feasting with Caesar, and my mind is oppressed with all sorts of evil omens. I do not wish to go out, yet something seems to draw me out of doors.

Some Citizens enter

First. Cit. Sir, what is your name ?

Second Citizen. Whither are you going ?

Third Citizen. Where do you dwell ?

Fourth Citizen. Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

Second Citizen. Answer every man directly.

First Citizen. Ay, and briefly. 10

Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man or a bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly :—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry :—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen. As a friend or an enemy. 20

Cinna. As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling.—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly. 25

Cinna. Truly my name is Cinna.

First Citizen. Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 30

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Citizen. Tear him, tear him ! Come, brands, ho ! fire-brands : to Brutus' , to Cassius' ; burn all : some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius' : away, go ! [Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

Antony. These, many, then, shall die ; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

Lepidus. I do consent,—

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Sec. Cit. And where are you going ?

Third Cit. Where is your house ?

Fourth Cit. Are you married or single ?

Sec. Cit. Answer each question directly.

First Cit. And answer in brief.

Fourth Cit. And it would be best for you to answer truly and honestly.

Third Cit. In your own interests, you should speak out the truth.

Cinna. You want me to tell you who I am, where I am going, where my house is, whether I am single or married, and to tell everything briefly, truly and straightforwardly. If I must speak like a wise man, I say that I am unmarried.

Sec. Cit. It amounts to saying that all married men are fools. I am afraid you will carry a blow from me for saying so. Now, go on at once with your answer.

Cinna. I am now going to see the funeral of Caesar.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy ?

Cinna. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. In this matter, at least, you have given a direct answer.

Fourth Cit. And where is your house ? Tell us briefly.

Cinna. Near the Capitol.

Third Cit. Now tell us truly, what your name is.

Cinna. I tell you truly my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces, for he is one of the conspirators ?

Cinna. But I tell you, I am Cinna the poet, not Cinna the conspirator ?

Fourth Cit. Then tear him to pieces for he writes bad poems.

Cinna. I protest I am not Cinna, the traitor.

Fourth Cit. It does not at all matter, for it is enough for us that his name is Cinna. Let us only tear his name from out of his heart, and then let us set him free to go,

Third Cit. Tear him into pieces. Come, bring the burning pieces of wood, and let us set fire to the houses of Brutus, Cassius and all the rest. Let some of us go towards the houses of Decius, Casca and Ligarius. Let us now disperse.

[*They go*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS and LEPIDUS are sitting together

Ant. It is decided that these men, whose names are here marked, must be killed.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die. Do you agree to that, Lepidus ?

Lepidus. I do.

Oct. Mark his name, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies. 10

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or, here, or at
The Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it? 15

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription. 20

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons. 25

Octavius. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier. 30

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things—*Brutus* and *Cassius*,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered. 35
40
45
50

Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;

Lep. I agree on condition that Publius, who is the son of your sister, Mark Antony, also is killed.

Ant. He, too, will not live. See, I condemn him to death with a line. Now, Lepidus, you go to Caesar's house. Bring the will here, and we shall see whether we cannot reduce some expenses in respect of the legacies.

Lep. Will you be here when I return ?

Oct. Either here, or at the Capitol. [*Lepidus goes*]

Ant. This Lepidus is a worthless fellow fit only to be used for carrying messages. Is it proper that he should be allowed to share with us one part of the Roman empire, which is to be divided into three parts ?

Oct. But you thought him fit to share the Roman empire with us, when you took his opinion while deciding as to who should be included in the black list of condemned traitors whom we propose to hang.

Ant. Look here, Octavius, I am older than you. The reason why I have heaped these honours on him is that he will be a convenient person who will bear the weight of public censure against us, and so would conveniently free us of blame. If we load him with honours, it is like loading an ass, with gold and jewels which it carries, groaning and sweating under the weight, only to be driven to whatever place it is directed : when he has carried the load to the place we point out, we will unload this ass and turn him loose to feed upon the public grazing grounds, where he may, like the ass, shake his ears and take his fill of grass.

Oct. You may say what you please, but I know that he is a well-experienced and brave fighter.

Ant. Octavius, I can also say this of my own horse, whom I provide with food for this reason. Indeed, we must use him as we do our horses, whom we teach how to turn about and fight and stop and run on, but all the while the horse is guided by our orders. To some extent, Lepidus is a horse of this type, and so he must be trained and directed to work for us. He is a very dull fellow who lives upon rejected and abandoned things, one who merely imitates, slavishly the out-moded fashions and manners. Let us only use him as our tool. And now let us consider more serious things, Octavius. I have come to know that Brutus and Cassius are moving about recruiting soldiers, and we must be ready to face them. Therefore, let us see that all our supporters and friends are joined together, that we make sure of all our allies, and our means are used to the utmost. And let us soon sit together to consider what means should be used to discover secret dangers and to face those that are already known.

Oct. Let us do so by all means, for we are like a bear tied to a stake and surrounded on all sides by enemies. And some who seem

And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent ; Drum.*

Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers ; PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at some distance

Brutus. Stand, ho !

Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius ! Is Cassius near ?

Lucilius. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

5

[Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus]

Brutus. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

10

Pindarus. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

15

Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference.
As he hath us'd of old.

Brutus. Thou has describ'd

20

A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

25

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

30

[March within]

Brutus. Hark ! he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cassius. Stand, ho !

35

Brutus. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

to be our friends, in reality intend to cause thousands of harm to us.
[*They go away*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's Tent*

BRUTUS, LUCILIUS *enter*, and TITINIUS and PINDARUS *come to meet them*. LUCIUS *stands at some distance*.

Brut. Who is there, stop ;

Lucil. Answer and stand where you are.

Brut. Now, Lucilius, is Cassius near by us ?

Lucil. He is, and Pindarus has come with greetings to you from his master. [*Pindarus gives him a letter*]

Brutus. (*Reading the letter*) I welcome his greetings. But your master either because of some change in himself, or that some evil persons are influencing him, has given me enough cause to wish that some of the things which he has done were not done. But if he is here, I am sure he will satisfy me.

Pind. I am sure my master now is what he has always been—a man worthy of honour and reverence.

Brut. We do not doubt this. Now, a word with you, Lucilius. Let me know definitely how he received you.

Lucil. He received me with all courtesy and politeness. But it was not with the old marks of friendship, nor with that usual frank and open talk that he has used toward me in the past.

Brut. It seems to me you have described him quite rightly. It is the case of a good friend getting indifferent towards us. Always remember, Lucilius, that when a man ceases to love us, his manner and behaviour become formal and he uses a show of courtesy which he does not feel in reality. Plain and simple people do not deal in this artificial way. But insincere persons behave much in the manner of those horses which show great eagerness to earn when they are yet held in the hand, as if they were full of spirit, but when the time of real action and struggle comes, they hang down their heads and, like spiritless, tired horses, utterly fail in the test. Is he coming with his whole army ?

Lucil. They propose to camp to-night at Sardis. The major part of the army consisting of cavalry is already here with Cassius.

[*Sound of marching within*]

Brut. Listen, he seems to have arrived, already. Let us march slowly in order to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cassius. Stop !

Brutus. Stop ! and speak out the pass word !

Within. Stop !

Within. Stop !

Within. Stop !

- Cassius.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong. 40
Brutus. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?
 And if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;
 And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content ; 45
 Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
 Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, 50
 And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
 Bid our commanders lead their charges off,
 A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucius, do you the like ; and let no man 55
 Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
 Lucilius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt

SCENE III. *Within the tent of BRUTUS**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

- Cassius.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ; 10
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm !
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last. 15
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement !
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
 Did not great Julius bleed for Justice' sake ? 20
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now 25
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?

Cass. My most noble brother, you have done me an injustice.

Brut. O, ye gods, be judges in this matter ! I, who have never done injustice even to my enemies, cannot, surely, wrong you, who are like a brother to me.

Cass. But, Brutus, your outer philosophic seriousness acts as a cover under which you do wrongs, for when you do wrong—

Brut. Cassius, be patient and speak out your complaints less vehemently. I well know your quick temper. Let us not dispute before these soldiers of both of us who must not know that we are quarrelling. They must only think that we are friends. Let them go away, and when we are inside the tent, you may fully describe all my wrongs and I will patiently listen to you.

Cass. Pindarus, ask the commanders to take the soldiers a little away from this place.

Brut. Yes, do the same, Lucius. And see that no one enters our tent till we have finished our talks. Let Lucilius and Titinius guard the door.

SCENE III. *Inside the tent of Brutus*

BRUTUS and CASSIUS come in

Cassius. I will now tell how you have wronged me. You have condemned Lucius Pella on the charge of taking bribes from the people of Sardis. I, however, know the honesty of Lucius Pella, and accordingly wrote to you on his behalf, but you turned down my recommendation.

Brut. It was wrong on your part to write letters of recommendation in such a case.

Cass. You forget that this is a critical period in which every little offence must not be censured.

Brut. But let me remind you that you yourself have been much censured by the people for taking bribes, and for selling honours and offices to unworthy persons in return for money, as if they were marketable commodities.

Cass. You dare say that I take bribes ; know this well Brutus, if this charge had come from anyone else except Brutus, by the gods, these words would have been his last.

Brut. The fact that it is Cassius who has taken bribes has saved him from being severely punished.

Cass. You dare say you will punish me.

Brut. Always keep in mind what happened on the Ides of March. Did we not kill Caesar on that day for the sake of justice ? Which of us was such a villain as to kill him except on the grounds of injustice ? Will it be proper that one of those who killed the greatest man in the world, whose only fault was merely that he supported robbers, should now blacken his hands with mean money, the result of bribery, and with buying and selling great honour and dignity that we have now at our command for such trivial sums of

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moan,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me ; 30
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are not, Cassius. 35

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man ! 40

Cassius. Is't possible ?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ? 45

Brutus. All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart break ;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods, 50
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this ? 55

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, 60

Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say "better" ?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Caesar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd
me. 66

Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not !

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him ! 70

money as could be held in one hand ? Rather than be such a mean Roman, I would prefer to be a dog which barks at the moon.

Cass. Brutus, do not bark at me ; I will not stand it, for you are going beyond limits in treating me in this way. Know that I am a soldier, more experienced than you ; and so abler than you for deciding the terms and conditions of the honours and appointments we offer.

Brut. Away Cassius, you are neither older nor better as you say.

Cass. Yes, I am.

Brut. I say you are not.

Cass. Do not provoke me any more now, for I may forget myself and do you some injury. Look to your own safety and do not provoke me any more.

Brut. Go away, you mean fellow.

Cass. Is it possible that you dare say so ?

Brut. Hear me patiently for I will speak out what I have to say. I am not going to be frightened by your rash anger. I regard you as a mad fellow who merely threatens without causing any harm.

Cass. O gods ; Must I go on enduring these insulting words.

Brut. You must be prepared to hear even more insulting words. Get angry and irritated till your proud heart break. Go, show your slaves how angry you can be, so that they may tremble. Do you think I will give way to your anger, and flatter you, and bend and cringe in fear because of your irritable temper ? By the gods, you shall have to chew up and digest the bitter anger of your spleen, even if it burst your heart. And know that from this day on I will only mock and laugh at your irritation, and make them the objects of my ridicule and jest.

Cass. Have things gone to this extent ?

Brut. You just now told me that you are a better soldier. Give some proof of it, show your boasted soldiership in action, and I shall be well-pleased. So far as I am concerned, I will welcome the teachings of a noble person but not of you (who are so base as to accept bribes).

Cass. Brutus, you seem to be bent upon wronging me in every way. I only said that I was an older, not a better, soldier. Did I really use the word "better" ?

Brut. Even if you did, I do not care.

Cass. Even Caesar, while alive, would not have dared to provoke me as you are doing.

Brut. Be silent, you would not have dared to give him such cause for provocation.

Cass. You say I dared not have done so ?

Brut. I do ; you would not have dared provoke him in this way.

Cass. How do you say that I would not have dared provoke him ?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ; 75
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means : 80
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, 85
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ; 90
Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart : 95
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults 100

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, 105
For Cassius is weary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep 110
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart : 115
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ; 120

Brut. To save your life, you would never have provoked him.

Cass. Do not take undue advantage of my love for you, for I may be tempted to do something, for which I would be sorry later on.

Brut. You have already done something, Cassius, for which you should be sorry, and I am not at all afraid of your threats, because I am so deeply aware of my own honesty that your threats seem to me like the idle wind which passes by me and for which I do not care. I sent for money to you, and you refused to give it to me. Know that I would rather shed my heart's blood to make coins out of it, then stoop to adopt such base methods as to take by force money from the poor and hard won earnings of the peasants. I sent for money from you to pay my troops, and you refused to give that money to me. In this respect, did you act, like Cassius, my friend? I for my part, would never act in this way when you need money. When Brutus grows so greedy as to withhold money from his friends—this base worthless thing called gold—then let the gods send down their thunderbolts to destroy me and crush me to pieces.

Cass. But I never denied you any money?

Brut. Yes, you did.

Cass. I did not; the fellow who brought you my reply was a fool to say so. Brutus, you have deeply pained my heart by such charges. A friend should always make allowance for his friend's weaknesses, but Brutus exaggerates my weaknesses.

Brut. I never did so, until you began to practise your faults upon me.

Cass. You do not love me.

Brut. I do not like your fault.

Cass. A friend does not see the faults of his friends.

Brut. It is a flatterer rather than a friend who does not see the faults, even though they may be as big as Olympus mountain.

Cass. O, Antony and young Octavius, come now and take your full revenge upon Cassius alone, for Cassius is wholly tired of the world. I am hated by my own friend, opposed by my own brother and condemned like a slave. All my faults are marked, recorded in a note-book, studied and learnt by heart so that they may be brought against me whenever necessary. I feel like weeping away my spirit through my eyes. Here is my dagger, and here is my open breast which contains a heart richer than the gold of Pluto (the god of the underworld). If you are a true Roman, take this dagger, and I who denied you money am now ready to give you my heart. Stab me as you did Caesar. For I know that at the moment you killed him, you loved him more dearly than you have ever loved Cassius.

Brut. Put back your dagger, Cassius. I will give full freedom to you whenever you are angry, because I will regard it as

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. 125

Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand. 130

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus,—

Brutus. What's the matter ?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ? 135

Brutus. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone. 140

Lucilius. [Within] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS

Cassius. How now ! what's the matter ? 145

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence ! 150

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time ;
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?—
Companion, hence !

Cassius. Away, away, be gone ! [Exit Poet]

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight, 156

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius]

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! 160

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead. 165

Cassius. Ha ! Portia !

Brutus. She is dead.

your strange whim to be thus insulting me, and no more. Remember Cassius, that you have in me a friend who is patient and gentle as a lamb, who is incapable of getting angry except when it is, like a hard stone, struck against something, but which also, like the same flint, is immediately cold after the spark is gone.

Cass. Is it come to this that Brutus should regard Cassius merely as an object of laughter at a time when I am the victim of a melancholy mood, which I inherited from my mother, and which disturbs my peace of mind?

Brut. I understand, Cassius, and from now onward, whenever you are irritated, I will say that it is your mother's spirit which is rebuking, and free you from all fault.

Poet. (*Speaking from within*) Let me go in to meet these generals. It seems that there is some quarrel between them and they must be separated. It is not proper that they should be alone together.

Lucil. (*From within*) I will not allow you to go to them.

Poet. Nothing but death will prevent me from going in.

The Poet forcibly comes in followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS and LUCIUS.

Cass. What now! what is the matter?

Poet. It is a disgrace upon you, generals, to be quarrelling like this. Be friends as two such men as you ought to be. I am older than you, and so you must follow my advice.

Cass. Ho! Ho! how foolishly does this cynic rhyme!

Brut. Get out, you impudent fellow, get out.

Cass. Don't mind him, Brutus, it is his usual way.

Brut. I will bear with his whims, when he knows the right time for those whims. What does a foolish rhymster know of war? You base fellow, get away.

Cass. Get away, be gone! [*The Poet goes away*]

Brut. Lucilius and Titinius, go and order the commanders to arrange for the lodging of their troops for the night.

Cass. After that come here bringing Messala with you. Do so immediately. [*Lucilius and Titinius go away*]

Brut. Lucius, bring a glass of wine.

Cass. I never thought you can become so very angry.

Brut. You do not know Cassius, what griefs I am sick of.

Cass. It seems you are not putting into practice your philosophy, otherwise these chance evils will never have disturbed your peace of mind.

Brut. No one can bear sorrow more manfully than I. Portia is dead!

Cass. Is Portia really dead!

Brut. Yes, she is dead.

Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ? 170

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
That tidings came ; with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. 175

Cassius. And died so ?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [Drinks

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 181
Fill, *Lucius*, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love. [Drinks

Brutus. Come in, *Titinius* ! [Exit *Lucius*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good *Messala*.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities. 185

Cassius. *Portia*, art thou gone ?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*. 190

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Brutus. With what addition ?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred senators. 195

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one. 200

Cassius. *Cicero* one !

Messala. *Cicero* is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Brutus. No, *Messala*. 205

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Brutus. Nothing, *Messala*.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours ?

Messala. No, my lord. 210

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Cass. I now wonder how I was not killed by you when I provoked you at a time you had suffered such a serious loss! O unendurable and grievous loss! Of what sickness did she die?

Brut. Getting impatient of my absence, and grieved at the news that Antony and Octavius have now become so powerful, she became so deeply distracted that she swallowed fire when the servants were away.

Cass. So it was in that way she died?

Brutus. Exactly so.

Cass. O you heavenly gods!

LUCIUS comes in with glasses of wine

Brut. Let us not now speak of her. Let me have a glass of wine in which I will try to forget your unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks]

Cass. I, too, am anxious to drink to the same oath of friendship. Fill the cups, Lucius, to overflowing, for there can be no excess in drinking to the love and friendship of Brutus.

[He drinks ; Lucius goes]

TITINIUS enters again with MESSALA

Brut. Come inside, Titinius. Messala, you are quite welcome. Now let us sit here by the candle in secrecy and consider carefully our immediate needs.

Cass. O, how sad it is that Portia is dead!

Brut. Please don't talk of her death any more. Messala, I have received letters telling me that Antony and Octavius have started towards us with a mighty army and are making for Philippi.

Mess. I, too, have received letters to the same effect.

Brut. Do they say anything more than this?

Mess. Yes, Octavius, Antony and Lepidus charged a hundred Senators of robbery, sentenced them to death, and executed them.

Brut. In this respect our letters do not well agree. My letters tell me that only seventy senators, of which Cicero is one, were put to death.

Cass. What, has Cicero been killed?

Mess. Yes, he is dead by the same order of execution. Brutus, my lord, did you receive any letters from your wife?

Brut. None, Messala.

Mess. You have had no information about her in any of your letters from other persons?

Brut. Nothing about her, Messala.

Mess. I think it is very strange, indeed.

Brut. Why do you ask about her? Have you heard anything about her in the letters you have received?

Mess. No, my lord.

Brut. Now tell me the truth, if you are a true Roman.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once, 215
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so, great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think 220
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason ?

Cassius. This it is : 225

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. 230
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ; 235
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon.—You must note beside, 240
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men, 245
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves, 250
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk, 255
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Mess. If so, be prepared to hear and bear like a true Roman what I have to say. Portia is surely dead, and she died in a strange manner.

Brut. If so, I say farewell to Portia. We must all die some day, Messala. I am patiently enduring her death now, because I have always thought that she would die some day or the other.

Mess. It is in this way that great men should bear great losses.

Cass. I know in theory as much of philosophical patience and endurance as you, but in practice my nature cannot bear sorrow so calmly.

Brut. Let us turn to the work of the present moment. What is your opinion about marching to Philippi at once?

Cass. I do not think it is good for us.

Brut. What is your reason for saying so?

Cass. My reason is this: It is better that the enemy should be made to come to us because by doing so, he will be wasting his resources, tiring his troops, and thus doing great injury to himself. Whereas, if we remain where we are, we shall be full of rest, active and in good defence.

Brut. Though your reasons are good, they must give way to mine which are better. The people living between this place and Philippi are not very friendly towards us, and whatever they have given us has been given under force and compulsion. Now if the enemy comes marching through their country, they will increase his numbers by joining him, and thus he would be able to attack us with larger and stronger numbers. We shall be depriving him of this advantage if we face him at Philippi, leaving these dissatisfied people behind us.

Cass. But, listen to me my dear brother.

Brut. You must excuse me, but please listen to me a little further. Please remember that we have now got all that we could hope to get from our friends, and our armies are now ready, and it is now time for us to act. The number and strength of our enemies are increasing day by day. We have reached the topmost position of advantage and soon there is bound to be a change for the worse. Just as there is a tide in the current of rivers, so also there is a tide in the affairs of men. If men are able to make use of the tide, it takes them on to good fortune. But if they do not do so, their life is bound to be one long period of failure just as the boat that has missed the tide is bound to be held up in shallow places and dangers. We are now floating on the full tide of success, and so we must now make use of this tide, or else we will lose our undertaking.

Cass. Since such is your will, let us go on to Philippi to face the enemy there.

Brut. It is midnight now. We must obey the laws of nature and sleep for a while in the little time at our disposal. Is there any other matter to be considered?

Cassius. No more. Good night :

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Brutus. Lucius ! (*Enter Lucius.*) My gown. (*Exit Lucius.*)

Farewell, good Messala :—

Good night, Titinius :—noble, noble Cassius, 260

Good night, and good repose.

Cassius. O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Never come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, Brutus. 265

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord.

Brutus. Good night, good brother.

Titin., Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ? 271

Lucius. Here in the tent.

Brutus. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men ; 275

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Varro. Calls my lord ?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;

It may be I shall raise you by and by 280

On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ; 285

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down*]

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ? 290

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ; 295

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

Cass. No more, good-night. We will get up early tomorrow morning and move from here.

Brut. Lucius! (*Lucius comes*) Bring my gown. Good-bye to you, Messala, and to you, Titinius, and to you, my noble Cassius. May you have good rest and comfort.

Cass. O my dear brother, this night began in a very evil manner, but I pray that such quarrels may never again come in our lives. Let us hope, Brutus, we will never quarrel again.

Brut. All is well now.

Cass. Good night, my lord.

Brut. Good night, good brother.

Tit. and Mess. Good night, lord Brutus!

Brut. Farewell to each one of you.

[*Cassius, Titinius and Messala go away*]

LUCIUS comes with a gown

Give me the gown. Where is your musical instrument?

Luc. In the tent, sir.

Brut. You speak like a very tired person. I don't blame you for it, poor boy, for you have watched and kept awake for long time. Call up Claudius and some other of my servants. I want them to spread cushions in this place, because I want them to sleep here in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius, come here.

VARRO and CLAUDIUS come in

Var. Did you call us, my lord?

Brut. Yes, I want you to sleep in my tent. It is possible that I might have to wake you up soon for sending you on some business to my brother Cassius.

Var. If it please you, we will keep awake and so be ready for your service.

Brut. But I do not like that you should keep awake. Do go to sleep. Possibly I may change my mind, and not need your services at all. Lucius, see, here is the book which I was searching for. I put it in the pocket of my gown and forgot it.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it to me.

Brut. You must not mind my forgetfulness, boy, I am growing so forgetful. Can you keep awake for a little time and play a tune or two on your instrument?

Luc. I can do so, my lord, if it pleases you.

Brut. It does please me, my boy. I am sorry to trouble you so much, but you are willing to obey me.

Luc. I am only doing my duty, my Lord.

Brut. But I must not ask you to do something which is beyond your capacity. I know that young people need good rest.

Luc. I have already slept, sir.

Brut. If so, it is good, and I will soon allow you to go to sleep again. I will not detain you for long. If I survive the

I will be good to thee. 300

[*Music, and a song, towards the end
of which Lucius falls asleep*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ; 305
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes 310
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art. 315

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why comest thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. 320

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Ghost vanishes*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius !—Sirs, awake !—Claudius !

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false. 325

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake !

Lucius. My lord ?

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out ?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry. 330

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see any thing ?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius !—

[*To Varro.*] Fellow thou, awake !

Varro. My lord ? 335

Claudius. My lord ?

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord ?

Brutus. Ay : saw you any thing ?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing. 340

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt*]

present trouble, I will always be good to you.

[He sings, and towards the end of the song falls asleep]

This is a tune which induces sleep. O you murderer sleep, have you laid your heavy staff upon this boy who was playing music for me; good-night, good boy. I shall not trouble you further by waking you. But since your instrument might be broken if you nod in your sleep, I will remove it from your hand. And so, good-night, now, good boy. Now, let me see, is not the page folded here where I left off reading? I think here it is.

CAESAR'S Ghost enters

This candle is burning very dimly. But, who is it that comes here? I think that it is due to my weak eye-sight that I now see this unnatural ghost approaching towards me. Speak, are you any real thing? Are you some angel, some god, or some Devil? What are you that make my hair stand on end, and my blood cold with fear? Tell me, who you are?

Ghost. I am your evil genius.

Brut. Why do you come to me?

Ghost. To tell you that you will again see me at Philippi.

Brut. Well, I shall see you once again? What then?

Ghost. Yes, you will see me at Philippi.

Brut. If so, I will face you boldly at Philippi.

[Ghost disappears]

And now that I have taken courage, you have gone off. Evil spirit, I wish I could speak more to you. Boy, Lucius, Varro, Claudius, awake. Claudius, awake.

Luc. (Half asleep). It seems to me, sir, that these strings are only producing wrong tunes.

Brut. The boy thinks he is still playing on the instrument. Ho, Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord! What is the matter?

Brut. Had you any bad dream which made you cry in this way?

Luc. I do not know that I cried.

Brut. But you did cry. Did you see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Brut. Then go to sleep, boy. You there, Claudius. You, Varro, awake!

Var. Yes, my lord, what do you want?

Claud. Yes, I am awake, my lord, what do you want?

Brut. Why did you both cry out in this way in your sleep?

Var. Did we cry, my lord?

Brut. Yes, did you see anything?

Var. No, sir, I did not.

Claud. And neither did I see anything.

Brut. Go and give my greetings to my brother Cassius. Ask him to advance his troops early, and we will follow them soon.

Var. and Claud. We shall do so, my lord!

ACT V

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi**Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions :
 It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them. 5

Antony. Tut, I am in their bosom, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Prepare you, generals :
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, 15
 And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent ? 20

Octavius. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA and others

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Antony. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. 25
 Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 30

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
 Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
 Crying, "Long live ! hail, Caesar !" 35

Cassius. Antony,
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown.
 But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
 And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi*

OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter with their armies

Octa. Antony, now it seems our hopes are fulfilled. You told us that the enemies would not come down to meet us but would remain at their high position on the hill. But it is not so, for their troops are near us. It seems they propose to attack us at Philippi here, before we go to attack them.

Ant. Nonsense. I know why the enemy is doing so. Their secret designs are known to me. They will be glad to go away from here, and if they come down towards us with this show of apparent valour, it is so only because they imagine that they would frighten us with their boldness and courage. This is only an empty show of bravery.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Be ready to face the enemy, generals. He is now coming in the most brave way, with its red flag of war flying high. Something is to be done immediately to face them.

Ant. Octavius, proceed slowly with your troops, and station them on the left side of this field.

Oct. No, I will go to the right, and you go to the left.

Ant. Why do you oppose me even in this critical situation?

Oct. I do not oppose you, but I will go to the right.

[Brutus and Cassius enter, with their armies.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala and others

Brut. The enemies are halting, and it seems they wish to speak to us.

Cass. Let us stand firmly, Titinius. We must go forward to talk to the enemies.

Oct. Antony, shall we give the word of command for the battle to begin?

Ant. No, Octavius Caesar, let them begin the battle and we will only answer their attack. Let us advance, for the Generals want to speak something to us.

Oct. Let no one move till the orders are given.

Brut. So you mean to have talks before fighting. Is it not so, countrymen?

Oct. Yes, but not because we love words more than you do.

Brut. Octavius, good words are better than weak blows.

Ant. Good Brutus, remember that when you speak good words, you also strike good blows. For example, you cried aloud "Long live Caesar" at the very moment you stabbed him.

Cass. Antony, we do not yet know what kind of blows you are going to give us. But if I may speak of your words, I must say that they are as sweet as the honey of Hybla bees.

Ant. My words may be sweet, but they have not the sting and bite of the bees.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, 40
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And down'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet ; 45
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cassius. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd. 50

Octavius. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ? 55
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee. 60

Octavius. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour, 65
Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

Antony. Old Cassius still !

Octavius. Come, Antony ; away !—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ; 70
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army*]

Cassius. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius ! hark ; a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord ? 75

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart*]

Cassius. Messala !

Messala. What says my general ?

Cassius. Messala,
This is my birth-day ; at this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala ; 80
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind, 85
And partly credit things that do presage.

Brut. O, yes, your words have all the qualities of the bees including their sting and their buzzing noise as well. And that is why you are now wisely threatening us before attacking us just as the bees do.

Ant. Villains, you did not do so, when you thrust your daggers into the sides of Caesar, and all the time you were grinning like monkeys, cringing like dogs, and bowed lowly like slaves to kiss the feet of Caesar, while Casca struck him on the neck from behind. You band of worthless flatterers !

Cass. You dare call us flatterers ! Brutus, you have to thank yourself now, for if you had followed my suggestion (to kill Antony) it would not have been possible for his tongue to insult us like this to-day.

Oct. Come, come, leave this useless talking, and let us come to the real point. If this arguing and talking makes us perspire, actual fighting would turn these drops of perspiration into drops of blood. Mark me, I am drawing my sword out now to strike traitors, and do you know when I am going to put it back again ? I tell you I will never put it back until all the thirty-three wounds they inflicted on Caesar are revenged, or until another Caesar falls a victim to the sword of traitors.

Brut. Octavius, you will never die at the hands of traitors, unless you yourself have brought traitors with you.

Oct. Well, that is my hope. I was not born to die by the sword of Brutus.

Brut. Even if you were the noblest son of your family, know that no death would be more honourable for you than the one you may get at the hands of Brutus.

Cass. Brutus, do not mind what Octavius says, for he is only a wilful school-boy, unworthy of such honour, and his friend (Antony) is a dissolute actor and merry-maker.

Ant. So, Cassius is still his old self !

Oct. Come, Antony, let us go away. You traitors, we defy you to your face. If you have the courage, come to the battle-field; if not, come when you are ready to receive our blows.

[*Antony and Octavius go away*]

Cass. Now the storm of battle is raging in all its force, and the boat of our fortune is now open to risks and uncertainties. Now, come what may, we have to fight.

Brut. Lucilius ! I want to speak a word with you.

Lucil. Yes, my lord ! (*They speak apart*)

Cass. Come here, Messala !

Mess. Yes my General, what have you to say ?

Cass. Messala, to-day is my birth day. Give me your hand, Messala. Be witness to the fact that to-day I have been compelled to risk, as Pompey once was, all our hopes of liberty upon the results of one single battle, quite against my own better judgment. You know that I once strongly believed in the philosophy of Epicurus. Today I have changed my mind, and I have begun to believe in omens and signs which foretell the future. When we

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us : 90
 This morning are they fled away and gone ;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which 95
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly ;
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
 To meet all perils very constantly. 100

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 105
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you, then, determined to do ?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy 110
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience 115
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Through the streets of Rome ? 120

Brutus. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the Ides of March begun ;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not. 125
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus ! 130
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know,
 The end of this day's business ere it come !
 But it sufficeth that the day will end, 135
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt*]

were coming from Sardis, I saw two eagles falling upon the foremost flag of our battle. They sat there being fed from the hands of our soldiers, and they followed us here to Philippi. But this morning those eagles have gone away, and in their place I find crows, ravens and kites which are flying over us, and are looking down on us as if we were their prey, ready to be eaten by them. The shadow of the fights of such ominous birds over our troops means that we are going to be defeated and killed today.

Mess. Do not believe in such omens.

Cass. I believe in them only a little. For I am hopeful and determined to face all dangers firmly.

Brut. I agree with you, Lucilius.

Cass. Now my noble friend, Brutus ! May the gods look with favour upon us so that we, who love peace, may continue to live up to our old age. But as the lives of men are full of uncertainty, let us think of the worst that may happen to us. If, then, we are defeated today, this will be our last meeting. What do you propose to do, if this happens ?

Brut. I shall follow that very philosophy which led me to blame Cato for killing himself. For some how, I do believe that it is base and cowardly upon our part to kill ourselves out of fear of what is going to happen to us in the future. Therefore, I have determined to wait patiently, abiding the will of the high gods who govern our lives here on earth.

Cass. In that case, supposing that we are defeated in the battle, you will be content to be led as a captive in a victorious procession through the streets of Rome ?

Brut. Not at all, Cassius. Never imagine, you noble Roman, that Brutus will ever submit himself to be led as a captive through the streets of Rome. He is too noble to endure this. But the work which was begun on the Ides of March will be completed today. I do not know whether we will see each other again or not ; so let us bid good-bye now for ever. And so farewell to you, Cassius, for ever and ever. If we meet again, we would be quite happy. If not, then our parting is quite right and proper.

Cass. So farewell to you, Brutus, for ever. I, too, will be happy if we meet again, but if not, it is good we have bidden farewell to each other in this way.

Brut. Then let us march our troops to the field. How I wish that one knew before hand what was to happen at the end of the day. But it is enough that the end will certainly come and then the worst will be known.

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle**Alarums. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side :
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

5
[*Exeunt*]SCENE III. *Another part of the field**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ; 5
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me, 15
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again ; that I may rest assur'd
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit*]

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ; 21
 My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Pindarus ascends the hill]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end ; 25
 My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord !

Cassius. What news ?

Pindarus. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about 30
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;—
 Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him.
 Now, Titinius !—Now some light : O, he lights too,
 He's ta'en ; [*Shout*] and, hark ! they shout for joy.

SCENE II. *The same field of battle*

BRUTUS and MESSALA enter

Brut. Ride fast, Messala, and give these letters to the troops on the other side of the hill. Let them march forward at once, for I find that the army of Octavius shows but little zest for fighting. And so we may be able to overthrow them by a sudden attack now. Therefore, ride fast and let the troops come down at once.

SCENE III. *Another part of the same field*

CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter

Cass. See, Titinius, see how these traitors are running away. And I have been forced to act as an enemy to my own friends. This standard bearer of my own was on the point of deserting me ; so I killed him and took away the flag from him.

Titi. Cassius, Brutus was wrong to issue the command for attack so early. His soldiers, having gained a slight advantage over Octavius, rushed eagerly to rob and plunder, and we have now been surrounded by the troops of Antony.

Enter PINDARUS

Pind. Run away, my lord, for Antony has already entered your tents. Noble Cassius run away to some safer place.

Cass. We are safe here on this hill which is quite far from the tent. See there, Titinius, are those my tents where I see some fire ?

Titi. Yes, my lord, they are your tents.

Cass. Now Titinius, if you are my real friend, get up on your horse and ride fast until you meet those troops coming this way. Then return to me quickly to tell me definitely whether those are our friends or enemies.

Titi. I will go and return with the speed of thought, my lord.

Cass. And you, Pindarus, get up on the hill and watch the movements of Titinius and tell me what you see on the battle-field, since my own sight is dim.

[He goes away]
This is my birthday. Time has completed its round and I shall end my life on the day on which it was begun. My life has run its full course. *(To Pindarus)* What news can you give me ?

Pind. Alas, my lord !

Cass. Tell me quickly, what you see there from the hill ?

Pind. I see Titinius being surrounded by the horsemen who are running towards him at full speed. Yet, he is trying to run very fast, but now they are chasing him. Now they have reached him. Now the enemies get down, and Titinius too gets down from his horse. He is now captured *(shouting is heard)* and they shout with joy.

Cassius. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face ! 35

PINDARUS descends

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, 40
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ;
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilt ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, 45
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Caesar, thou art
reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*]

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius ! 50
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

Messala. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony. 55

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him ?

Titinius. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ? 60

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Messala. Is not that he ?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night, 65
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—

The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. 70
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee ! 75

Titinius. What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;

Cass. It is enough ; come down now. What a coward am I who have lived so long to see his own friends captured in his very presence.

PINDARUS comes down

Come here, Pindarus, You know I captured you as a prisoner of war in Parthia. And when I saved your life, at that time, I made you swear that you should not fail to do whatever I ordered you to do. It is now time that you keep your oath. Now become a free man, and taking this very dagger which I used in killing Caesar, you pierce my heart with it. Do not wait to argue with me. Take-hold of this sword, and when you see that my face is covered, strike me as I have told you to do. (*Pindarus stabs him*). Now, Caesar, you have had your revenge with that very sword with which I killed you. [*He falls dead*]

Pind. So I am a free man now, and yet, if I had my own will, I would not have bought my freedom in this way. O, Cassius, now I will run away very far from this place, to some place where no Roman will ever be able to notice me.

TITINIUS and MESSALA enter

Mess. The change of fortune has taken place, for Brutus has now defeated Octavius, just as Cassius' troops are conquered by Antony.

Tit. Such news will surely give deep comfort to Cassius.

Mess. Where was he when you left him?

Tit. I left him with his slave, Pindarus, on this hill, and he was much dejected.

Mess. Do you think it is he who is lying there on the bare ground?

Tit. Yes, but he does not seem to be lying there like a living man. Alas!

Mess. Is it Cassius?

Tit. No, this was Cassius, but now he is no more in this world. O thou setting sun, just as thou art setting in red rays in the darkness of night, even so is Cassius killed, covered in his red blood. The glory of Rome is gone. Our good days are over, and we only see now the coming of dangers, disorders and deaths, Our lives are now done. Cassius killed himself because he was doubtful of the success of my errand.

Mess. Yes, doubt about the success of your errand has indeed caused his death. O, hateful spirit of error! why do you, who are born of melancholy, deceive men who are weak enough to believe in things which really do not exist? O, error, you who are hastily conceived will never bring any good to those in whose heart you are born. You kill those who give birth to you.

Tit. Pindarus! where are you?

Mess. Yes, you find out where he is, while I will go to Brutus to thrust this sad news into his ears. Indeed, thrusting is the right

For piercing steel and darts envenomed 80
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala 85
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their shouts ?
 Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing !
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ; 90
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods :—this is a Roman's part ;
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 95

[Kills himself

Alarums. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Messala. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet ! 100
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails.

[Low alarums

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?— 105

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— 110

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body :

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on :— 115

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt

SCENE IV. Another part of the field

Alarums. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies ; then
 BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?
 I will proclaim my name about the field :—

word to use, because the news of Cassius' death will be as unwelcome to Brutus as piercing stabs, and poisonous darts.

Titi. Go quickly Messala, and I will seek for Pindarus.

[*Messala goes away*
(*Addressing the dead Cassius*) Why did you ask me to go away, Cassius? Did you not know that I met your friends who crowned me with this garland of victory and asked me to give it to you? Did you not hear their shouts of victory? Alas! You have misunderstood everything! But, wait, let me place this garland on your forehead. Your friend, Brutus, asked me to give it to you, and I am now going to do what he asked me to do. Brutus, come soon to see how deeply I have honoured Cassius. In your presence, O gods, I shall now do what it is the duty of every true Roman to do. I will take the sword of Cassius and kill myself. [*He kills himself*

BRUTUS and OTHERS now enter

Brut. Tell us, Messala, where is the body of Cassius lying?

Mess. Over there, my lord, with Titinius weeping over it.

Brut. But the face of Titinius' is turned upwards!

Cato. He is killed.

Brut. O, Julius Caesar, though dead, thou art yet powerful indeed! Your spirit is moving abroad, and thrusts our swords into our own hearts. [*A loud noise is heard*

Cato. O, brave Titinius! See how he has crowned the dead Cassius with the garland of victory.

Brut. I wish that there were many true Romans of the kind of Cassius and Titinius living in the present. I bid you, the last of the great Romans, farewell. It is impossible that Rome will ever produce another like you. Friends, I cannot sufficiently mourn for the loss of such a dear friend at the present moment. But I will find the right time to do so, Cassius. Let us now send his body to Thasos, for if we perform his funeral rites in our camp, it will depress us. Lucius, come and take up the body. And come, young Cato, let us proceed to the battlefield. Labeo and Flavius, ask our troops to march on. It is three o'clock, and before the night comes, Romans, we shall try our luck in a second battle.

[*They go away*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the battle-field*

BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS and others enter

Brut. Do not give up your positions for some more time, my countrymen!

Cato. Who is so base as to desert his position at this stage? Who is ready to join me? I will shout my name all over the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ; 5
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ! [Charges the enemy
Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
 Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato
 is overpowered, and falls

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ; 10
 And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die :
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[Offering money

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. 15

First Soldier. We must not.—A noble prisoner !

Second Soldier. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Soldier. I'll tell the news :—here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he ? 25

Lucilius. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead, 30

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanc'd.

[Exeunt

SCENE V. Another part of the field

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
 and VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
 He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers to him

Clitus. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world. 6

Brutus. Peace, then ! no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers to him

Listen all, I am the son of Marcus Cato, who was an enemy of all tyrants and the friend of his countrymen. I am the son of such a father.

[Attacks the enemy

Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, who is a friend of his country. Recognise me to be Brutus, all of you.

[He goes attacking the enemy

CATO is defeated and killed

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, have you fallen down? You have died as bravely, as Titinius did, and you being the son of Cato, all honour will be done to your memory.

First Sold. Surrender or I will kill you.

Lucil. I surrender only because I know it will bring me instant death. Take all this money for killing me soon. (*Offers him money*) Kill Brutus and get the honour of killing such a noble person.

First Sold. We must not do so. Brutus will be captured as a noble prisoner of war.

Second Sold. (Mistaking him to be Brutus) Make room, there, and inform Antony that Brutus is taken prisoner.

Enter ANTONY

First Sold. Antony is coming here, and I will tell him. Brutus is captured, my lord!

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Quite safe! Brutus is very safe. I assure you that no enemy can capture him alone. May the gods save him from such a disgrace. When you find him, you will see that he is noble as he should be, whether alive or dead.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friends, but I assure you he is no less important a prisoner of war than Brutus. Let him be kept well guarded. Treat him kindly. I wish I had such men as my friends rather than as my enemies. Move forward and see whether Brutus is alive or dead. And come to the tent of Octavius to report what has happened.

[All go away

SCENE V. Another part of the battlefield

BRUTUS enters followed by DARDANIUS, VOLUMNIUS and others

Brut. Come now, my poor remaining friends, such as have survived the battle and let us sit on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius made the sign by showing the torch-light, but he did not return. I think he is either captured or killed.

Brut. Sit down, Clitus. Slaying is the order of the day. It has become a fashion now. Listen to me. [*Whispers into his ear.*

Clit. What, does my lord pick me to do such a thing? I will never do it.

Brut. If you cannot, then keep quiet, and don't talk about it.

Clit. I would kill myself rather than kill you.

Brut. Now, listen to me, Dardanius. [*Whispers to him*

Dardanius.

Shall I do such a deed ?

11

Clitus. O *Dardanius* !

Dardanius. O *Clitus* !

Clitus. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?

Dardanius. To kill him, *Clitus*. Look, he meditates.

15

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good *Volumnius* ; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord ?

Brutus. Why, this, *Volumnius* :

20

The ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night ; at *Sardis* once,

And, this last night, here in *Philippi* fields :

I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

25

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

[*Low alarums*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together :

30

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilt, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarums still*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, *Volumnius* :—

36

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewell to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

40

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for *Brutus'* tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history :

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,

45

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarums.* Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly !"

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.

Brutus.

Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius*

I prithee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

50

Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it :

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato* ?

Strato. Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

Dard. I will do no such thing !

Clit. O, Dardanius, what a sad situation !

Dard. Alas, Clitus, it is so.

Clit. What sad request did Brutus make to you ?

Bard. He wanted me to kill him ! See, he is in deep thoughts !

Clit. His noble heart is now so full of sorrow that it breaks into tears from his eyes.

Brut. Come here my friend Volumnius ! listen to me.

Vol. What do you want to say, my lord !

Brut. It is this, Volumnius. I have seen the ghost of Caesar on two separate nights, once in Sardia and once here in Philippi. I know that now the time of my death has arrived.

Vol. Not at all, my lord !

Brut. Volumnius, but I am now certain that it has come. You see yourself how matters go. Our enemies have driven us to the last ditch. It is, therefore, better that we now ourselves jump into the pit rather than wait here to be forced to go down into it by our enemies. Good Volumnius, do you remember that we have been friends since our schooldays. Remembering this love between us, I now pray to you to hold fast this sword so that I run on it and so kill myself.

Vol. But this is not the work a friend should do.

Clit. My lord, Brutus, fly away ! this is no time for staying here. [Loud noise is again heard]

Brut. Farewell, then, my friends to you and to you Volumnius. Strato, you have been sleeping all this time, I bid you, too, farewell. My countrymen, my heart is full of joy because in all my life I never met a man who was not loyal to me. I shall gain more glory by this defeat than what Antony and Octavius can ever hope to get by their mean victory. So I bid you all a happy farewell now. I feel that I have now almost ended the story of my life. My eyes are blinded by a cloud of mist and my bones would now be only too glad to rest, for they have only laboured all my life for such an end. [Cry within : "fly, fly"]

Clitus. Now you must fly, my lord !

Brut. Go on, I will follow you. [They go away]
Now, Strato, I pray you to stay with your master. I hold you in high esteem ; your life has always had a touch of honour about it. So take this sword and hold it ; turn away your face, so that I may run on its blade with full force. Won't you do so, Strato ?

Strato. First let me take your hand and bid you farewell, my lord !

Brutus. Farwell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still : 55
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies*

*Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and Army*

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala : 60
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found : I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 65
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato ?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 70

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ; 75

He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man !" 80

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest : and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. 85

[*Exeunt*

Brut. Farewell, good Strato. O Spirit of Caesar, do not be restless for revenge any more. I never killed you half so gladly as I now kill myself. [*Runs on the sword and dies*]

OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter with others

Oct. Who is that man?

Mess. He is the servant of Brutus. Strato, where is your master?

Strato. He is now free from the slavery which it is your lot to suffer. The victors can only now burn his corpse. Brutus has killed himself, and no one else has the honour of killing him.

Lucil. This was indeed the right way for Brutus to take. I am grateful to you, Brutus, because you have proved my prophecy to be true.

Oct. I will employ all those who served Brutus. Will you follow my servant?

Strato. Yes, if Messala recommends me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mess. Tell me how my lord died.

Strato. I held his sword, and he ran on it with all his force.

Mess. You may employ him, Octavius, because he is one who did the last good service to his master.

Ant. This was the noblest of all the Romans who conspired against Caesar. The rest were only moved by personal grudge against Caesar, but not so Brutus. He joined the conspiracy with no thought but that of the good of the common people. His private life was virtuous and all the different elements were so evenly combined in his personality that Nature may proudly point out to him as her noblest creation.

Oct. Let us give him a funeral in accordance with his greatness and nobility. His dead body would be placed within my tent for this night, fully decorated and laid out for the coming funeral. Order the soldiers to withdraw from the battle-field and have some rest. Then let us march to Rome, to share the glories of this happy day. [*They go away*]

SELECT TEXTUAL PROBLEMS

1. The storm scene and its dramatic significance.

Shakespeare's Use of Storms—In many of his plays Shakespeare has made a storm in nature the setting for his action in moments of crisis. Thus in *King Lear* we have the storm on the heath, *The Tempest* opens with a storm at sea, and in *Julius Caesar* we have a terrible storm in nature, just on the eve of Caesar's murder. The storm has a far-reaching dramatic and symbolic significance.

The Storm in the Play : Unnatural Happenings—It is night and a terrible storm is blowing. There is thunder and lightning, and all manner of strange and unnatural things are happening. As Casca tells Cicero, he has seen strange and terrifying sights. He has seen the heavens dropping fire and a common slave lift up his left hand which burnt like a torch, but the slave was not at all hurt, neither did he feel any pain. He met a lion near the capitol; the beast glared at him, but went tamely by, without attacking him or annoying him in any way. He saw a "hundred ghastly women," transformed with fear. They told him that they saw, "*Men all on fire walk up and down the street.*" The owl, the bird of ill-omen, was heard hooting and shrieking in the market place, not at night, but in full day. The behaviour of "the bird of night" was most strange. All these are unnatural happenings, and so Casca concludes,

*Either there is civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.*

Its Symbolic Significance—The storm in nature is symbolic of the storm that rages within the minds and hearts of the conspirators. It is an externalisation of their internal agitation. It also symbolises the disturbed political conditions in Rome. People are jealous of the growing power of Caesar, conspiracy is afoot, and murder, bloodshed and civil war are in the offing. Thus the storm also symbolises the coming turmoil and disturbance in the life of the peaceful Roman citizens. Horrors, such as those that have been enumerated by Casca, are about to take place in Rome. The convulsion in the external world is but a representation of the convulsion in the moral world. As Moulton puts it, the tempest, "becomes appropriate as a dramatic background to an agitated passion in the scenes themselves, calling out the emotional effect by a vaguer sympathy, much as a musical note may set in vibration a distant string that is in unison with it."

A Great Revealer of Character—The storm is a great revealer

of character as well. Under its influence, Casca, Cicero, and Cassius feel and act differently; and thus each reveals to us his real self. Casca is smitten with superstitious terrors. The tempest has shaken him to the very roots of his being and he runs about with his sword drawn, breathless and staring. To him the terrible and unnatural storm portends destruction and chaos. Cicero, given to a life of literature and philosophy, remains absolutely unmoved by the storm. He regards it merely as a natural phenomenon and nothing more. Cassius, on the other hand, though not afraid of the storm, uses it to foster dissatisfaction against Caesar. A cunning politician that he is, he interprets it as an expression of the anger of the gods at the tyranny of Caesar. The gods are angry with the Romans for putting up with the tyranny of the proud and arrogant Caesar. The storm for him is also a symbol of the tyranny of Caesar. He is prepared to face its fury with his bare bosom, for it is not more dangerous than Caesar, who, "thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars, as doth the lion in the capitol."

A Source of Useful Information—The scene also provides us with much useful information. A month has passed since the time when Cassius first persuaded Brutus to join the conspiracy against Caesar (Act I, Scene ii). During this time the conspiracy has progressed. Many of the important senators have joined it. Cassius, of course, is the mind behind it, and he goes about creating dissatisfaction with Caesar. In this scene, he persuades Casca to join it. Three parts of Brutus has already been won over to their cause, and Cassius is sure that he will soon be with them completely.

Marks a Development in the Action—The scene also marks a development in the action of the play. Tomorrow is the *Ides of March*, the day on which Caesar is to be murdered. We have already seen Cassius moving about in the storm inciting people against Caesar. Now he asks Cinna to drop certain papers in the home of Brutus so that he may easily come by them and read them. The conspirators are told to assemble at Pompey's theatre, and Cassius is sure that Brutus will be there with them before the break of day. Caesar is to address the senators in the capitol in the morning, and it is there that the conspirators intend to attack him.

Arouses Curiosity and Suspense—Thus the scene has far-reaching dramatic significance. It arouses the curiosity of the readers, and keeps them in a state of suspense. The scene is the most dramatically effective one in the whole play.

2. The dramatic effectiveness of the murder scene. (Act III, Scene i)

The Climax of the Play—Scene i, Act III of *Julius Caesar* is known as the murder scene, for it is in this scene that Caesar is murdered by the conspirators. The scene constitutes the climax of the drama. It is the centre of gravity in the play: all the preceding events have been leading upto it, and all that will follow is the natural consequence of the murder of Caesar. The scene is an instance of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; it is not the result of art, but the sheer

creation of genius. Writes Moulton, "*In the whole of Shakespearean drama, there is nowhere such a swift swinging round of a dramatic action as is here marked by the sudden up-springing of suppressed individuality in Antony's character.*"

Swift Movement, Concentration and Condensation—All the events from the very beginning of the drama have been leading up to this scene, and the march of events has been swift and rapid. As the play opens, we find Flavius and Marullus instigating the people against Caesar; then comes the feast of Lupercal and Cassius incites Brutus against Caesar. Conspiracy is already afoot and it rapidly gathers momentum. Brutus is won over, the conspirators meet at his residence in the early hours of the stormy night, they go to Caesar's palace to fetch him to the Capitol at 8 A.M., and he is murdered at 9 A.M. Thus the movement is breathless in its swiftness; there are no side issues or episodes and digressions, to divert the attention of the readers. The scene is a remarkable instance of condensation and concentration of historical material. Events spread over a month in Plutarch have been concentrated by the dramatist in a single day. Everything superfluous has been eschewed. The ominous portents during the night preceding the murder, Calpurnia's dream, the Soothsayer's prediction, and the warning of Artemidorus have all been used to build up suspense. The entire atmosphere seems to be surcharged with omens of impending doom, and spectators or readers are on tenterhooks to know as to what is going to happen next.

The Note of Suspense : Vividness of Description—The murder scene itself seems to have been sketched with a pen of fire. The suspense is kept up to the very end. As Caesar goes up to the Senate-house, Popilius whispers to Cassius "I wish your enterprise today might thrive", and it seems for a moment that all has been lost. But no, as Popilius talks to Caesar, he does not change colour. Nothing has been discovered, and the conspirators are safe. As pre-planned, Metellus Cimber approaches Caesar for the recall of his brother from exile. Caesar rejects his petition saying "*I am constant as the Northern star*", and no prayers can move him. By this time the conspirators have all surrounded him. Then Casca exclaiming "Speak, hands, for me!", is the first to stab Caesar. He is followed by others. Caesar is much shocked and pained when even Brutus attacks him and he falls with the words "*Et tu Brute!*" It is an irony of fate that he falls dead at the foot of the statue of that very Pompey whom he had defeated and killed. The murder has been described so very vividly that the readers can see it actually taking place before their minds' eye.

Marks the Beginning of the Counter-action—Just as the scene marks the climax of all that has gone before, it also marks the beginning of the counteraction. As Caesar falls, the conspirators raise the slogan "*Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!*" Brutus assures the senators that no harm was intended to any one else. He then asks all his followers to wash their hands and swords in Caesar's blood, and go out into the streets of Rome, explaining to the

people the reasons of Caesar's murder. Thus Brutus commits another fatal mistake; he relies upon "the reason" of the people who have none. Still another mistake of his is the permission to Antony to deliver a funeral speech in the market. It is owing to this mistake that nemesis will soon overtake them.

Dramatic Change in Antony's Character : His Prophecy—The beginning of the counteraction is signified by the stage direction, "*enter a servant*". The servant brings Antony's message of friendship and reconciliation. The scene is important from the point of view of the dramatic change in the character of Antony. He now emerges as a crafty politician who is able to hoodwink the conspirators by his show of friendship. His real intentions are revealed by his soliloquy on the dead body of Caesar, as soon as the back of the conspirators is turned. He promises to avenge his death, and prophesies that a curse shall fall upon Rome, and there shall be "Domestic fury and civil strife". The readers' curiosity is thus aroused, and they are eager to know how the prophecy shall be fulfilled. The announcement that Octavius Caesar is soon arriving on the scene lends further colour to the prophecy of Antony.

Reversal in Sympathy : Swing in Favour of Caesar—Just as the scene marks a turn in action and in character, so also it marks a reversal in the sympathies of the readers. Up-till now Caesar had appeared as proud, arrogant, tyrannical, and it was felt that Cassius was right in organising the conspiracy. However, henceforth the greatness of the murdered Caesar, his nobility, generosity and love of the people shall be emphasised. The sympathies of the people will be enlisted on his behalf. It will be increasingly felt that his murder was a great mistake, that he was essentially a towering personality whose removal from the scene has unleashed the forces of disintegration, death and destruction. Caesar's pride and arrogance will be forgotten, and his greatness will become the dominant note. Thus in the scene there is a reversal in the readers' sympathy, and this reversal is brought about by Antony. Caesar might be physically dead, but his spirit lives on, thirsty for revenge.

3. The Quarrel-scene : Its dramatic significance.

Opinion of Critics—Scene ii in Act IV of *Julius Caesar* is generally known as the quarrel-scene, for in it the two Republican leaders, Brutus and Cassius, quarrel in the tent of Brutus on the plains of Sardis just on the eve of the fateful battle of Philippi. The scene has come in for a good deal of praise at the hands of critics. *Coleridge* observes "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius". *Bradley* calls it a "famous and wonderful scene", *Mrs. Montague* speaks of it as being "natural and interesting", and another one calls it "an epitome of the whole drama". It has been imitated by a number of other dramatists. In Beaumont's *The Maid's Tragedy* and in

Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida*, there are scenes which seem to be close imitations of the quarrel-scene.

Charges and Counter-Charges—As soon as the two are alone in the tent, Cassius complains that Brutus has wronged him in rejecting his request to over-look the offence of Lucius Pella in taking bribes. Brutus replies curtly that Cassius was wrong in making such a request. He should not come to the defence of a corrupt person. Not only that, Brutus goes on to accuse Cassius himself of possessing "an itching palm", of having extorted money from the Sardinians, and of having sold his offices for gold. This is too much for Cassius, who at once flies into a rage :

I an itching palm !

*You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.*

Brutus replies to this that Cassius escapes chastisement for the corruption only because he is Cassius. He reminds Cassius of the Ides of March, when Caesar was murdered for the sake of justice and fair play. It was, therefore, their duty to be fair and honest in all their dealings. As for himself, he would prefer to be a dog rather than be a corrupt Roman. Cassius is touched to the quick by these taunts, and warns Brutus not to provoke him too much, lest he should forget himself :

*I am a soldier, I,
older in practice, abler than yourself,
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.*

Brutus promptly retorts that he is not afraid of his "choler" and that he should show it to his slaves and "bondmen" who might perhaps tremble at it. As for himself, no amount of "choler" or "spleen" would make him forego corruption and dishonesty. He was not afraid of such threats : "*There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats*". On his part, Brutus complains that he, Cassius, refused him the sum of money which he needed for his soldiers. Cassius points out that he had not refused the money ; the messenger was a fool and brought him a wrong answer. Cassius further points out that a friend should not notice the faults of a friend, and that by his accusations and charges he has broken his heart. Brutus replies that it is the duty of a friend to point out the faults of a friend, only a flatterer can remain blind to them :

Cassius : *A friendly eye could never see such faults.*

Brutus : *A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as high as Olympus.*

Reconciliation—Cassius' heart is well-nigh broken. He bares his chest, and gives Brutus a dagger to stab him, saying,

*I that denied thee gold, will give my heart,
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar*

This passionate outburst touches the heart of Brutus. They both

confess that they were ill-tempered, and this confession brings them nearer together. Brutus then tells Cassius that he is very much troubled at heart, for he had just received news that his wife Portia was dead. This information at once softens Cassius and he wonders "*How escaped I killing when I crossed you so*". The two then drown their differences in a goblet of wine and become friends once again.

Its Symbolic Significance—The scene is of far-reaching dramatic significance. It is not merely a quarrel between two persons, but it represents a conflict between two opposite and contradictory views of life. It symbolises a conflict between high idealism and the practical, worldly-wise way of life. Thus the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius symbolises the eternal conflict between the practical and the ideal.

Character-revelation—The scene is also important from the point of view of character revelation. It brings out the idealism of Brutus, and also highlights the fact that he is not a fit person to be the leader of a political revolution. In times of crisis, one cannot be, and should not be, too nice on points of honour, and one has to use questionable means to gain one's ends. In this scene, for the first time, we see Cassius as a man. His sincere and affectionate friendship for Brutus raises him in our estimation. He is revealed as a "*creature of tenderest feelings, of almost feminine affection, sensitive as a child*".

Human Interest—The "quarrel-scene" strengthens the purely personal aspect of the play, and thus imparts to it a new source of interest, just as the interest in the political aspect of the play begins to decline. By this time it is clear that the Republican cause is doomed, and, therefore, our interest begins to decline. "*But as our interest in the cause wanes, our interest in the men increases.*" In the play, as S.A. Brooke rightly points out, there is little of human interest, but this deficiency is made up by the quarrel scene. It is for this very reason that Shakespeare deviates from Plutarch and brings the death of Portia into close relation with the quarrel. In this way the human interest of the scene is further heightened, and an element of pathos is added to it.

Furthers the Action of the Play—The scene may also be said to further the action of the play to a certain extent. As Bradley points out, but for the emotions aroused by the quarrel, Cassius would not have allowed Brutus so easily to overcome his objections to the idea of offering battle at Philippi. It also agitates and excites Brutus and puts him in a proper frame of mind for having hallucinations. In this way, the dramatist introduces the ghost of Caesar quite naturally and convincingly.

A Great Work of Art—The scene is extremely ironical, for here we see the two leaders quarrelling among themselves instead of fighting with their enemies. Their doom is at hand, but we find them hurling petty accusations at each other. The dialogues are

brisk and spirited, and the language is impassioned throughout. The scene is a triumph of art, an illustration of Shakespeare's giant strength. It has rightly been regarded by one critic after another as dramatically the most effective scene in the whole range of British drama.

4. Various ways in which Cassius persuades Brutus to join the conspiracy.

Or

"It was not Cassius but Brutus who persuaded himself to join the conspiracy."

Reasons Why Cassius Wants Brutus to Join the Conspiracy—It is Cassius who organises the conspiracy against Julius Caesar. He is jealous of his growing power, and dislikes and hates him for personal reasons. However, in order to gain wide support for his conspiracy, he poses that he is moved by noble Republican principles and it is for the good of Rome that he wants Caesar removed from the scene. He knows that Brutus is a noble, honourable person who is held in high esteem by the people, and, therefore, if he joins hands with them, they would have far greater chances of success. People have great confidence and trust in him, and they will easily believe, if he tells them, that Caesar has been killed for their own good and not out of personal reasons. He, therefore, proceeds to work upon the noble nature of Brutus in a very subtle and clever way.

The Beginning—On the day of the festival of Lupercal, Caesar and his train move on to witness the games and sports arranged for the occasion. But Cassius and Brutus remain behind. When they are alone, Cassius complains that for sometime past Brutus has been cold and indifferent towards him. He has not received from him, Brutus, his usual show of love and gentleness. What can be the reason of his changed attitude toward a sincere friend? Brutus assures him that he is as friendly to him as before, only being "with himself at war", he has forgotten "the shows of love to other men". He has been worried for certain personal causes, and that might have made him appear cold and indifferent.

Use of Subtle Hints and Flattery—Thus assured of his friendship, Cassius proceeds to arouse the curiosity of Brutus and to interest him in the affairs of Rome by subtle insinuations, and indirect hints and suggestions. He has to impart to him "thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations", but he kept silent so far because of Brutus' changed behaviour. Then he proceeds to flatter Brutus. Brutus does not know his own worth. He would be his mirror and make him see his own nobility. All the people of Rome, groaning "under the age's yoke" wish that Brutus had his eyes. Brutus should believe him, for he is not a common flatterer who swears love to each and everybody.

The Assurance of Brutus—At this stage, a loud shouting is heard, and Brutus exclaims,

"I do fear, the people choose Caesar for their king."

Cassius at once catches upon the words "I do fear", and remarks that since Brutus fears that Caesar has been crowned as the king, it means that he, too, does not wish Caesar to be a king. Brutus admits that he would not like Caesar to be the king, though he loves Caesar well. Brutus realises that Cassius has some purpose in thus questioning him, and so assures him that he is prepared to do anything honourable for the public good.

Open Disparagement of Caesar—This assurance is sufficient for Cassius, and he now proceeds openly to disparage Caesar. Caesar is physically weak. Once when he had high fever he demanded water like a weak girl, and on another occasion Cassius defeated him in a swimming competition, and then carried him ashore on his back to save him from drowning. He also suffers from falling sickness. And yet this weak and sickly Caesar has grown mighty like the gods, and lords over them, poor wretches, like a Titan :

*He doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men walk under
His huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.*

The fault lies with them and not in their stars. They are the masters of their own fate ; they are underdogs simply because they have meekly submitted to the will of Caesar, who has grown so proud and who now treats them like dogs. Otherwise, there is no difference between "Brutus" and "Caesar".

Appeal to Brutus' Patriotism—Having flattered Brutus and appealed to his patriotism, Cassius now appeals to his pride in his ancestry. He reminds Brutus of his noble ancestor who played a brave, heroic role under similar circumstances :

*There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.*

In short, it will be honourable on the part of Brutus to free Rome from the fetters of Caesar.

Use of Forged Letters—Brutus is visibly moved by the subtle appeal of Cassius, promises to ponder over his words, and tell his views the very next day. This is enough for Cassius for a beginning. In order to win him over completely to his cause, Cassius forges certain letters as written by the people of Rome and urging Brutus to free them from the tyranny of Caesar. The letters have their due effect, and Brutus joins the conspiracy against Caesar.

Self-persuasion on the Part of Brutus—Thus there is, no doubt, that it was Cassius who persuaded Brutus to join the conspiracy. But it must also be acknowledged that the germs of

Republicanism were within Brutus himself, and Cassius could succeed only because Brutus himself had Republican leanings. He feared that the people were choosing Caesar as their king and did not wish him to be the king. His ancestor, too, had opposed kingship and what more natural and noble for him than to follow that glorious example. During the night, in his garden, before the arrival of the conspirators, Brutus ponders over the matter. He is an idealist and his reasoning is faulty. He admits to himself that Caesar has done no wrong so far, but then increased power may corrupt him, and he may do wrongs in the future. This is perverted thinking. A man must be judged by what he is at present, or has been in the past, and not by the possibility of his going wrong in the future. Besides, Brutus forgets that Caesar was a king in everything except in name. He already exercised the power and enjoyed the prestige of a king, and could be as tyrannical as he liked. Mere addition of a title could not alter the situation even a bit. But Brutus, the idealist, does not take all these factors into consideration, and persuades himself that in killing Caesar he would be doing something honourable.

Conclusion : Reasons for Cassius' Success—Thus Cassius' skilful pleading and intellectual vigour, combined with Brutus' own Republican leanings, faulty thinking, and ignorance of practical affairs, succeed in over-coming the scruples of Brutus. He is persuaded to join the conspiracy, and he kills Caesar, "*not because he loved Caesar less, but because he loved Rome more.*"

5. Brutus and Antony as orators : A comparative study.

Or

The characters of Brutus and Antony as revealed
by their speeches.

Or

The various oratorical devices used by Antony.

Or

Critical summaries of the speeches of Brutus and Antony.

Or

The secret of Antony's success with the Roman mob.

The Contrast—The funeral speeches of Brutus and Antony are designed by Shakespeare to present the contrast between prose and poetry ; between reason to which the cold arguments of Brutus are addressed, and emotion on which the moving eloquence of Antony plays ; between the force of abstract principle, like patriotism, and the influence of a personality like Caesar's.

Brutus' Speech : Its Style—The speech of Brutus is in prose, for prose is the natural medium for the expression of reasoned thought, and it is to the reason of the people that Brutus appeals. Brutus is a profound scholar and philosopher, and so the language he uses has formal finish, symmetry, dignity and polish. His

sentences are antithetical, balanced, and well-constructed. *Warburton* suggests that its laconic brevity is an actual imitation of the style of Brutus as can be judged from certain letters which Brutus has left behind him. *Steevens*, on the other hand, is of the view that "this artificial jingle of short sentences" is a parody of the soap-box orators of Shakespeare's England.

Appeal to the Reason, and Not to the Emotions—Brutus in his speech appeals entirely to the reason of the people and tries to convince them of the rightness of the murder of Caesar. He deals entirely in abstractions, and tries to persuade the people that Caesar was killed for the sake of high principles. The result is that his speech is cold, formal and pedantic, and it fails entirely in its purpose. He asks the assembled Romans to be silent in order to listen to him, to trust his honour in so far as to believe him, and to be attentive so that they may rightly judge him. Brutus, the idealist that he is, forgets that the mob has neither wisdom nor judgment. If at all, it judges by the heart and not by the mind. He appeals to their love of liberty, but the Romans have been in bondage for such a long time that they do not understand the advantages of freedom, and so the appeal fails to strike deep in their hearts. They do not share the noble Republican feelings of Brutus. He appeals to their patriotism, to their pride in being Romans, but the mob is lacking even in this noble sentiment. Love of the country for them means worship of some heroic personality who rules over them and provides them with peace and security. Patriotism in the abstract has no meaning for them.

Brutus' Failure—Brutus fails entirely to understand the psychology of his audience. He speaks to them of abstract things, of their 'cause', but such abstractions do not appeal to the mob. Even as a piece of reasoning his speech is faulty. Why did he murder Caesar? The reason which he gives is that Caesar had grown ambitious and that his ambition was dangerous for the public good. But he fails to give them any proof of his ambition. That his speech has been fully misunderstood by the people is vividly brought out by their clamour, "*Let him be Caesar*". Brutus had tried to convince them that Caesar was killed not because of petty jealousies, but because he was an enemy of democracy. The people fail to understand this logic; being pleased with Brutus, they want to make him the Caesar. They do not understand high principles, they want some powerful personality to rule and guide them, and now that Caesar is dead, they want Brutus to rule over them as Caesar ruled. Thus Brutus' speech is an utter failure.

Antony's Speech : Appeal to the Emotions—It is for this reason that Antony succeeded so easily in turning the people against the conspirators. He is a shrewd politician and a skilled orator. He understands mob psychology. He knows that a mob has no mind; it is all heart. That is why he appeals to its heart, to its passions, to its love of Caesar. He does not appeal to any abstract principles, but holds out the personality of Caesar as a suitable object of love

and adoration. Since poetry is the language of emotion and passion, his speech is couched in verse, as that of Brutus was in prose, the language of reason. His speech shows that he knows very well, "the art of wheedling fools." Praising Antony's speech Hallam writes, "*There is not, perhaps, in the whole range of ancient and modern eloquence, a speech more fully realising the perfection that orators have striven to attain, than that of Antony.*"

His Cautious Approach—Antony's task is a difficult one. The Romans whom he faces are all hostile to him and favourably disposed towards Brutus. They are not prepared to listen to a single word against him. Therefore, Antony proceeds with great caution. He calls Brutus and Cassius "honourable" men, acknowledges that he has come to speak with their permission, and disclaims any intention of praising Caesar. The repeated use of the word 'honourable' has an ironic effect and makes the conspirators look "ungrateful villians", without Antony's speaking a single word against them.

Use of Rhetorical Devices : Disproves the Charge of Ambition—In order to creep into their hearts, Antony makes use of all the subtle devices of rhetoric—irony, apostrophe, personification, theatrical effects, imagery and concrete illustrations, and poetic flights of imagination. Primarily he appeals to their feelings, to their love for Caesar, but he also appeals to their reason. Brutus had told the people that Caesar was ambitious, but he had not proved his point. Antony now proceeds to convince them, through concrete examples, that Caesar was not ambitious. He tells them that Caesar cannot be called ambitious, for,

*He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill.*

He worked, not for himself, but for the greatness and glory of Rome. He was kind-hearted and sympathetic,

*When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.*

Caesar was, therefore, not ambitious. The people themselves have seen that during the feast of Lupercal, he, Antony himself, offered him the crown three times, but he refused it all the three times. An ambitious person would never have done so. Since it is a fact within the knowledge of the people, they are convinced that Caesar was not ambitious, and as a natural corollary that he was wrongly killed, and further that Brutus cannot be an honourable man, for he lied to them. Antony rises in the esteem of the people and one of them cries out, "*There is not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.*"

Incitement to Mutiny : Use of Contrast—Not content with this, Antony now proceeds to work upon their passions and excite them to mutiny against the conspirators. He appeals to their love of Caesar. He sheds tears, and passion is catching. As Antony

begins to weep, his audience is visibly moved, and one of them remarks, "Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping." It is a well-known fact that the factor of contrast is a common device used by orators to achieve their ends, and Antony now resorts to this device. He contrasts the 'Caesar dead' with the "Caesar living", his present helplessness, with his past glory and greatness. But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world, and now he lies there and none so poor as to do him reverence.

Caesar's Will : Antony's Success—Feeling sure of his ground, Antony now refers to the will of Caesar. The people are quite eager to know its contents, but Antony does not immediately satisfy their curiosity, for if they knew how Caesar loved them, and how generous he was, they would mutiny against the conspirators and do harm to those "honourable" man. The words have the desired effect : the conspirators are at once branded as, "traitors", "murderers", "villains" etc. Antony is a "seasoned actor", and now he resorts to an admirable piece of play-acting to complete his purpose. He shows them the wounds of Caesar one by one and enumerates the names of the various conspirators who have caused those wounds. Then in the manner of a consummate orator, he indirectly runs down Brutus, and indirectly incites them to mutiny. If he were Brutus, he would certainly have encouraged them to mutiny, but he will do nothing of the kind. The words have the desired effect and the mob at once shouts, "*we will mutiny.*" When the desired psychological atmosphere has been created, and the people are ripe for mutiny, he reads out the will of Caesar. Caesar has left for them seventy-five drahams each, and all his personal walks and gardens. This is another concrete instance of the love which Caesar had for them. Indeed, "*Here was a Caesar ! When comes such another ?*" The effect is electrical. The people rush forth in a frenzy to deal death and destruction to the conspirators. This was the effect Antony desired to achieve, and his success is complete.

Conclusion—Thus Antony is a far greater orator than Brutus. Their speeches reveal the differences in their respective characters. The former is a politician and a good judge of human nature, and the latter is an idealist and a retired philosopher with little experience of the world of men. Brutus believes in high principles and in his speech appeals to these abstract principles; Antony, on the contrary, is entirely unprincipled, so he makes appeal to no principles, but only to the personality of Caesar. He, therefore, succeeds where Brutus fails.

6. The Supernatural in "Julius Caesar".

Or

The dramatic significance of the Ghost of Caesar.

The Supernatural : Its Close Relation to Plot and Character—The supernatural includes all those phenomena which cannot be explained by the accepted laws of natural science. In the days of

Shakespeare there was almost universal belief in the presence and power of the unseen. All classes of people, including the king, shared this belief. Most of the forms of the marvellous in which the people believed were awe-inspiring, uncanny and gloomy *i.e.*, demons, ghosts, witches, wizards, etc. There was another category, too, namely, the fairies, which was conceived in a lighter vein. Shakespeare himself may or may not have believed in this world of the spirit, but as a popular dramatist he had to cater to the public taste. He freely uses both the categories of the unseen, and ghost, fairies, and witches appear and re-appear in one play after another. But his supernatural is not so crude and rough as that of other cotemporary dramatists; it is always invested with a deep moral and psychological significance. It is not something extraneous, introduced merely to provide thrills and sensations. Rather, it is brought into closest relations with character and action. It is always an integral part of the plot.

The Hint from Plutarch—As in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, so also in *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare has introduced the ghost of the murdered Julius Caesar. A tragedy dealing with a political conflict strikes us as a somewhat unpromising stage for the appearance of the supernatural. But it must be remembered that the ancient Romans were extremely superstitious, and this fact has been repeatedly emphasised in the drama. Moreover, Shakespeare got the hint for the introduction of the ghost of Caesar from Plutarch. Plutarch tells us that just before the battle of Philippi, the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus and told him, "*I am thy evil spirit Brutus, and thou shall see me again by the city of Philippi.*" Shakespeare, by the subtle alchemy of his genius, has transformed this matter-of-fact account of Plutarch into something highly dramatic and effective.

The Ghost of Caesar : Popular Belief—The ghost in *Julius Caesar* has been invested by the dramatist with all the circumstances of popular superstition. It appears at mid of night, when Brutus is quite alone in his tent, all others having already retired for the night. It appears when Brutus prepares to read and when music has already created a favourable atmosphere for its appearance. It does not speak till it is spoken to. As soon as Brutus sees the apparition, he asks,

*Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair stare ?
Speak to me what thou art ?*

And the ghost replies briefly,

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

When Brutus asks, "*Why comst thou ?*", it replies,

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Further, we are told that as soon as Brutus takes heart the spirit vanishes. All this is in accordance with popular belief. The spirit of the murdered Caesar is restless, and it will not rest in peace in its grave, till it is avenged on the murderers of Caesar.

An Objectification of Mental Agitation—The ghost in the play has a far reaching dramatic significance. It is an objectification of the spiritual restlessness of Brutus. His soul has been tortured by the memory of the crime he has committed. A sense of guilt haunts him. Ever since he has not been at peace with himself. Moreover, he has just then received the news of the death of his beloved wife, Portia. In addition to all this, their cause has been going wrong, and the very next morning they have to fight a decisive battle. The future is uncertain, and therefore, quite naturally he is worried and agitated. He suffers from deep spiritual anguish and the ghost is but an externalisation of his mental state. It is an effective dramatic device to portray vividly the agitation, worry and excitement, the mental and moral agony, to which Brutus is subject just at the time.

Its Symbolic Significance—The ghost also symbolises the fact that, "*Caesar dead is more powerful than Caesar living.*" Caesar may be physically dead, but his spirit, restless and thirsty for revenge, is hovering over the whole action and leading the conspirators to their doom. Brutus feels constantly the power of the dead Caesar, and this fact is symbolised by the appearance of his ghost at Philippi. The ghost of Caesar may also be called the visible embodiment of the nemesis which is soon to overtake the guilty. Brutus, as he commits suicide, exclaims,

*O Julius Caesar thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad and,
Turns our swords,
Into our own proper entrails*

He dies exclaiming, "*Caesar, now be still*". Commenting on the significance of the ghost, Verity remarks, "*To the later part of 'Julius, Caesar' it is highly important, if not indispensable, as emphasising the continued influence after death, of the power of Caesar's personality*".

Is It Subjective or Objective ?—The question is often asked whether the ghost which Brutus sees is subjective or objective i.e., whether it is merely the product of the heated imagination of Brutus or whether it has any physical, independent existence of its own. In other words, is it merely a hallucination, a mere cerebral phenomenon or is it really the spirit of dead Caesar who appears to Brutus. The question is not easy to answer. As a general rule, an apparition in Shakespeare is subjective when it is seen only by one person, at a time when he is in a state of great mental agitation. It is objective when it is seen by more than one person. According to this test, the ghost which Brutus sees must be regarded as merely a vision or an image conjured up by the excited imagination of

Brutus. Further, as **Hudson** points out, "*as soon as Brutus recovers his firmness, the illusion is broken.*" The horrible vision vanishes as soon as Brutus takes heart. However, we must also remember that the ghost holds a colloquy with Brutus, and as such it cannot be dismissed as merely a vision or hallucination. *Mysterious are the ways of "the world's immortal poet" and it is not possible to reach any definite conclusion.*

Omens and Portents—The supernatural in *Julius Caesar* does not consist merely of the ghost of Caesar, it also includes the strange and unnatural happenings that take place in the stormy night on the eve of Caesar's assassination. There are omens and portents foretelling some dire disaster for Rome. People like Casca are horrified at these unnatural incidents, but the shrewd intriguers, like Cassius, use these events to foment dissatisfaction against Caesar and to further their own cause. Later on, there are such omens and portents as the dream of Calpurnia, and the sacrificed animal's having no heart. It is as if the unseen powers that be, were holding out a warning which was disregarded, and hence the terrible consequences that followed.

Conclusion—Thus the dramatist has utilised the supernatural in this tragedy, as in other tragedies, to enhance the dramatic effect, to reveal character, as well as to further the action of the play.

7. "Julius Caesar" as a typical Shakespearean Tragedy.

Or

"Julius Caesar" and the four great tragedies :
a comparative study.

Both a "Political Tragedy" and a "Tragedy of Character"—*Julius Caesar* is certainly a tragedy, but it is also a play based on Roman history. It is not a "pure tragedy" like *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, but it is a historical tragedy based on certain well-known facts of Roman history. As such it has many points of similarity with the four great Shakespearean tragedies, but it also differs from them in certain important respects. Moreover, *it is both a political tragedy and a tragedy of character.* This again results in important differences.

The Hero in a Typical Shakespearean Tragedy—A typical Shakespearean tragedy is a tale of suffering conducting to death. All the four great tragedies—*Othello*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*—are single star. They deal with the life and suffering of a single individual, the hero. In *Julius Caesar*, however, there are two dominant figures, namely Julius Caesar and Brutus. The scales are so evenly balanced between the two that it is difficult to decide which of the two is the real hero of the play. An endless critical wrangling has gone on the issue for the last three hundred years, and the matter still remains undecided.

His Exceptional Nature—The central figure, the hero, of a

Shakespearean tragedy is an exceptional individual. He is exceptional because he occupies a high rank in society and also because he has exceptional qualities of head and heart. In this respect, the present play resembles the four great tragedies. Both Julius Caesar and Brutus are exceptional individuals. Both of them occupy high places in Roman society. Caesar is the dictator of Rome, the ruler and controller of the destiny of Rome. He is offered the crown three times which, however, he refuses to accept. Brutus also has a noble ancestry, is one of the most important senators of Rome, and is widely respected and honoured. Caesar is a soldier and general of special ability, and he has won many laurels for his country. Brutus, on the other hand, is an honourable man, a man of uncommon nobility of character, one who can lay down even his life for the sake of honour. The personalities of these two characters dominate the play from the beginning to the end.

The Responsibility of the Hero for His Downfall : Some Other Factors—In a Shakespearean tragedy, the fall of this exceptional individual, the hero, is brought about not by external circumstances but by some fault in his own character. Bradley calls this defect *the tragic flaw* in the character of the hero. The tragic hero has an excessive inclination or obsession to act in a particular way and this obsession brings about his downfall. Even his virtues may be carried to an extreme and thus may drive him to his doom. For example, Caesar is ambitious, unlimited power has made him proud and arrogant. This tragic flaw in his character excites jealousy and results in his assassination. Brutus is an idealist who has little knowledge of politics or of human nature. This flaw in his character results in the failure of the conspiracy and in his suicide as well as in that of Cassius. Chance and the supernatural do enter a Shakespearean tragedy, but they do so only at a later stage. In *Julius Caesar* also the supernatural has been fully exploited in the form of the omens and portents on the eve of Caesar's murder, and the ghost of Caesar which Brutus sees twice. But the supernatural does not influence the course of events which issue out of the characters of the chief protagonists. They are entirely responsible for their own downfall.

External and Internal Conflicts—In a typical Shakespearean tragedy, the action develops through conflict and this conflict is both external and internal. In *Julius Caesar* also we have both external and internal conflicts. The external conflict is represented by the conflict between the Monarchists and the Republicans. The conflict results in the assassination of Caesar, the terrible civil war in Rome, the battle of Philippi, and the ultimate defeat of the Republican cause. Brutus and Cassius commit suicide. The internal conflict takes place in the mind of Brutus. In the beginning, he suffers from a conflict between his loyalty to a friend and his loyalty to his country. After the murder of Caesar, his soul is torn asunder by a sense of guilt.

Close Adherence to History : Its Consequences—*Julius Caesar*

differs from the four great tragedies in other important respects also. In this tragedy, the background, the atmosphere, and the environment, is provided by the larger political life of Rome. The chief characters are seen in relation to the great upheavals that are taking place in the mighty world of the Roman empire. In the four great tragedies, the chief personages may have their bases in tradition and legend, but they are largely the creations of the dramatist's imagination. But in this tragedy, they are in all essential historical figures. In this tragedy, Shakespeare was working upon material supplied by history. He had to keep close to facts, for he could not afford to falsify what was so well-known. Often his material was intractable, not suitable for artistic treatment. The result is some awkwardness, some looseness of structure in the play. Thus the scene in which Cinna, the poet, is murdered is entirely irrelevant, and "the famous and wonderful" quarrel-scene does not advance the action even a little.

Affinity with the English Histories—The fact is that *Julius Caesar* has close affinities with the "pure tragedies"—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, etc., of Shakespeare, as well as with his Historical tragedies such as *Henry V*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, etc. Hence it is that it shares the characteristics of the plays of both these kinds as well as differs from both of them in certain important respects.

A Soul's Tragedy—the Waste of Good—Moreover, *it is both a political tragedy and a tragedy of character*. Caesar is the embodiment of the idea of Imperialism or kingship and Brutus embodies the idea of Republicanism. The conflict between the two results in a political tragedy. Caesar is murdered, there is a civil war, and the very foundations of the Roman world are shaken. As Caesar is merely a symbol of imperial might, his character is not fully worked out. Brutus also, no doubt, represents an idea, but it is also through him that the dramatist has presented a tragedy of character. His character has been full worked out, and his tortured soul has been laid bare. Though the play has been named after Julius Caesar, it is the character of Brutus which is the chief source of interest in the play. It is through him that the dramatist has expressed his idea of tragedy. The disintegration of his soul, and his ultimate death, is not the real tragedy, but the real tragedy is that so much of human material of the finest quality has been wasted. Evil is expelled, but only at the cost of much that is good and noble.

8. "Julius Caesar" as a tragedy of character or
a tragedy of moral idealism.

Or

"Julius Caesar" as a tragedy of reflection.

Or

The depiction of the gradual disillusionment of an
idealist in the play.

Or

"The significance of Brutus" soliloquy.

A Tragedy of Character—*Julius Caesar* stands unique among the tragedies of Shakespeare in as much as it is both a political tragedy and a tragedy of character. As a political tragedy, it deals with the conflict between the Monarchists and the Republicans and its terrible consequences. But of greater interest and significance is the tragedy of character, the gradual disillusionment and disintegration of an essentially noble personage—Brutus. It is for this reason that his character is fully worked out, and he emerges as the centre of interest in the play.

The Nobility of Brutus : His Practical Incapacity—Brutus is a philosopher and an idealist, quite at home among his books, but having little knowledge or understanding of the world of men. The tragedy or his misfortune is, "that he, an idealist, quite out of touch with the realities of life, is born like Hamlet, in evil times (or so he fancies them to be) and is called upon to set them right" (Verity). The nobility of his character is unquestioned ; but practical measures of redress are beyond his capacity. He is incapable of successful action, and yet he is called upon to act ; he does not understand human nature, and yet it is with men, and with men in their public and political capacity, that he has to deal with. The result is that he commits errors after errors, is disillusioned, suffers terribly as a consequence, and ultimately dies by his own hands. The real source of interest in *Julius Caesar* is not the political tragedy but the human tragedy—the tragedy of Brutus.

His Reasoning : Wrong and Diseased—In the very beginning of the play, Brutus is confronted with the necessity of making a choice, and he makes a wrong choice, both politically and morally. Cassius, no doubt, represents the facts wrongly and persuades him to join the conspiracy, but, to a very great extent, it is Brutus who persuades himself to join it. In his soliloquy in his garden, just on the eve of Caesar's murder, he reflects long and deep over the problem, and his reasoning is perverse and wrong. He acknowledges that Caesar has done no wrong in the past or the present, but then he may do wrong in the future. To decide to kill a man entirely on the basis of future possibilities is irrational and illogical. His thinking process is wrong and diseased, and this makes *Julius Caesar* "a tragedy of reflection" as well. Moreover, Brutus is wrong in thinking that the Roman people are eager for democracy, or that they have any understanding of the noble principles of liberty and equality. When pleased with Brutus they cry, "Let him be Caesar", thus revealing that they do not understand the abstract principles of Republicanism for which Caesar has been sacrificed. They are hero-worshippers and need some powerful personality to control, to rule, and to guide them. Republicanism in Rome was in the last stages of decay and it could not be restored. Some strong dictator like Caesar was needed to provide peace,

order and security in the decadent Roman world. Therefore 'Brutus' decision to join the conspiracy against Caesar is politically wrong. It is the characteristic decision of an idealist, who ought to have kept away from the world of Politics.

Murder of Caesar : Immoral and Wrong—This choice which Brutus makes is also wrong morally. He is confronted with a conflict of loyalties, loyalty to his friend and loyalty to his country, and the conflict results in much spiritual anguish for him. Caesar has been to him a sincere and devoted friend. He promoted and favoured Brutus on many a occasion, and he had full faith and confidence in him. When Brutus stabs him, Caesar is pained and shocked and falls with the words. "You, too, Brutus" on his lips. To kill such a trusting friend is an act of treachery, a heinous sin. No doubt, Brutus decides to kill him for the good of Rome, but, as we have seen above, he is entirely wrong in his notions of what is good and what is not good for his country. In murdering Caesar, Brutus commits one of the most horrible acts of ingratitude and treachery ever committed by man, and his punishment is equally terrible and long.

The Gradual Disillusionment of Brutus—The murder of Caesar is a heinous crime both politically and morally, and Brutus soon realises this. The story of the play is the story of Brutus' disillusionment. The people of Rome want first to make him the Caesar, then support the monarchist cause and hunt the Republicans out of Rome. Brutus is forced to realise that the people neither considered Caesar a tyrant, nor desired freedom from his rule. Later on, in the quarrel-scene with Cassius, he is forced to realise that his fellow-conspirators are not such dis-interested workers for the public good as he had taken them to be. They are greedy and selfish and have an itching palm. They, in short, have the same faults for which Caesar was killed. His words to Cassius are a measure of his disillusionment :

*Remember March, the Ides of March remember,
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake ?*

And now he finds that his own boon companions are guilty of the same injustice and extortion. He realises his mistake, and on the dead body of Cassius exclaims,

*O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords,
Into our own proper entrails.*

Soon after he commits suicide, and his last words are :

*Caesar, now be still ;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.*

His Frustration and Suffering—Brutus dies a frustrated and disillusioned man. His home life has been wrecked, and the death of Portia, a consequence of his own crime and folly, causes him deep spiritual anguish. He acted with the noblest of intentions,

but realises too late that he was wrong. He is essentially a noble and moral nature, and the very foundations of that nature are now shaken. "*Facts have given the lie to his belief that his country has chosen him as her champion. He can no longer cherish the dream that his course has been of benefit to the Roman world*" (Mac-Callum).

Conclusion—Brutus commits a sin, and so *nemesis* overtakes him, and his suffering is terrible. He is a rare and lofty nature, who in the end stands, "*naked to the blows of fate, bereft of his love, his illusions, his self-confidence, and his creed*". *Julius Caesar* is thus the tragedy of an uncompromising idealist and retired philosopher who ought not to have meddled with the world of politics. It is a tragedy of character like *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, etc.

9. Brutus as an uncompromising Idealist.

Or
"Morality is the guiding principle of Brutus' character."

Or
"Brutus Idealises Politics."

Brutus a Philosopher and an Idealist—Brutus, as presented in the play, is a man essentially noble in character, but unpractical, having no understanding of human nature and its limitations. Verity rightly says that, "*Brutus is a philosopher and idealist; a man of lofty theories about life and human nature, not of true insight into their realities.*" He alone among the conspirators is moved by pure republican sentiments without any hatred or prejudice against Caesar as an individual. It is an irony of fate that this retired philosopher and visionary is called upon, like *Hamlet*, to deal with the times that are "out of joint", and set them right. Then it is revealed that he is an uncompromising, but impotent, idealist, out of touch with the passions and interests of average humanity.

His Undisputed Nobility—There can be denying the fact that his is a lofty, moral nature. He is ready to do any thing for his country, provided it is honourable. He tells Cassius,

*If it be ought towards the general good,
Set honour in one eye, death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,*

The nobility of his character is unquestioned, and all those who know him refer to him as "noble". Cassius says "well Brutus, thou art noble", and Cinna says "Win the noble Brutus to our party". Even Antony, his enemy, recognises that he is the "noblest Roman of them all". It is for this reason that "he sits high in all the people's hearts", and the conspirators want to work under the shelter of his name and fame. His undisputed nobility compels the loyal devotion of others and accounts for his influence on Cassius and the other conspirators.

An Uncompromising Idealist—He is not moved by any personal

considerations in his decision to join the conspiracy. High and noble principles are his sole guide. He ponders long and deep over the words of Cassius and is torn by the conflict between his loyalty to his friend and loyalty to his country. He loves Rome more than he loves Caesar, and, therefore, the pity for "the general wrong" drives out his pity for Caesar. Caesar, his friend, must be sacrificed for the good of Rome. The soliloquy shows that he is innocent of all political intrigues and machinations. His thinking may be wrong and preverse, but there can be no question of his sublime conception of justice, honour, courage and public integrity. He is an idealist, and an idealist knows no compromises, and can tolerate no half-measures. Since Caesar has grown a tyrant, so he supposes, he must be sacrificed and his country freed from his tyranny. As an idealist he has no knowledge of reality, and no understanding of the nature of the Roman people, and so commits the mistake of thinking that they are tired of Caesar and inspired by the noble ideals of Republicanism, like him. As MacCallum points out, he ponders over the question as an abstract problem of right and wrong, without taking into consideration the hard facts of the situation.

His Ignorance of Human Nature : His Mistakes—As the leader of the conspiracy, Brutus commits mistakes after mistakes and his failure results from his ignorance of human nature. As an idealist, he knows not how other men will act nor what effect his own actions and words will have on them. "*He misreads the character of almost all with whom he is brought in contact*" (Verity). He dismisses Antony as merely a "masker and reveller", who can do them no harm. He misjudges the crowd and addresses it as if it were capable of reasoned thought, like him. He misjudges his own wife, and places too much reliance on her nerves. He misjudges Cassius and the other conspirators and supposes that they too are disinterested and dispassionate patriots.

His Idealistic Reflections—Like an idealist, Brutus seeks to justify his actions by philosophic commonplaces and idealistic reflections. For example, when Cassius suggests that they should take an oath of secrecy, he replies that they are all honest citizens and their words are sufficient :

*What other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged*

When Cassius wants that Antony should be killed along with Caesar, he brings his idealism in support of his arguments against such an action. He is merely Caesar's limb, and to kill him after killing Caesar would be to mutilate a dead body. It would make them butchers instead of noble Romans who are sacrificing a friend for the sake of their country. Moreover, Antony is harmless,

*For he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.*

"To deny a man's powers of mischief because his life is loose" says MacCallum, "reveals the temper of an incorrigible idealist."

Idealises Politics—He permits Antony to speak in the market place over the dead body of Caesar out of idealistic considerations. Their deed is so irreproachable and disinterested, they must act in accordance, and show their freedom from any personal motive by giving Caesar all due rites. The permission granted to Antony results "*from the fatal assumption of the justice of their cause, and the Quixotic exaltation the assumption brings with it*" (MacCallum).

Further, his tendency to idealise politics is seen in his quarrel with Cassius. He accuses him of taking bribes, and forgets that everything is fair in love and war. Besides, they had no other means of raising the money needed for fighting for their cause. Again, he indulges in idealised reflections to support his view that they must move on to Philippi to attack the enemy :

*There is a tide in the affairs of men
which, taken on the flood, leads on to fortune.*

So, they, too, must strike while the iron is hot and attack their enemy at Philippi.

Conclusion—That Brutus is an incorrigible idealist is seen in the fact that his faith in his cause remains unshaken even when they are defeated. He derives consolation even from defeat :

*I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.*

Political idealism can go no further than this.

10. The character of the Roman mob.

Or

Shakespeare's attitude towards the people.

Shakespeare's Treatment of the Mobs—Shakespeare has introduced mobs in a number of his plays. His treatment of the masses in *Henry VI*, *Coriolanus*, and *Julius Caesar*, creates the impression that he regarded the people as fickle, inconstant, incapable of thought, or intelligent action. It has, therefore, been said that the dramatist was undemocratic, that he was a monarchist, and that he despised the people. Let us first examine the character of the Roman mob as presented in the play, and then examine if there is any truth in such opinions.

The Roman Mob: Fickle and Inconstant—The first thing that strikes us is the fickleness of the Roman mob. It is inconstant and changeable. Its loyalties are constantly shifting. In the very opening scene of the play, we find that the Roman people have declared a holiday, and have come out in large numbers in their festive dresses to celebrate the victory of Caesar over the sons of Pompey, the Great. However, when Flavius and Marullus remind them of what Pompey had done for them, and rebuke them for rejoicing at Caesar's triumph in this way, they tamely return to their homes. They are incapable of independent thought or sustained action.

Irrational and Emotional—This very fickleness of the mob is further brought out by its reaction to the funeral orations of Brutus and Antony. They had worshipped Caesar as long as he lived, but as soon as Brutus tells them the reasons for Caesar's murder, they forget all about their loyalty to Caesar, regard Brutus and the other conspirators as very honourable, and are ready even to make Brutus, the Caesar. However, all this is forgotten as soon as Antony speaks to them. They are roused to a frenzy of passion by his words, and are in a minute ready to tear the conspirators and burn their houses. The madness that overtakes them is clearly demonstrated by the way in which they tear Cinna to pieces, even though he is Cinna the poet, and not Cinna the conspirator. It is enough for them that his name is Cinna.

Incapable of Reasoning—The fact is that the mob has no mind ; it is all heart. Brutus fails because he appeals to the reason of the people who are incapable of reasoning ; Antony succeeds because he appeals to their emotions. The mob is with the last speaker ; the words of the first are soon forgotten.

Its Hero-worship—Just as the mob is incapable of reasoning, so also it is incapable of understanding or appreciating any political principles. It does not understand the principles of Republicanism. It is a hero-worshipper and the reasons advanced by Brutus for the murder of Caesar are lost upon it. This is clearly, and dramatically, brought out by the fact that they want to make Brutus the Caesar, and exclaim, "*Caesar's better parts shall be crowned in Brutus.*"

Dirty and Unwashed—Thus the Roman mob is fickle, inconstant, emotional, incapable of thought or reasoning. Casca's account makes it clear that it is also dirty and unwashed : "The rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar."

Its Instinctive Judgement : Its Rightness—However, there can be no denying the fact that its judgement—that there should be a Caesar to rule Rome—proves to be right in the long run. Rome was not yet ripe for democracy, and it was a mistake to murder Caesar. As Hunter puts it, "Their (of the people) feelings are in the main right, and even their judgement, in the long run, is better than that of the pampered aristocracy, in as much as it proceeds more from the instincts of manhood."

Shakespeare's Sympathy for the People—Nor will it be correct to say that Shakespeare despised the people. He lived in an age of monarchy, and, no doubt, he does not have the same sympathy with the people as we have today. He is quite alive to the faults and short-comings of the multitudes. But he is not blind to the merits and virtues of the people, and is not lacking in sympathy for the poor and the suffering. Hudson rightly remarks, "*Shakespeare evidently loved to play with the natural and unsophisticated, though*

somewhat childish, heart of the people, but his playing is always genial and human hearted, with a certain angelic humour in it that seldom fails to warm us toward the subject."

11. Shakespeare's treatment of history in the play.

Or

Shakespeare's deviations from his source.

The Source of "Julius Caesar"—The source to which Shakespeare owed the plot of *Julius Caesar* is North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. The special *Lives* upon which Shakespeare drew for the material of *Julius Caesar* were those of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony; and his obligations may be considered under three headings. He owes to Plutarch,

- (1) The whole story of the play;
- (2) Personal details concerning some of the characters.
- (3) Occasional turns of expression and descriptive touches.

(1) **The Story : Close Adherence to Plutarch**—The whole story of *Julius Caesar* is derived from Plutarch. As illustrations of Shakespeare's indebtedness in this respect the following incidents and details of the play may be noted specially : The Lupercalia and Antony's offer of the crown to Caesar : the interview between Brutus and Portia ; the omens of Caesar's fall : Calpurnia's entreaties and Decius Brutus' persuasions ; the warnings of the Soothsayer and Artemidorus ; the murder : Antony's oration and the reading of the will ; Cinna's death ; the appearance of the ghost ; the battle at Philippi ; the deaths of Cassius and Brutus.

(2) **Personal Details**—A number of "personal details" concerning the *dramatis personae* are based closely on Plutarch's narrative. For example : Caesar's "falling sickness," and his superstitiousness ; Antony's pleasure-loving tastes ; Cicero's fondness for Greek ; Cassius's "lean and hungry look", his "thick sight", Epicurean views, "choleric" temperament ; Brutus's studious habits and philosophy (the Stoic).

(3) **Verbal Resemblances**—Verbal resemblances between *Julius Caesar* and North's translation occur constantly. We may suppose that Shakespeare wrote the play with the narrative of the *Lives* fresh in his memory, and thus, perhaps unconsciously, repeated parts of what he had read. For example, in the play,

"Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy."

is based on Plutarch's,

"They were ready.....to proclaim him king of all the provinces
of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his
diadem in all other places both by sea and land."

Similarly,

*"To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachms.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber."*

echoes closely,

*"He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachms a man ;
and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had built
on this side of the river Tiber."*

Selection and Ordering of Material—"Julius Caesar, then, is not an example of Shakespeare's resourcefulness in the invention of plot and incidents. Apart from the characterisation and poerty of the play, it is in his treatment of the material supplied by Plutarch that he reveals his genius. Making the murder of Caesar with its avengement the central idea, he has selected only those incidents which bear directly on his purpose, has brought them into close, vital relations, and omitted everything in Plutarch's narrative that was irrelevant. The outcome is a closely knit work, inspired through all its parts by one main idea which unifies the whole" (Verity).

Some Deviations—And this result is achieved at the cost of few inconsiderable deviations from history. These deviations are as follows :

(1) Shakespeare makes Caesar's "triumph" take place on the day of the Lupercalia, instead of six months before.

(2) He places the murder of Caesar in the Capitol, not in the Curia Pompeiana as in Plutarch.

(3) He assigns the murder, the reading of the will, the funeral and Antony's oration, and Octavius's arrival at Rome, to the same day. Historically, the murder took place on March 15 ; the will was published by order of the Senate on March 18 ; the funeral was celebrated on March 19 or 20 ; and Octavius did not arrive till May.

(4) He makes the Triumvirs meet at Rome instead of near Bononia.

(5) He combines the two battles of Philippi. Really there was an interval between them of twenty days ; Cassius fell in the first battle, and Brutus after the second. Octavius was too ill to take part in the first.

Compression and Condensation—Most of these deviations from history come under the heading "compression". A dramatist, dealing with events that extend over a long period, must be permitted a certain license in curtailing the time and compressing the facts : otherwise his work will be broken up and lack concentration. Thus in the third Act rigid adherence to history was quite incompatible with intensity of dramatic effect ; it would have necessitated

several scenes treating each incident separately, and the tragic force of the whole would have been lost.

Suggestive Touches and Fresh Strokes—"One other aspect of Shakespeare's handling of Plutarch may be noticed, viz., the fresh touches which he adds, the suggestive strokes that heighten so much the impression made by the bare statements of the historian" (Verity). Thus how effectively does he amplify the following sentence of Plutarch "taking Caesar's gown...Antony laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what number of cuts and holes it had upon it." Shakespeare makes Antony stir the hearts of the citizens first by associating "Caesar's vesture" with that crowning victory on the Sambre which evoked at Rome such rejoicings as had scarce been known in all her long history, and then by particularising with fine audacity of fancy the very rents pierced by the several thrusts of the conspirators—though Antony had not even been present at the murder. Thus does prosaic history become transfigured into drama.

Again, in the scene of Cinna's death how humorous is that, "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses"; and in the fourth Act, "how imaginative the introduction of the music and song which smooth away the feeling of unrest left by the dispute between the generals and induce a repose that harmonises with the manifestation of the supernatural."

Conclusion—It is in this way that Shakespeare has made a stirring drama out of the dry bones of history. He has not falsified history, but has used it like a master, bending its intractable material to his will.

12. The Problem of the Hero : The respective claims of Caesar and Brutus.

Or

The title of the play : its aptness.

Or

"Caesar is not the hero of the play but Brutus."

Or

"Caesar's spirit is the real hero of the play."

Or

"Caesar dead is more powerful than Caesar living."

The Hero of a Shakespearean Tragedy : His Qualities—Before considering whether Brutus or Caesar is the hero of *Julius Caesar*, let us examine briefly the qualities of the hero of a play. First, the hero must have certain heroic qualities. He must be brave, a man of valour, fearless and undaunted, noble and generous. Secondly, he must be the centre of interest in the play. Its action must revolve round him, and he must be connected in one way or the other with all the important characters of the play. Thirdly, a Shakespearean tragedy depicts the fall of the hero from prosperity

and his suffering, and the tragedy ends with his death. Fourthly, it must be remembered that it was the usual practice of Shakespeare to name his tragedies after the hero. Thus *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, are all named after their respective heroes.

Caesar Not a Heroic Figure—The controversy regarding the hero of *Julius Caesar* arises from the fact that though the play is named after Caesar, he does not satisfy the essentials of a hero. As presented in the play, he is not at all a heroic figure. He is physically weak. He suffers from deafness, has fainting fits, and was defeated by Cassius in a swimming competition. He is proud, boastful, and arrogant. With age he is grown superstitious. He is inconstant, infirm and fickle. Though he boasts that he is, "more dangerous than danger itself", and further that he is as, "constant as the pole star", in reality he is fearful. He is afraid to go to the senate, consults astrologers, and decides to go out only when Decius interprets Calpurnia's dream in a different way, and his fears are removed.

The Claims of Brutus—Moreover, he appears only in three scenes, Act I, Scene i, Act II, Scene ii, and Act III, Scene i. He is killed in the third Act, almost in the middle of the play. But the hero of a Shakespearean tragedy dies at the end, and not in the middle. For all these reasons, critics maintain that Caesar is not the hero of the play, and that the play has been wrongly named after him. They assert that Brutus is the real hero of the play, and it ought to have been named "Marcus Brutus". They point out that he has the essential qualities of a hero. He is noble, brave, and honourable. Even his enemies—even Antony—call him an honourable person. He is intensely patriotic, and is ready to do anything honourable for the sake of his country. It is out of his love for his country, and not out of personal motive, that he joins the conspiracy against Caesar. In this respect, he commits an error of judgment which brings about his downfall, and as a result of which he suffers terrible spiritual anguish. His heroic endurance is brought out by the fact that he bears the death of his beloved wife with such stoic resignation. Besides this, he also dies at the end, "in the high Roman fashion", and not in the middle, like *Julius Caesar*.

Caesar, the Real Centre of Interest—However, such views arise only from a superficial reading of the play. No doubt, Caesar as depicted in the play, suffers from a number of weaknesses. This is so because he has been depicted in his old age; and it is in the fitness of things that he should have the infirmities of old age. But there is ample evidence in the play of that greatness and heroism which characterised his manhood. He triumphs over Pompey's sons, is popular with the people, and Antony pays glowing tributes to his nobility and generosity. Besides this, he is the real centre of interest in the play. The action of the play moves round him. The first and second Acts are concerned with the organisation of the conspiracy against him, the third Act is concerned with his assassi-

nation and all that followed, and the fourth and fifth Acts are reconcerned with the vengeance inflicted upon the conspirators by Antony and Octavius. Brutus is not the centre of interest in the play. Cassius is the moving spirit behind the conspiracy, and Brutus is merely a tool in his hands. The entire conduct of the conspiracy is a story of the failure of Brutus. As the action proceeds, he is more and more pushed into the background and the stage is dominated by either Cassius or Antony. He, therefore, cannot be regarded as the hero of the play.

His Influence after Death—There is, no doubt, that Caesar is murdered in the very middle of the play. But it is his physical self, his body alone, that is killed; his spirit lives on. As a matter of fact, "*Caesar dead is more powerful than Caesar living*". This fact is recognised by one character after another in the play. On the corpse of Caesar, Antony makes the famous prophecy:

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

*... Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'havoc' and let slip dogs of war.*

and the remaining part of the play is but a depiction of the fulfilment of this prophecy. Brutus recognises the power of Caesar, when he remarks over the dead body of Cassius,

*O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.*

And on the eve of committing suicide, he exclaims:

*Caesar, now be still:
I killed not thee with half so good a will.*

Caesar's Spirit: Its Influence—The murder of Caesar was a mistake, for it killed only his body, while his spirit continued to dominate the Roman scene. This fact is symbolised by the remark of the Roman citizen who wants Brutus to be made the Caesar. It is further symbolised by the ghost of Caesar which appears to Brutus first, just after the quarrel with Cassius, and secondly, just on the eve of the battle of Philippi. Caesar's spirit hovers abroad restlessly thirsty for revenge, and is satisfied only when the conspirators kill themselves, and Rome, instead of one Caesar, gets three Caesars—Antony, Octavius Caesar, and Lepidus.

Conclusion: The Aptness of the Title—Thus in the first part of the play Caesar, and in the second his spirit, dominate the action of the play. We are, therefore, forced to conclude that Caesar is the real hero of the play and it has been rightly named after him. As one critic puts it, "*Caesar is the inner, inspiring cause of the whole drama—of the later scenes no less than of the earlier, for death really serves to intensify his power—and he alone is indispensable to it.*"

13. The responsibility of Brutus for the failure of the conspiracy ;
Would the result have been different, if Cassius, and
not Brutus, were the leader ?

Or

“The murder of Caesar was not only a crime, but a blunder.”

Or

“The tragedy of Brutus is a tragedy of errors.”

The Nobility of Brutus—“*Shakespeare depicts in Brutus,*” says Varsity, “*the failure under the test of action, of a man, essentially noble in character, but unpractical and somewhat pedantic.*” That he is essentially noble is clearly brought out by the testimony of a number of characters in the play. He is the very soul of honour, and is ready to do everything honourable for the sake of his country. He sits high in people’s hearts, his honesty and integrity are above doubt, and that is why Cassius is so keen that he should join the conspiracy against Caesar. The words ‘noble’ and ‘honourable’ are constantly on the lips of the conspirators, whenever they refer to him. Thus Cassius says “*Well Brutus, thou art noble,*” Cinna exclaims, “*O Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus to our party,*” and in the end, Antony pays to him a moving tribute and calls him, “*the noblest Roman of them all.*” His presence inspires trust and confidence and the other conspirators follow him without questioning. Thus Ligarius follows Brutus saying,

*To do I know not what ; but it sufficeth.
That Brutus leads me on.*

Incapable of Successful Action—Thus there can be no doubt the “honour” and nobility of Brutus. But he is a philosopher and an idealist, one who has lived in the world of books and as such has no true insight into human nature, nor an understanding of life and its problems. Practical measures of redress lie beyond his powers of execution. “He is incapable of successful action, and the root of his incapacity is his ignorance of human nature. He knows not how other men will act nor what effect his own actions and words will have on them.” Such a man is bound to fail when he leaves his study and goes forth to act.

The Resulting Mistakes—As leader of the conspiracy, he commits mistakes after mistakes, so much so that one critic calls the tragedy of Brutus, “a tragedy of errors”. He misreads the characters of almost all those with whom he is brought into contact, and so commits a series of practical mistakes in the conduct of the conspiracy. He misjudges the character of Cassius, thinks that he too is moved by noble republican principles, and fails to realise that he is simply “humouring” him and using his influence as an instrument for wrecking personal spite upon Caesar. He misreads the character of his own wife and trusts her with the secret of the conspiracy, and the consequences are tragic. Ignorant of the ways of the world, he turns down Cassius’ practical suggestion that they

should all bind themselves with an oath of secrecy. Similarly, he misreads the character of Antony, considers him a mere "Masker and reveller"; and so turns down the suggestion of Cassius that he should be killed along with Caesar. He has no insight into his real ability and capacity for mischief, and so not only spares his life, but also permits him to speak in honour of Caesar's funeral. Further, he has no knowledge of mob psychology, appeals to its reason, and allows Antony to have the last word with it. He misreads the nature of the Roman people, and does not realise that they are hero-worshippers who do not understand, nor desire, republicanism. Incurable idealist that he is, he comes to open rupture with Cassius at Sardis, simply because he has raised money by questionable means. He has no knowledge of military strategy, insists on marching to Philippi, and thus throws away the strategic advantages of a higher ground which they had at Sardis. In the battle itself he, "gives the word too early", lets his soldiers fall to plunder, and fails to aid his fellow generals at a crucial moment during the battle.

His Reasoning : Illogical and Inconstant—Not only that, there is something wrong and diseased about his thought-process. It was a mistake on his part to join the conspiracy, and his long soliloquy in his garden in the night, on the eve of Caesar's murder, lends colour to the view that *it was not Cassius who persuaded him to join the conspiracy, but in reality he persuaded himself to join hands with Cassius*. The soliloquy reveals that his thought is illogical and diseased. He admits that Caesar has done no wrong in the past, that he has not been tyrannical at all, but then, so he reasons, he might do wrong in the future, he might grow tyrannical after he has been crowned the king. And on this hypothetical view he decides to murder one who, he himself admits, has been a good friend to him. Brutus' reasoning is, "*a poor tissue of sophistry, inconsistency and illusion*". Hunter states this inconsistency in his thought in the most forceful words, "*He commits a murder and fancies it a solemn sacrifice. He declares suicide to be cowardly and vile and without recanting the doctrine, slays himself on the same day*", and from his last words it is not clear whether he considered his defeat an honour or his life a failure. He dies with a contradiction on his lips.

Cassius : His Qualities of Leadership—Cassius, on the other hand, is a man of action, a practical realist, with a penetrating insight into human nature, unhampered by any sensitive scruples and ready to achieve his aims by every possible means. He is always in the right, as Brutus is always in the wrong. He suggests that Antony should be killed, that he should not be allowed to speak over the dead body of Caesar, that they should stay at Sardis and not move to Philippi, and he is right in every instance. He commits no errors of false reasoning, nor those of misjudging men and situations. There is, no doubt, that as a practical man of affairs he is better fitted to have been the leader of the conspiracy,

The Decadance of the Roman World—The Need of a Dictator—But the question is, if the result would have been different, would the conspirator have succeeded, if Cassius, and not Brutus, had been the leader. To answer this question, we must bear in mind the peculiar conditions that prevailed in Rome at the time. Republicanism was already a dead letter. The people did not understand its noble principles, nor had they any desire for it. They were hero-worshippers, ignorant and superstitious, fit only to be ruled by an iron hand. The aristocracy was pampered and degenerates, entirely incapable of giving the lead to the people or of controlling and guiding them. Under the circumstances, Republicanism could not be revived, and any attempt to do so, was bound to end in failure. This is clearly symbolised and vivified by the wish of the Roman citizens that Brutus should be made the Caesar.

The Murder of Caesar : a Blunder—A dictator like Caesar, who could rule the people with an iron hand, was the urgent need of the hour. Such a dictator alone could impose some sort of order on the disordered and disintegrating Roman empire. Hence it is that the murder of Caesar was not only a crime, but also a blunder. A murder is always a crime, and it is wrong to suppose that any good at all can come out of things evil. On the part of Brutus, it was a sin as well, for Caesar had been to him a good friend and noble benefactor. The murder was also a blunder, for it resulted entirely from a wrong understanding of the nature of the Roman people, and the need of the hour for a powerful dictator. We feel that the ultimate result of the conspiracy would not have been much different, even if Cassius were its leader. Political changes cannot be caused by a small group, and even if brought about, cannot be lasting or serve any useful purpose. Support of the people is essential, and this the conspirators lacked.

14. The female characters in the play : their role.

Or

Calpurnia and Portia : a Comparative Study.

Or

“Calpurnia is a mere shadow of Julius Caesar, whereas Portia is truly the better half of Brutus.”

Only Two Female Characters—Their Brief Appearance—One of the remarkable features of *Julius Caesar* is the paucity of female characters. There are only two female characters in the play—Portia and Calpurnia—and even they make only brief appearances, and mostly remain in the back-ground. Calpurnia makes only two brief appearances and the dramatist has not told us anything about her fate after the murder of Caesar. Portia also appears only twice, and her death is only briefly mentioned toward the end of the play.

Reasons for this—Various factors explain this paucity and insignificance of female parts in the play. For one thing, *Julius Caesar* is a drama of political intrigue, conspiracy, murder and

civil wars, and not of gentle domestic scenes over which women preside. Moreover, the account of Plutarch, on which the play is based, did not warrant the introduction of a large number of female characters. It was, therefore, in the fitness of things that female parts should be reduced to a minimum, and such female figures as are introduced should be kept in the background.

Portia and Calpurnia—Their Function in the Play—Despite the fact that both Portia and Calpurnia have been given insignificant roles, they perform an important function in the play. They bring out important facets of the characters of their respective husbands. Brutus is a good husband who accepts the claims of his wife to be his partner in life and so reveals to her the secret of the conspiracy. She is his "better half" in the real sense of the term, and his love and consideration for her brings out his nobility of character. That he really loves her is further brought out by his inner agitation, which is quite obvious, despite his attempts to hide it under the cover of stoic resignation. Caesar's treatment of Calpurnia, on the other hand, shows him to be a proud, and arrogant husband who treats his wife as a mere "shadow" of himself. In one of the scenes in which she appears, he orders her to stand in the way of Antony, so that he may touch her as he comes running during the sports in honour of Lupercal. In the second scene in which she appears, he humours her like a child, but in reality does not care at all for her wishes. When once his own fears have been removed, and Decius has interpreted her dream in a different way, he decides to go to the Capitol, saying to Calpurnia :

*How foolish do your fears seem now Calpurnia,
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.*

Caesar does not seem to have much love or esteem for his wife who is a mere sharer of his bed, and no true companion or life partner.

Portia : Her Dignity and Self-assertion—Portia and Calpurnia are Shakespeare's study in two contrasted types of womanhood. Portia is heroic, loves her husband, and is solicitous for his welfare. But she is also brave and conscious of her wifely rights, which she asserts with great dignity and courage. She is conscious of her own dignity as Brutus' wife, and Cato's daughter. "So fathered, and so husbanded", she is not content merely to be "Brutus' harlot" who keeps company with him at meals and in bed. She wants to be a wife in the true sense, which means living in his mind and heart and sharing all his secrets. In order to show that she is brave and heroic, and not an "ordinary woman", she inflicts a wound on herself, and thus convinces her husband that she deserves his confidence. She asserts herself and forces him to confide in him, "in right and virtue of her place". It is another matter that the strain is too much for her, that suspense and anxiety ultimately drive her to madness and death.

Calpurnia : Weak and Childish—Calpurnia, on the other hand, is a weak and insignificant woman. She is entirely incapable of

the heroism, confidence, and self-assertion, that Portia has. We cannot imagine her forcing her powerful husband to her will. She is a good wife, she loves her husband, and is as solicitous about his welfare, as Portia is that of Brutus. But she prays to him and falls down on his knees before him, in order to persuade him not to go to the capitol. She cannot argue with him or assert her rights like Portia or claim to know his secrets. She remains helpless before him, and is spurned and treated with scant respect, almost like a child. There is no trace of the dignity, or heroism of Portia in her. She is weak and inconsequent, while Portia is heroic, dignified and significant. Portia asserts herself and gains her point ; Calpurnia quietly recedes into the background, without even once asserting her wifely rights. Portia is a woman not to be ignored ; Calpurnia is ignored by the mighty Caesar.

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY COMMENTS

ACT I: Scene i

Lines 1-55.

Commoners—common people, *i.e.* the plebians, who did not belong to the noble classes.

Hence home—go away to your homes.

Idle creatures—lazy fellows. *The Tribunes*—they were the magistrates and as such had some authority over the people.

Being mechanical—seeing that you are labourers or artisans.

Ought not walk—should not go about.

Labouring day—a week day ; a day meant for work.

Sign—badge ; distinctive mark.

What trade art thou—what is your occupation ?

Apron—a long garment worn by workers over their dress to protect it from becoming dirty. *Rule*—foot-rule ; scale.

What dost thou—what are you doing ?

Apparel—clothes.

In respect of a fine workman—as compared with a skilful worker. *But*—only.

As you would say—what they call.

Cobbler—There is a pun on this word ; it has two meanings—(1) a mender of boots and shoes, a *mochi* ; (2) an unskilled workman. The second commoner uses the word in the first sense ; Marullus takes the word in the second sense, and hence he repeats his question “What trade art thou ?”

Directly—in a straightforward manner.

Use with a safe conscience—follow without shame.

A mender of bad soles—one who repairs the worn out soles of boots and shoes ; a cobbler. There is a pun on the word “soles”, since “sole” and “soul” are alike in sound. The word “conscience” which he has just used would suggest “soul” to Marullus. “A mender of bad souls” would mean, one who tries to reform the sinners that is, perhaps, a religious preacher, which the second commoner certainly was not. So Marullus thought the man was still joking, and hence, he calls him a “knave.”

Naughty—wicked ; worthless.

Knave—This word was not used in a bad sense in Shakespeare’s time ; it simply meant “a fellow”.

Out with me—angry with me.

If you be out, I can mend you—if your shoes are torn or worn out, I can repair them. There is a pun on the word “out”, the first “out” being used in the sense of “angry” and the second in the sense of “torn”.

Mend me—set me right ; correct me.

Saucy—impudent, insolent.

Cobble you—repair your torn shoes.

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?—Marullus wisely avoids taking offence at the phrase “cobble you,” as he did at “mend you.” The repetition of the word “cobble” by the second commoner enables Marullus to guess that he is a cobbler.

All that I live by is with the awl—I make my living as a cobbler. The “awl” is a kind of needle with which cobblers make stitches in leather. There is a pun here on (all) “awl”.

Meddle—interfere. *Matters*—private affairs.

Women's—i.e., tradeswomen's.

But with awl—there is again a pun here on “awl”. The meaning of this remark is—“but my whole concern is with the awl, i.e., with my work as a cobbler.”

A surgeon to old shoes—one who takes care of shoes as a surgeon does of his patients.

Recover them—Used in a double sense—(1) bring them back to life, and (2) “mend them with fresh leather”.

Proper—handsome.

Trode upon neat's leather—i.e. wore shoes. “*Neat*” means “an ox”.

Have gone upon my handiwork—have used shoes made by me.

Wherefore—why. *Art not in thy shop*—are you not at work ?

To wear out their shoes...work—in order that these men, by walking about the streets, may wear out their shoes and come to me to have them repaired.

Make holiday—are enjoying a holiday.

Triumph—a procession taken out in honour of the return from the battle of a victorious Roman general after defeating some enemy. The triumph referred to here was the one taken out on the occasion of Caesar's return to Rome after his victory over the two sons of his great rival, Pompey.

What conquest brings he home?—i.e. Caesar's victory has not added any fresh territories to Rome. *Verity* explains “conquest” as meaning “booty”, but the word seems to have been used in its ordinary sense of “conquered territories.”

Tributaries—nations made subject to Rome and made to pay a tribute (i.e. some fixed amount every year)

Grace—adorn.

Captive bonds—Fetters such as are put on prisoners.

His chariot wheels—Prisoners of war were tied to the chariot wheels of a Roman general marching in triumph through the streets of Rome.

Blocks—blocks of wood. *You stones*—you hard-hearted creatures. *Worse than senseless things*—you are as devoid of feeling as lifeless objects.

Knew you not Pompey?—i.e. have you forgotten Pompey ? was not Pompey until recently your hero ? Pompey was one of the three

men who divided among themselves the entire Roman empire after a civile war.

Many a time and oft—often.

Climbed up to—mounted to the top of.

Battlements—the outer walls of a fort.

The livelong day—All day long. *With patient expectation*—calmly waiting.

Great Pompey—Pompey was called “the Great”. *Pass*—pass through.

Saw his chariot but appear—caught sight only of his chariot, before seeing Pompey himself.

Made an universal shout—cheered loudly with one voice. *That*—so that. *Tiber*—the name of the river on which Rome is situated. *Trembled*—shook. *Replication*—echo. *Concave shores*—the river’s banks made hollow by the action of water. Being hollow they caused echoes.

Pompey’s blood—Pompey’s sons.

Intermit—ward off ; avert.

The plague—here used in the general sense of a divine curse. *Need*—necessarily. *Light on this ingratitude*—visit you as a punishment for your ingratitude (to Pompey).

Lines 56-76.

For this fault—to atone for this sin (of ingratitude to Pompey).

Of your sort—of your class. *Drqw*—take. *Weep your tears*—shed tears. *Lowest stream*—the water at its lowest level. *Do kiss*—touch.

Weep your tears into the channel.....all—shed your tears into the river and swell its waters with them to such an extent that even at the lowest ebb they would touch the highest part of the bank.

See whether their basest metal be not moved—observe how these men of the lowest character have been touched by our taunts.

Vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness—i.e. they have disappeared in an instant quietly because they feel they have done wrong in being so ungrateful to their dead hero, Pompey.

The Capitol—The Capitol was the Senate or Parliament hall of Rome.

Disrobe the images—take away the decorations from the statues of Caesar placed within the Capitol. These statues had been decorated.

Decked with ceremonies—decorated in a manner customary during festivals.

The feast of Lupercal—The Roman festival of Lupercal was held in honour of the god Pan, the god of fertility. It was celebrated annually on the Ides (or the 15th day) of March in a place called the Lupercal.

It is no matter—never mind that.

Hung with—decorated with.

Trophies—signs of victory, such as arms and weapons brought from the battle-field.

The vulgar—the common people.

Where you perceive them thick—wherever you find a crowd.

These growing feathers...wing—i.e., depriving Caesar of these increasing honours.

Fly an ordinary pitch—keep his ambition within limits. "*Pitch*" is a technical term, meaning the height from which a hawk rushes at his prey.

Soar above the view of men—fly to such a lofty height that no man would be able to see him ; i.e. become all powerful.

Keep us all in servile fearfulness—make us all his slaves so that we will live in fear of him.

These growing feathers.....fearfulness—Marullus and Flavius drive away the citizens of Rome from the street, and then Flavius suggests that Caesar's "images" should be "disrobed". In these lines, he compares Caesar to a hawk. If the hawk, a bird of prey, has its feathers intact, it flies very high in the sky and since it has a very sharp eye-sight, it can see the innocent birds down below and take them unawares. The higher it flies, the more harm it can cause to the smaller birds and the more they have to remain in fear of it. On the other hand, if its feathers are cut, it cannot fly very high and cause such harm to the smaller birds. Similarly, Caesar is like a hawk in his ambition. He would fly very high in his ambition, if he comes to know that the people love him so much and are rejoicing in his triumph over Pompey's sons. The decorations on his statues would be interpreted by him as signs of popular rejoicing at his triumphant return. If, however, those decorations are removed, Caesar would not think that the people are very happy at his triumph and, therefore, his ambition of becoming a king would be put down a little. If this is not done, and the flight of Caesar's ambition is not checked, he would rise so high in power that ordinary Romans, like Flavius and Marullus, would have to behave like slaves to him. They would have to live in constant fear of him.

Thus in this passage Caesar is the bird of prey, decorations on his "images" are his feathers, and the Roman citizens are the smaller birds.

ACT I : Scene ii

Flourish—the sound of trumpet to announce the approach of a king or ruler. *Antony for the course*—Antony ready to run his round of the city. At the festival of Lupercal it was customary for the priests to run round the city, wearing only a loincloth, and carrying a leather lash with which they would strike any woman who came in their way and who was anxious to have children. It was believed that a stroke of this lash was a cure for barrenness. Antony was also to run this round because he was also the head of one group of the priests. *Soothsayer*—a fortune-teller.

Lines 1-28.

Peace, ho—silence.

Here, my lord—I am here, my lord.

Directly in Antonius' way—right in front of Antony.

Run his course—runs round the city.

In your speed—in the course of your run. *Touch*—gently strike with the lash. *Our elders say*—i.e. it is a traditional belief.

The barren—sterile woman. *Touched in this holy chase*—if struck with the lash of a priest in the course of his run through the city on the occasion of the festival of Lupercal.

Shake off their sterile curse—are cured of their barrenness.

Set on—start (on the race).

Leave no ceremony out—follow all the customary rites strictly.

Bid every noise be still—let there be perfect silence. *Peace yet again !*—I say once more there should be "Silence !" *Press*—crowd. *Tongue*—voice. *Turned to hear*—prepared to listen.

Beware the Ides of March—I warn you of some evil likely to befall you on the 15th day of March. The 15th day of the month was called "the Ides." Therefore, be careful on this day.

Bids you beware—warns you against.

Set—bring.

Throng—crowd. *Look upon Caesar*—come before Caesar.

Dreamer—a man given to useless thoughts. *Pass*—pass on.

Sennet—a sound of trumpets announcing the approach or departure of some great man.

Lines 29-84.

The order of the course—the order in which the different runners were to run in the race.

Gamesome—fond of sports.

I do lack some part of—I am somewhat lacking in. *Quick spirit*—active nature.

Let me not hinder.....desires—I do not want to stop you from going to the sports, if you so wish.

I'll leave you—I allow you to go.

I do observe you now of late—I have recently noticed.

I have not from your eyes.....wont to have—you do not look upon me so affectionately as you used to.

You bear too stubborn.....you—you treat me severely and like a stranger ; You treat me more formally than you should treat an old friend, like me.

Be not deceived—do not misinterpret my behaviour.

Veiled my look—put on a look different from my usual friendly look.

Trouble of my countenance—my troubled look. *Merely*—solely; entirely. *Vexed I am*—I am worried.

Passions of some difference—conflicting emotions.

Conceptions only proper to myself—thoughts and feelings which concern me alone.

Give some soil to—somewhat spoil.

Behaviours—actions, this word is not used in the plural now.

Among which number—among whom. *Be you one*—you are one.

Construe—i.e. put any worse interpretation on.

Neglect—indifference.

With himself at war—torn by conflicting passions ; much worried.

Forgets the shows of love—fails in the outward show of love and friendship.

Vexed I am.....love to other men—Brutus tells Cassius not to misunderstand him. The fact is that for sometime past he has suffered from an inner conflict, and so he sometimes might have forgotten to show love to his dear friends, but this does not, in any way, mean that his love has become less. His personal worries and troubles might have made him a little neglectful to his friends. He assures Cassius that he considers him a close friend, and as such he should not misunderstand his failure to show love to him. He says that the conflict that is going on in his mind is such that he wants to keep it to himself. He, therefore, requests Cassius to interpret his lack in the show of friendship only in one way i.e. that Brutus being in conflict with himself forgets to show his love to his friends, though, in reality, he does love them as much as ever before.

Mistook your passion—wrongly understood your feelings.

By means whereof—as a result.

This breast of mine hath buried—I have concealed from you.

Thoughts of great value—weighty thoughts.

Worthy cogitations—ideas well-deserving of attention.

But by reflection—except by its own image, as seen in a mirror.

By some other things—with the aid of other things (such as mirrors, etc).

'Tis just—quite right ; exactly so.

It is very much lamented—it is a great pity.

Your hidden worthiness—real nobility of your character, of which you are unconscious.

Turn into your eye—enable you to see it.

Shadow—image reflected in a mirror, etc.

And it is very much lamented.....shadow—and it is a great pity that you have no friends to show to you what you are, to reveal to you your real nobility of character of which you are unaware.

I have heard where—I have heard of examples in which. *Of the best respect*—held in the highest esteem. *Except immortal Caesar*—except Caesar who considers himself to be a god.

Groaning underneath this age's yoke—suffering from the present despotic rule of Caesar.

That noble Brutus had his eyes—that Brutus could see and recognise his own importance.

Into what dangers would you lead me—in what dangers and troubles do you wish to involve me ?

That you would have me.....me—that you wish me to see in myself virtues I do not possess.

You cannot see yourself so well as by reflection—You cannot

see your own good qualities so clearly as when they are pointed out to you by others, as if they were reflected in some mirror.

Your glass—your faithful friend, who will serve as a mirror to reflect your good qualities, and so to make you aware of them.

Modestly—without exaggeration.

Discover—reveal ; disclose.

That of yourself . . . of—that aspect of your character of which you are so far ignorant.

Be not jealous on me—do not be suspicious of my intentions.

Gentle—noble.

A common laugh—if I were an ordinary jester ; if I were a man who is in the habit of laughing with or flattering every one.

Did use—were accustomed.

To stale with ordinary oaths . . . protester—make my love too common by making vows of love to everyone who claims to be my friend. "*To stale*" means "to make stale or common by repetition."

Fawn on—flatter. *Hug them hard*—embrace them closely.

After—afterwards. *Scandal*—defame ; slander ; talk ill of.

Profess myself—make declarations of friendship. *In banqueting*—at a dinner. *Rout*—a crowd of merry-makers. *Hold me dangerous*—regard me as a man not safe to deal with.

Were I a Common . . . hold me dangerous—After Brutus has assured Cassius that he loves him and considers him a close friend, Cassius tells him that he (Brutus) should realise his own worth and importance. Brutus should believe him for he (Cassius) is not an ordinary flatterer. He is not a light-hearted frivolous person who does not take life seriously and passes his time in frivolous enjoyments. He is known to be a man of serious nature and, therefore, his words must carry weight with Brutus. Next, he says that Brutus should consider him dangerous, only if he flattered every Tom, Dick or Harry whom he met. As he does not do so, he is not a common flatterer and so he is not dangerous. There are persons who are guilty of duplicity of behaviour ; in front of people they flatter them but behind their backs they talk ill of them. Cassius says that he does not belong to this category as well, and, therefore, he is not dangerous like them. Lastly, there are persons who are fond of feasting and drinking heavily in parties and under the influence of drink profess their love to everyone. Cassius does not belong to this category as well. He is known to be a man of grave nature, a person who seldom smiles. Therefore, Brutus should not mistrust him and believe what he is going to tell him.

This shouting—this loud cheering.

Lines 86-137.

Do you fear it ?—Cassius takes advantage of Brutus's remark "I do fear" to talk to him of the conspiracy.

Then must I think . . . so—then I cannot help thinking that you do not wish that Caesar should be chosen as king.

Hold—detain, prevent ; stop.

Impart—communicate, talk of.

Aught toward the general good—anything concerning the public welfare.

Set—place. *In one eye*—before one eye. *Both*—honour and death. *Indifferently*—impartially ; will do what is honourable without any fear of death.

So speed me as—may God bless me accordingly (as I act in an honourable manner). This is an oath taken to confirm his previous remark that the fear of death will not prevent him from doing what he knows to be honourable.

That virtue—love of honour even at the risk of death.

As well—as surely. *Outward favour*—your face.

Honour is the subject of my story—it is regarding an act of honour that I am going to speak to you.

I cannot tell . . . life—I do not know what views you and other people hold of life.

For my single self—personally ; as far as I am concerned.

Lief—gladly.

I had as lief not be . . . myself—I would prefer death to living in dread of one (*viz.* Caesar) who is after all a human being like myself.

Was born free—am by birth a free man. *Fed as well*—brought up as comfortably as Caesar. *Endure the winter's cold . . . he*—possess means to escape from the suffering and hardship caused by the seasons.

Raw—cold. *Gusty*—windy.

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores—when the waters of the Tiber raised by the wind were dashing furiously against the banks.

Angry flood—stormy river. *Yonder point*—upto a fixed point. *Upon the word*—as soon as Caesar said this. *Accoutred as I was*—though I had my armour on. *Plunged in*—jumped into the water. *The torrent roared*—the swift river made a loud noise.

Buffet it—strike the waters with our arms.

Lusty sinews—our strong arms. *Throwing it aside*—pushing the waters on either side of us.

Stemming it—opposing the current. *With hearts of controversy*—*i.e.*, boldly ; with the spirit of competition.

The point proposed—the fixed spot.

Or I sink—otherwise I shall be drowned.

As Aeneas our great ancestor . . . bear—Aeneas was a Greek hero of the Trojan war who, after the defeat of Troy, carried off on his shoulders his aged father Anchises. This incident is related in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book II. Aeneas is regarded by the Romans as their ancestor, inasmuch as, according to legend, Rea Silvia, the mother of Romulus (the founder of Rome), was descended from Silvius, the son of Aeneas.

Did I the tired Caesar—did I rescue the exhausted Caesar.

A wretched creature—*i.e.*, as compared with Caesar.

Bend his body—make a low bow.

If Caesar carelessly.....him—if Caesar notices him with only a careless shake of the head.

He had a fever when he was in Spain—North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* says that Caesar had his first attack of epilepsy at Cordova, in Spain.

The fit—the epileptic fit.

His coward lips.....fly—he was so afraid that his lips became pale.

That same eye—the eye of Caesar's. *Bend*—glance. *Doth awe the world*—now strikes terror into the hearts of men. *Did lose his lustre*—lost its brightness.

Mark him—listen to his speeches attentively. *Write*—record.

Titinius—one of Cassius's best friends.

Amaze—surprise.

Feeble temper—weak mind.

Get the start of—outstrip, get ahead of

The majestic world—all the great men of Rome.

Bear the palm alone—i.e. become all important in Rome.

Ye gods ! it doth amaze me...alone—I am utterly bewildered to think that such a weak man as Caesar should outstrip all the great men of Rome and become all important in the country.

Lines 138–188.

Another general shout ?—There is another popular cheer. *Applauses*—cheers.

Heap'd—this word suggests the large number of honours conferred on Caesar.

Bestride—ride with one leg on each side, as men ride a horse.

The narrow world—the world which appears a small place as compared with Caesar's gigantic stature.

Colossus—a huge bronze statue that stood near the harbour of the island of Rhodes, some one of giant size.

Petty men—insignificant creatures.

Walk under his huge legs—i.e. live in subordination to him. *Peep about*—look on all sides.

To find ourselves dishonourable graves—to die at last in disgrace.

Are masters of their fate—have the power to control their own destiny and determine their own future.

Our stars—the stars under which we were born. The reference is to the common belief that the star which happened to be in the ascendant at the time of a man's birth, influenced his future life.

Underlings—men occupying a subordinate position.

What should be in that Caesar—what magic power can there be in that word 'Caesar' ?

Sounded—pronounced. *More*—more often.

Together—i.e. side by side.

Sound—utter. *It doth become the mouth as well*—it is as sweet a name as Caesar's. *Weigh them*—i.e. measure their worth.

Conjure with 'em—literally, use them as spells to raise the spirits of the dead'; 'employ them to appeal to the people'.

Brutus will start a spirit... *Caesar*—Brutus's name will prove as effective as Caesar's to call up a spirit i.e. to inspire the people with courage and resolution.

Upon what meat.....feed—what sort of food does Caesar eat?

Age—the period in which Cassius lived. *Shamed*—disgraced.

Thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods—the honourable race of ancient Romans seems to have died out.

When went there by an age—there never was an age. *The great flood*—This should not be taken to refer to the great flood in the time of Noah mentioned in the *Old Testament*, but to another great flood which the Romans believed to have taken place in the earliest ages of the world.

Famed with—rendered famous by.

Her wide walls—the vast city of Rome. *Encompassed*—held.

Now is it Rome indeed.....man—this Rome of our age is truly a fine Rome (said ironically) in as much as there dwells in it only a single man (viz., Caesar) who, therefore, has ample space at his command.

Fathers—forefathers; ancestors.

A Brutus—viz., Junius Brutus, one of the ancestors of Brutus. *Once*—once upon a time; in the past. *Brook'd*—tolerated. *Keep his state*—i.e., rule.

There was a Brutus once.....king—i.e., one of your own ancestors, Junius Brutus, hated the idea of kingship so much that he would as soon have submitted to the rule of the devil in Rome as to that of a king.

Nothing jealous—not at all doubtful.

What you would work me to—the task you wish to persuade me to undertake.

I have some aim—I can guess to some extent.

This—your wish that I should undertake the duty of freeing Rome from the evil of Caesar's rule.

Recount hereafter—tell you some other time. *For this present*—for the present.

I would not—I do not desire to. *So with love I might entreat you*—if I am permitted to make this friendly request to you.

Be any further moved—I would not like to listen to any further arguments of yours to induce me to share your views.

Meet—fitting. *Answer such high things*—reply to such important questions.

Chew—consider.

Had rather be a villager—would prefer to be a rustic.

To repute himself—be known as.

Hard conditions—severe restraints.

Like—likely. *Lay*—impose.

Weak words—mild speech.

Struck but thus.....Brutus—roused the spirit of Brutus at least

to this extent. The metaphor is taken from a flint from which sparks of fire are produced by striking it with a piece of iron.

Pass by—pass along. *Pluck*—pull. *Casca*—one of the friends of Cassius.

After his sour fashion—in his cynical style.

What hath proceeded worthy note—all the remarkable incidents that have happened.

Lines 189–221

Look you—"Look here"

The angry spot—a frown *Doth glow on Caesar's brow*—Caesar looks as if he were angry.

Look like a chidden train—look silent and timid like servants who have been rebuked for some fault.

Cicero—a great Roman orator. *Ferret and fiery eyes*—red and furious eyes. *Being crossed in conference*—when he was opposed in a debate.

Sleek-headed men—men with smooth, round faces.

And such as sleep o' nights—and men who enjoy good sleep at night.

Has a lean and hungry look—has a thin and hollow face and an appearance suggesting that he is always thinking and planning.

He thinks too much—he is in the habit of thinking constantly on wrongs done to him and on ways of taking revenge.

Well-given—well-disposed; good-natured, having no evil intentions.

Would he were fatter—I wish he were more fat.

If my name were liable to fear—If one bearing the name of Caesar were likely to fear.

I do not know.....Cassius—the man whom I would most wish to avoid is that lean Cassius. *He is a great observer*—he is in the habit of taking careful note of things happening around him.

Looks quite through the deeds of men—Sees not only the outward actions of men but also the inward motives which led to those actions.

Loves no plays—is not fond of games and sports.

In such a sort—in such a manner.

As if he mocks himself.....anything—as if he were smiling at himself and despising his own mind for being so weak as to feel amused at anything.

Be—are. *At heart's ease*—contented at heart. *Whiles*—while. *They behold a greater than themselves*—they see any one occupying a higher position than themselves.

I rather tell thee.....fear—I am pointing out to you the men who should be feared rather than the men whom I actually fear.

For always I am Caesar—for I am at all times true to my nature and therefore above all fear.

Lines 222–294

Chanced—happened.

I should not then ask.....chanced—If I had been present there, I should not have asked you to tell me what happened there.

Put it by—laid it aside; rejected it. *With the back of his hand*—i.e., he did not even touch the crown.

Fell a-shouting—began to cheer.

For that too—for the crown, which was offered to him again.

Was't—it was (offered to him thrice).

Gentler than other—more slowly than on the previous occasion. This suggests that Caesar's unwillingness to accept the crown became less and less strong each time it was offered.

At every putting-by—at each refusal.

The manner of it—i.e., the details of the incident; how it all happened.

I can as well be hanged.....it—I cannot possibly give you the details of the incident.

Foolery—an act of folly; a stupid show.

Not a crown neither—We should now say, "not a crown either." In Shakespeare "neither" is frequently used for emphasis after a negative.

These coronets—small crowns.

For all that—in spite of his refusal.

To my thinking—I believe.

He would fain have had it—he would gladly have accepted it.

Loath—unwilling. *Lay his fingers off it*—remove his hand from it: let it go from his grasp.

Still—continually. *Rabblement*—mob.

Hooted—shouted. *Chopt hands*—chapped hands; hands cracked with hard labour.

Sweaty—Covered with perspiration. *Uttered*—gave out.

Deal of stinking breath—such a quantity of foul smell from their dirty mouths.

Choked—suffocated.

Swounded—swooned; fainted. *For mine own part*—so far as I was concerned.

Durst—dared.

The bad air—the air made impure by the foul breath of the mob.

Soft—just pause a while. *Swound*—swoon.

'Tis very like—it is very probable that he did fall down. *He hath the falling sickness*—he is subject to epileptic fits.

No, Caesar hath it not;.....sickness—it is not Caesar who suffers from epilepsy, but it is we who suffer from it as we have to fall prostrate at the feet of the mighty Caesar.

Tag-rag people—the mob.

Clap him and hiss him—sometime applaud him and at other time show displeasure by making a hissing sound.

As they use to do—just as they are in the habit of doing to. *Players*—actors.

Came unto himself—recovered his senses.

Common herd—the mob. *Plucked me ope his doublet*—quickly opened his coat.

An I had been—if I had been. *An*—if.

A man of any occupation—There is a sneering double meaning here : (1) a mechanic; a workman; (2) a practical man, prompt to seize an opportunity when it occurred.

If I would not have taken him....*rogues*—i.e., I would certainly have taken Caesar at his word and cut his throat.

And so he fell—and with this movement of offering his throat to be cut, Caesar fell down.

Came to himself again—regained consciousness.

Amiss—wrong; improper.

Their worships—a title given to magistrates and judges and similar high personages. Casca is making fun of Caesar's flattering speech to the mob by suggesting that he addressed them as "Your worships."

It was his infirmity—this was due to his illness. *Wenches*—women; girls. *Forgave him with all their hearts*—excused Caesar most readily for all the wrongs he might have done. *There's no heed to be taken of them*—no importance should be attached to what these girls did. *Stabbed*—murdered. *They would have done no less*—they would still have forgiven Caesar.

Came, thus sad, away—came away in this serious mood.

To what effect?—what was the substance of his speech?

Nay, an I tell you that.....*again*—no, I cannot tell you that.

It was Greek to me—it was quite unintelligible to me. I could not understand what he said.

For—as a punishment for. *Pulling scarfs off*—disrobing; stripping the statues of Caesar.

Are put to silence—have been killed.

More foolery yet—other foolish things were done. *If I could remember it*—but I do not remember them.

Sup with me—Dine with me.

I am promised forth—I have already promised to dine elsewhere.

Your mind hold—if you still wish to invite me to dinner.

Worth the eating—tasty; worth-eating.

Lines 295-321

Blunt—outspoken; so rude of speech. *Is this grown to be*—Casca has become.

Quick mettle—i.e. sharp and intelligent.

When he went to school—i.e. when he was a boy.

So is he now—now also he is quite intelligent. *In execution of*—in carrying out.

However—although. *Puts on this tardy form*—pretends to be dull.

Is a sauce to—gives a relish to.

Good wit—fine, satirical remarks.

Stomach—inclination; willingness.

Digest his words—put up with his rude remarks.

With better appetite—i.e. quite willingly.

And so it is—quite so. *For this time*—for the present.

Come home to you—see you at your house.

Think of the world—think of the present state of affairs in

Rome.

Metal—nature; temper. *Wrought*—worked.

From that—away from that; contrary to that.

From that it is disposed—contrary to its nature; against its natural tendencies.

It is meet—it is proper.

That noble minds keep.....likes—that good souls should always keep company with good souls.

For who so firm.....seduced?—for no one is so strong in character that he cannot be tempted to do wrong.

Doth bear me hard—dislikes me; does not treat me well.

If I were Brutus now.....Cassius—if he and I could change places, i.e., if I were a personal friend of Caesar as Brutus is.

He should not humour me—Brutus would not be able to influence me and turn me against Caesar.

Well, Brutus, thounot humour me.—Brutus leaves Cassius after promising to consider over his words. Cassius then soliloquises over the nature of Brutus. Brutus is certainly noble but, at the same time, he can easily be made to stray from the path of honour. His noble nature can be worked upon, and he can be made to do things which are unhonourable. Cassius generalises that it is proper for noble people always to remain in the company of such people as are noble like them, because there is no one so firm in his nobility as cannot be moved away from it, and act against his natural disposition. Then we get an admirable piece of self-analysis. Cassius says that he is not in the good books of Caesar, but Brutus is very much loved by him. If Brutus and he were to change places, that is if Brutus were disliked by Caesar and Cassius loved by him, then he, Brutus, would not be able to entrap him into the conspiracy against Caesar. The soliloquy is important as it throws light on the real nature of Cassius, and brings out his real motives for the conspiracy against Caesar.

In several hands—written in several hand-writings.

Several citizens—different people.

Writings—written papers. *Tending to*—showing.

The great opinion.....name—the high regard in which Brutus is held in Rome.

Wherein—and in these papers. *Obscurely*—vaguely.

Glanced at—alluded to; hinted at.

Let Caesar seat him sure—‘let Caesar be careful to sit firmly on the saddle’; i.e. Caesar’s power and authority is bound to be shaken.

Shake him—strike a blow at his power and authority.

Or worse days endure—or, failing that, submit to even a worse treatment than Caesar has yet meted out to me.

ACT I : Scene iii

Lines 1-40

Good even—good evening.

Brought you Caesar home?—were you one of those who went with Caesar to his house?

Breathless—panting. *Stare you so*—why do you look so surprised.

Are not you moved—i.e. one cannot help being amazed at what I have seen.

All the sway of earth—the balance of the earth. According to old astronomy, the earth was delicately suspended in empty space and swung to and fro like a pendulum.

Shakes like a thing unfirm—The solid earth is shaken like a sick person trembling with high fever.

Scholding—boisterous; violent.

Rived—shattered; torn.

Knotty oaks—strong oak trees.

Ambitious ocean—the sea-waves aspiring to rise higher and higher and thus reach the sky.

Swell—have risen high. *Rage*—roar.

To be exalted.....clouds—to rise as high as the stormy sky.

Go through—experience.

A civil strife in heaven—a civil war among the gods.

Too saucy with the gods—having become too insolent to the gods.

Incenses them to send destruction—provokes the gods to destroy the world.

Joined—put together.

Not sensible of fire—not feeling any sensation of burning.

Unscorched—unburnt.

Ha 'not since—have not from that moment.

Put up—sheathed; put back into its cover.

Against—opposite.

Glazed upon me—looked angrily at me.

Went surly by—passed by in an angry mood.

Annoying—injuring. *Drawn upon a heap*—huddled together.

Ghastly—horror-stricken.

Transformed with their fear—changed through fear.

All in fire—completely surrounded by fire.

The bird of night—the owl, a bird of ill omen.

Even at noon-day—This was an evil omen, because normally the owl appears only at night.

Prodigies—unnatural phenomena.

Conjointly meet—happen together; take place at one and the same time. *Let not men say 'These are.....etc.'*—i.e., it is no use trying to explain them according to the law of nature.

Portentous things—bad omens.

Unto the climate.....upon—for the country where they appear.

Strange-disposed time—an age in which strange things happen.

Construe things upon their fashion—interpret events in their own way.

Clean from—altogether contrary to. *The purpose of the things themselves*—the real significance of those events.

Lines 41–103

Casca, by your voice—from your voice I know that you are Casca.

Your ear is good—i.e., you have correctly recognised me by my voice.

What night—what a stormy night.

A very pleasing night to honest men—i.e., good men who love their country find such a stormy night in harmony with their feelings. In their heart there is the same storm of passions as they see in the atmosphere.

Who ever knew.....so?—no one ever saw such a stormy sky before.

Those that have known.....faults—“those who are aware of the evils spreading through the country know why there is such a severe storm shaking the sky.”

For my part—so far as I am concerned.

Submitting me....night—exposing myself to the dangers of the storm and the dark night.

Thus unbraced—with the buttons of my coat opened out.

Bared my bosom—exposed my uncovered breast. *Thunder-stone*—the thunder-bolt.

Cross blue lightning—a flash of lightning has a bluish colour—hence ‘blue’; ‘cross’ because of the zig-zag course of lightning.

Open the breast of heaven—seems to split open the sky.

I did present myself—I stood out boldly to face it.

Ev’n in the aim and very flash of it—directly in the path of the lightning.

Wherefore did you.....heavens?—what was your motive in thus facing the stormy sky?

Part—nature. *To fear and tremble*—to be afraid.

By tokens—by means of signs.

Dreadful heralds—messengers of their revenge.

Astonish—amaze.

Those sparks of life—that lively spirit. *You do want*—you lack; you do not have. *Or else you use not*—or you do not put it to use. *Look pale*—appear frightened.

Put on fear—look terror-stricken.

Cast yourself in wonder—seem to be lost in astonishment.

Strange impatience—unusual wrath.

Gliding—moving noiselessly.

From quality and kind—contrary to their natural character.

Fool—play the fool; act foolishly, instead of wisely as their experience should teach them to.

Calculate—act wisely, instead of acting recklessly as is their nature.

Change from their ordinance—depart from their usual course.
Their natures—their character.

Performed faculties—the ends for which their powers were originally intended.

Monstrous quality—some abnormal condition.

Infused them with these spirits—gifted them with these tendencies.

Instruments of fear and warning—means of divine wrath and warning.

Some monstrous state—some abnormal condition.

Name to thee a man—tell you the name of a person.

Most like—who most resembles. *Thunders*—roars like thunder with rage. *Lightens*—in his fits of anger he is like the lightning.

Opens graves—puts people to death.

Roars—speaks loudly.

The lion in the Capitol—the lion you saw near the Capitol.

A man no mightier . . . me—an ordinary man like you or me. *Personal action*—movements of his body. *Prodigious grown*—has become all important. *Fearful*—an object of fear. *Strange eruptions*—unnatural phenomena.

Let it be who it is—never mind who he is.

Thews—muscles; "*Thews and limbs*" means 'bodily strength'.

For Romans now have thews . . . ancestors—the Romans of to-day are as strong as their forefathers and, therefore, strong enough to slay him, whoever he is.

Woe the while :—alas! *Our fathers' minds are dead*—the old Roman spirit has died within us.

We are governed . . . spirits—we have become effeminate or womanish. *Yoke*—servitude; slavery. *Sufferance*—patience. *Show us womanish*—proves that we have become effeminate.

Senators—members of the Senate, parliament of Rome.

Mean—intend. *Establish*—enthroned; instal.

And he shall wear . . . land—and he will be authorized to wear his crown through all the countries subject to Rome.

I know where . . . then—i.e., in that case I shall commit suicide.

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius—I will escape the lot of a slave by putting an end to my life.

Therein—i.e. in giving to man the power of suicide. *Defeat*—frustrate.

Stony tower—stone prison. *Beaten*—solid.

Airless dungeon—a prison in which even air does not enter.

Links of iron—iron chains.

Can be retentive to—can check or confine.

The strength of spirit—i.e. a strong spirit; a heroic soul.

Being weary of—when it feels tired of. *These worldly bars*—this worldly prison. The body is the prison in which the soul is imprisoned during a man's life on earth.

Never lacks power to dismiss itself—has always the power to free itself from that prison.

Know all the world besides—let it be known to all.
That part of tyranny . . . bear—that part of Caesar's despotism
 which affects me. *Shake off at pleasure*—get rid of it whenever I
 like.

Lines 104-138.

Bondman—slave. *In his own hand beads*—possesses. *Cancel*
his captivity—free himself from slavery.

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?—i.e., Caesar has be-
 come a tyrant because of our own weakness.

A wolf—a cruel tyrant.

But sheep—meek and submissive creatures.

Were no lion—would not lord it over them like a lion.

Hinds—deer; i.e., weak people.

Those that with haste . . . straws—the quickest way of produ-
 cing a big fire is to light objects like straw.

Trash—any worthless stuff.

Rubbish—refuse. *Offal*—anything thrown away as worthless.

For the base matter—as fuel to light the fire which increases
 Caesar's glory. *Illuminate*—serve to increase the glory of.

So vile a thing—such a mean creature.

What trash is Rome, what rubbish . . . Caesar—"The idea is
 that as men start a huge fire with worthless straws so Caesar is using
 the degenerate Romans of the time to set the whole world ablaze
 with his own glory" (Hudson).

A willing bondman—one who consents gladly to be a slave.
Then—if this is so.

My answer must be made—I shall have to suffer the cons-
 equences of what I have said, as my remarks will be reported to
 Caesar by you (Casca) and then Caesar will take revenge on me

Arm'd—prepared to suffer the consequences.

Indifferent—of very little importance.

Fleering—grinning. *Tell-tale*—a tale-bearer; an informer.

Hold my hand—here is my hand as a token of my willingness
 to join you.

Be factious—form a party of conspirators.

Redress—remedy; cure. *Grieves*—grievances.

And I will set this foot . . . farthest—and, I am willing to do as
 much as the most active member of the party.

There's a bargain made—we have reached an agreement.

Moved—induced, persuaded.

Undergo with me—join me in.

Of honourable dangerous consequence—our purpose is honour-
 able, dangerous, and important.

By this—by this time. *Stay*—wait. *Pompey's porch*—the
 portico of Pompey's Theatre.

There is no stir . . . streets—there are no passers-by in the
 streets.

Complexion of the element—the weather. *Feverous*—stormy.

The work we have in hand—i.e. the conspiracy. *Bloody-fiery*—murderous.

Stand close—stand aside; let us hide ourselves from view.

Gait—mode of walking. *Where haste you so?*—where are you going in such haste?

Lines 139-170.

One incorporate to our attempts—a member of our own party. *Am I not stayed for?*—are my friends not waiting for me?

But win the noble Brutus to our party—only induce the noble Brutus to join the conspiracy. *Be you content*—be sure that I will do so.

Look you—take care to. *Lay*—put.

The Proctor—Brutus, who held the office of the chief city magistrate. *Chair*—his official seat or magisterial chair.

May but find it—only he should find it there.

Set this up with wax—stick this paper with sealing wax.

Repair—go. *All but*—everyone except. *Hie*—hasten. *Bestow*—dispose of. *Yet are day*—before daybreak.

Three parts of him is ours already—we have nearly won him over to join the conspiracy. *The man entire upon the next encounter*.....ours—one more effort will win him over completely.

He sits high.....hearts—the people have the highest respect for him.

That which would appear....worthiness—just as alchemy changes baser metals into gold, in the same way the support of Brutus will give an appearance of patriotism to our conspiracy which would otherwise seem only self-seeking ambition. 'Countenance' means 'support' or 'approval'. 'Alchemy' was the medieval science which aimed at changing baser metals into gold.

Him—his personal character. *Worth*—value.

Right well conceived—you have correctly judged.

Be sure of him—make sure that he joins our party.

ACT II : Scene i

Lines 1-34.

Progress of the stars—the position of the stars in the sky.

Give guess—guess; conjecture. *How near to day*—how much time is still left for the day to break.

I would it were....soundly—I wish I had this weakness of being a heavy sleeper.

Called you—did you call me?

Get me—take for me. *Taper*—candle. *Study*—a room set apart for reading and writing.

It must be by his death—'It' refers to the freedom of Rome from Caesar's tyranny. *Must be by his death*—must be brought about by the murder of Caesar.

I know no personal cause—I have no private reason. *To spurn at him*—to be hostile to him.

But for the general—but I support the conspiracy for public good.

He would be crowned—Caesar wishes to become the king.

How—in what way. *That*—his becoming the king. *There's the question*—it is a matter worthy of consideration.

Adder—a poisonous snake. *Craves*—demands. *Wary*—cautious.

Crown him?—should we crown him? *That*—if we crown him.

I grant—I admit. *We put a sting in him*—we increase his power of doing harm.

That at his will . . . with—with which he may cause harm whenever he likes.

The abuse of greatness—the evils, which great men do. *Disjoins*—separates. *Remorse*—regret; pity.

The abuse of greatness is . . . power—great men cause much evil when they exercise their power in a pitiless manner

To speak truth of Caesar—to be just to Caesar I must say.

I have not known when . . . reason—i.e. up to the present time Caesar has not misused his power by allowing his emotions (of hate and revenge) to overcome his reason.

'Tis a common proof—it is a matter of common experience.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder—humility is the means by which a young man of ambition tries to rise to power.

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face—the ambitious man uses humility to gain power.

Attains the upmost round—reaches the highest step of the ladder of ambition.

Unto the ladder turns his back—i.e. discards all humility, the means which enabled him to rise.

Looks in the clouds—i.e., becomes haughty and proud.

Base degrees—the lower steps of the ladder i.e. humility.

By which he did ascend—which he used to attain greatness.

But 'tis a common proof . . . he did ascend—Brutus tries to justify his decision to kill Caesar, in spite of his admission that Caesar had done no wrong in the past. Here he uses the simile of a ladder and a man trying to reach its top. When the climber is at the bottom of the ladder, he looks upward while he is climbing. However, when he has reached the top of the ladder, he does not care about the lower steps by which he has climbed. In the same way, ambitious persons, like Caesar, when they are on their way to the height that they want to attain, appear to be very low and humble, but this humility is only apparent. It is merely a show. Once they have attained their ambition and reached the top of the ladder, their mind is in the clouds, they want to rise still higher and do no longer care to be humble as they pretended to be earlier. They do not care for those who helped them to rise high.

So Caesar may—the same may be the case with Caesar.

Then, lest he may, prevent—therefore, lest he should do so we should prevent it beforehand.

Quarrel—"the cause of complaint against him" (Wright).

Will bear no colour—is not justified.

For the thing he is—If we take into account what Caesar has actually done, we are not justified in killing him.

Fashion it thus—put it in this form.

What he is—his present position. *Augmented*—being made more powerful.

Run to these and these extremes—lead to such and such acts of tyranny.

As a serpent's egg—as one who is not dangerous yet, but is capable of becoming dangerous in the future.

Hatched—if hatched; if the young ones come out of the egg. *As his kind*—(1) according to his nature, or (2) like other serpents. *Grow mischievous*—cause harm.

Kill him in the shell—kill the serpent while it is still in the egg; kill Caesar before he has become all-powerful.

Lines 35-58.

Closet—study-room.

Searching—while searching. *Flint*—a kind of stone, used to produce sparks to light a fire.

Exhalations—meteors or shooting stars. They were so-called because they were supposed to be 'breathed out' by the sun.

Whizzling—passing with a hissing sound.

Awake and see thyself—awake from your sleep and reproach yourself for your indifference.

Speak—i.e., incite the people. *Strike*—strike a blow for the sake of liberty. *Redress*—do justice and free Rome from the tyranny of Caesar.

Instigations—incitements.

Where I have took them up—in places where I was likely to find them.

Thus much I piece it out—I may complete the sentence thus. *Stand under one man's awe*—live in fear of one man, Caesar. *What, Rome?*—what! should my beloved country live in fear of Caesar?

My ancestors did from the streets, etc.—The reference is to the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the legendary kings of Rome. He had violated the chastity of a Roman virgin named Lucretia. Junius Brutus, one of the ancestors of Marcus Brutus, had a hand in his defeat and turning out.

If the redress will follow—if the death of Caesar will remove the hardships of the people.

Thy full petition—all that you ask for, from me. *At the hand of Brutus*—from me.

Lines 59-88.

March is wasted fourteen days—fourteen days of March are past.

Since—from the time that. *Whet*—incite.

Acting—actual doing. *Dreadful thing*—some terrible act i.e. the killing of Caesar.

Motion—impulse.

All the interim—the whole interval.

Phantasma—a dreadful vision. *A hideous dream*—a nightmare.

The genius and the mortal instruments—"Instruments" literally means "tools", and hence "lifeless" or "mortal" i.e., perishable. "*Mortal instruments*" refers to the bodily organs, including the brain. This means that "*Genius*" refers to the "immortal spirit", that which gives life to the bodily organs and directs their activities. The two must work in harmony before any great achievement is possible.

Are then in council—hold a consultation, so to say.

The state of man like to a little kingdom—The condition of man at such a time may be compared to that of a little kingdom in which consultations are being held, before some important action is undertaken. *Suffers*—undergoes. *The nature of an insurrection*—something like a rebellion. During such a period the human soul is in a state of excitement as a country is during a rebellion.

Brother—i.e., brother-in-law. Cassius had married Junia, a sister of Brutus.

Moe—more.

Plucked about their ears—pulled over their faces. *Buried*—hidden. *That*—so that. *Discover*—recognise. *Mark of favour*—features.

They are the faction—these are the conspirators.

Shamest thou—art thou ashamed? *Brow*—face.

Evils—wicked things. *Are most free*—wander about most freely.

Cavern—cave.

Mask—hide. *Monstrous visage*—hideous face. *Seek none*—do not try to hide yourself in a cave.

Hide it—i.e., disguise your intentions. *Smiles and affability*—pleasant friendly smiles.

Path—walk abroad. *Native semblance*—true or real form.

If thou path thy native semblance on—if conspirators walk abroad in their own true form.

Erebus—a place of extreme darkness in Hell.

From prevention—from being recognised.

Seek none, Conspiracy . . . from prevention—Brutus comments on the concealment practised by the conspirators. He makes a general observation on the nature of conspiracy. Conspiracy is so ashamed of its dangerous appearance that it does not want to show its face even at the time of night, when everything evil is roaming about freely. He says, if it is so at night, then during day time, what part of earth can be so dark as to conceal the horrible face of conspiracy? He, therefore, suggests that there is no need of any search of a dark place by the conspirators. According to him, it is better for the conspirators to keep smiling and looking very courteous so that their real wickedness is not apparent on their faces.

even the darkness of hell itself would not be sufficient to prevent them from being discovered.

Lines 89-146.

Are too bold upon your rest—have rudely disturbed you in your rest.

I have been up this hour—I came out of bed an hour ago.

No man here but honours you—everyone of us has great respect for you.

Watchful cares—anxieties that keep a man awake.

Do interpose themselves . . . night—have prevented you from sleeping tonight ; have come in the way of your sleep.

Shall I entreat a word?—may I talk with you apart for a while?

Doth not the day break here ?—is it not in that direction that the sun rises ?

Lines—streaks.

Fret—make of various colours. *Messengers of day*—signs which tell that the day is about to dawn.

Here as I point my sword—in the direction in which I am pointing my sword.

Which is a great . . . south—the point where the sun rises is much more towards the South.

Weighing the youthful . . . year—considering that it is only March yet, quite early in the new year.

Some two months hence . . . fire—in May the sun will rise in a more northerly direction, and then it would be much more hot.

High east—In the east.

Stands—lies. *Directly*—exactly in the direction in which I am pointing.

Critical Note—"This little conversation is to fill up the interval while Brutus and Cassius converse apart, and still more, to give a certain repose. A pause like this, occupied with the kind of trivial, ordinary talk that belongs to every age, lends indescribable naturalness and reality to the whole story" (Verity).

All over—all of you.

Swear our resolution—take an oath to remain true to our resolve.

No, not an oath—no,—no oath is needed.

Face of men—the shame which one would feel from the reproachful looks of the world, if one turned a traitor to our whole cause.

Sufferance—suffering; pain.

The time's abuse—the evils of the present age.

If these be motives weak—if these considerations are not sufficiently strong to keep us true to our cause.

Break off betimes—dissolve the conspiracy as early as possible.

And every man hence . . . bed—and let every one of us go home and sleep.

Let high-sighted tyranny range on—let the proud tyrant Caesar rule in Rome, as despotically as he likes.

Drop by lottery—be put to death in his turn.

If these—if these motives.

Bear fire enough—are of sufficient force to inspire us and bind us.

Kindle—rouse to courage, inspire. *Steel with valour*—strengthen with courage and determination. *Melting spirits of women*—tender hearts even of women.

What need we—we do not require. *Spur*—incitement. *But our own cause*—except our own love of liberty.

Prick us to redress—encourage us in our attempts to right the wrongs of the people of Rome.

Than secret Romans—than the fact that we are Romans pledged to secrecy. *That have spoke the word*—who have taken the pledge to work for the liberty of Rome.

Palter—equivocate; use words with a double meaning so as to deceive others. “speak unsteadily or dubiously with the intention to deceive”—(Craik).

Than honesty to honesty engaged—than the fact that honourable men have given a pledge to honourable men.

That this shall be.....it—that they shall work for the cause of liberty, or, failing in it, die in the attempt.

Swear—i.e., make them take an oath.

Priests—the reference is to Catholic priests who were suspected of plotting constantly against the Protestants. ‘Catholics’ and ‘Protestants’ are the two branches of Christian religion.

Cantelous—deceitful,

Carrions—dead bodies.

Suffering souls—patient, all-enduring people.

Welcome wrongs—endure troubles so silently, as if they welcomed them.

Unto bad causes swear such creatures as men doubt—make untrustworthy men swear when they join in some unjust cause.

Stain—blemish. *Even virtue*—pure, honesty and goodness.

Insuppressible metal—dauntless resolution; irrepressible courage.

To think—by supposing. *Performance*—deeds. *Is guilty*—would be considered guilty. *Several bastardy*—each one of such a person would be considered not a true son of his father, but an illegitimate one.

Break—violate. *Smallest particle*—minutest part.

That hath passed from him—which he has made.

Lines 147—200

Sound him—ascertain his willingness to join the conspiracy without letting him know it.

Stand very strong with us—be a staunch supporter of our party. *Silver hairs*—old age. *Purchase us a good opinion*—win for us a good reputation; make men think well of us.

Buy men's voices—make the public. *Commend our deeds*—to

support our acts. *His judgment ruled our hands*—that we were guided by his advice.

Youths—youthfulness. *Wildness*—rashness. *No whit*—not at all.

Be buried in his gravity—be concealed in his seriousness and reputation of wisdom.

Name him not—do not mention him. *Break with him*—tell our plans to him.

For he will never.....begin—for he will not consent to join in any scheme begun by others.

Touched—i.e., put to death. *Well urged*—this is an important point for consideration. *Meet*—proper. *Find of him*—find him to be. *Shrewd contriver*—a cunning intriguer. *Means*—influence.

Improve—make use of. *Stretch so far*—go to such an extent. *Annoy us*—cause us harm. *Fall together*—be killed together.

Our course will seem too bloody—our actions will then appear too murderous.

To cut the head off....limbs—i.e. it would be an act of needless cruelty, like cutting off a man's head and afterwards cutting his limbs to pieces.

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards—as though the men were murdered in a fit of anger and their limbs were then cut off out of vindictiveness.

Antony is but a limb of Caesar—i.e. Antony is as powerless without Caesar, as one's hand is when the body is dead.

Sacrificers—i.e. men who kill some one for some noble cause. *Butchers*—men who commit murder for personal gain.

Stand up against—oppose. *The spirit of Caesar*—i.e. his tyranny.

And in the spirit of men.....blood—and to put down tyranny it is not necessary to murder Antony or anybody else.

O, that we then could Caesar—I wish we could put down Caesar's tyranny without murdering even him. *To come by*—'to obtain possession of'. *'Dismember'*—'to cut down limb by limb', *'member'*—a 'limb'.

Caesar must bleed for it—i.e., it is not possible to put down Caesar's tyranny without killing him. So he is to be killed, but none else.

Wrathfully—with anger.

Let's carve him....gods—i.e. let us slay him as though he were a victim killed at a religious sacrifice.

Not hew him....hounds—not tear him to pieces as a hunted animal is by hunting dogs.

Subtle—prudent; shrewd. *Stir up*—instigate. *To an act of rage*—to commit murder or other acts of violence.

Seem to chide 'em—make a pretence of rebuking them when they have done that act of violence.

Our purpose—the murder of Caesar. *Necessary and not envious*—i.e. as something essential for the good of Rome, and not something the result of malice.

Which so appearing to the common eyes—and if the public thinks that the murder of Caesar was done for the good of Rome.

Purgers—liberators; men who have freed Rome from a great evil.

For he can do no more....off—for when Caesar is dead he will become entirely powerless, and will be able to do no more than the limbs of dead Caesar.

Ingrafted love—deep-rooted love.

Take thought—give way to sorrow.

And that were much he should—and even this is perhaps too much to expect from him. *Given to sports*—fond of games.

Wildness—dissipation; merry-making. *Much company*—moving in undesirable society. *No fear*—no cause of fear.

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter—i.e. in course of time Antony will forget all about the murder of Caesar and grow indifferent to it.

Lines 201—245.

Stricken—struck.

To part—to disperse.

Come forth—come out of his house. *For he is.....late*—for he has recently become superstitious.

Quite from—quite contrary to. *Main opinion*—strong opinion. *Fantasy*—imagination; illusions. *Ceremonies*—religious observances.

These apparent prodigies—these strange phenomena that have been seen by all.

Unaccustomed terror—extraordinary horror.

Persuasion—advice. *Augurers*—men who foretell the future.

Hold him from—stop him from going to.

If he be so resolved—if that is his intention. *O'ersway him*—make him change his mind.

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees—"A unicorn is a mythological creature with one big horn. It is said the unicorn could be caught by a hunter, who allowed himself to be swiftly chased by the unicorn and then suddenly stood behind a tree, so that when it made a violent push at the hunter, its horn pierced the tree, instead of the hunter, and got stuck fast in the trunk. The hunter then easily caught the animal. This was how a unicorn was "betrayed with trees."

Bears with glasses—It is said bears can be easily caught by a mirror held up before their eyes. The animal would gaze fixedly on the mirror, and so the hunter would easily catch it.

Elephants with holes—the method of catching wild elephants is by using tame elephants to take them to pits, lightly covered with grass, tree branches, etc.

Lions with toils—Lions can be caught in strong nets spread out for them.

Men with flatterers—the way to catch men is to deceive them by flattery.

Being then most flattered—by the remark which pleases him most.

Work—employ my cunning.

Give his humour the true bent—turn his inclination in the direction most suited to my purpose.

Be there to fetch him—go to Caesar's house to take him to the Capitol.

By the eighth hour—by 8 o'clock. *The uttermost*—the latest.

Doth bear Caesar hard—hates Caesar strongly. *Rated*—scolded. *Speaking well of*—praising. *Thought of him*—i.e. as a man likely to join the conspiracy.

Go along by him—pass by his house on your way home. *I have given him reasons*—I have done something for him for which he loves me.

I'll fashion him—I will induce him to join the conspiracy.

Put on our purposes—betray our intentions. *Bear it*—behave. *Untried spirits*—freshness and enthusiasm. *Formal constancy*—"dignified self-possession"—(Wright); "the appearance of perfect freedom from anxiety" (Craik).

It is no matter—never mind.

Honey-heavy dew of slumber—sweet refreshing sleep.

Figures—imaginary shapes. *Fantasies*—visions. *Which busy care... men*—which haunt the minds of worried men.

Lines 246-325.

It is not for your health... morning—the cold of the early morning is not suitable for you in your weak health.

Not for yours neither—neither is it good for your health.

Ungently—unkindly. *Stole from*—come out of. *Yesternight*—last night. *Arose*—stood up. *Walked about*—paced up and down the room.

Musing—lost in thought. *Across*—folded cross-wise upon your breast.

With ungentle looks—in an unkind manner. *Urged*—pressed. *Stretch'd your head*—a sign of anxiety. *Impatiently*—angrily. *Stamped with your foot*—struck your foot upon the ground. It is a sign of anger. *Wafture*—movement.

Strengthen that impatience—increase that anger. *Which seemed too much enkindled*—which was already great. *Withal*—at the same time.

But an effect of humour—resulted from a passing mood; was the whim of a moment and would soon pass away. *Humour*—whim; mood.

Hath his hour with every man—every man has such whims or moods.

And could it work so much... Brutus—if it were to produce as great a change in your outward appearance as it has produced in your nature, I would not be able to recognise you.

Make me acquainted... grief—let me know the secret of your trouble.

Embrace the means to come by it—take steps to recover your health.

Why, so I do—certainly, I am trying to regain my health.

Physical—conducive to health. *Unbraced*—opened.

Suck up—inhale. *Humours*—unhealthy vapours. *Dank*—wet ; damp. *Wholesome*—healthy.

Dare—run the risk of exposure to. *Vile contagion*—impure air likely to cause disease.

Tempt—defy ; expose yourself to. *Rheumy*—damp. *Unpurged*—impure.

Some sick offence within your mind—some worry or anxiety.

Virtue—privilege. *Of my place*—of a wife. *Charm*—pray to you. *By my once commended beauty*—by my beauty which you once admired. *That great vow*—the vow taken at the time of marriage.

Incorporate—joined together. *Unfold*—reveal. *Your half*—wife. *Heavy*—sad. *Have had resort to you*—came to you. *Even from darkness*—even on a dark night.

I should not need. . . *Brutus*—had you told me your secret, it would not have been necessary for me to kneel.

Within the bond of marriage—from the terms of the marriage contract ; from the bond which unites us as husband and wife.

Is it excepted. . . *you* ?—is there any exception in the terms of the marriage contract which require that the wife should know her husband's secrets ? Are there any such secrets as a wife must not know ?

Am I yourself—am I a part of you or not ?

But, as it were, in sort of limitation—only in a limited sense.

Keep with you—live in your company.

Dwell I but in the suburbs. . . *pleasure* ?—do I not enjoy your full love and confidence ? The 'suburbs' were in those days the outskirts of a city inhabited by people who did not enjoy full rights of citizenship. The suburbs of London were, in the time of Shakespeare, the resort of prostitutes and disreputable persons.

If it be no more—if my position be no better than this. *Harlot*—a prostitute.

The ruddy drops that visit my sad heart—my life-blood.

If this were true—If I were your true and honourable wife.

Withal—at the same time. *Took to wife*—choose as his wife. *Well reputed*—of good fame.

Cato's daughter—Marcus Cato was born in B.C. 95. He was a man of rigid principles. He strongly opposed some of the measures introduced by Caesar, Pompey and Cassius. In B.C. 46, he committed suicide to escape being captured by Caesar.

No stronger than my sex—weak, like other women.

Being so fathered and so husbanded—having such a father as Cato and such a husband as Brutus.

Counsels—secrets.

Made strong proof of my constancy—put my strength to a severe test. *Giving*—by giving. *Voluntary*—self-inflicted.

O ye gods, render me worth....wife—I pray the gods may make me worthy enough to be a fit husband to you.

Go in—go inside the house. *By and by thy bosom shall partake*—I will shortly tell you. *Engagements*—undertakings. *Construe*—explain. *All the characters of my sad brows*—all the reasons which make me so sad.

Lines 326-352.

How—how are you? Metellus had a handkerchief tied round his head, hence the question.

Vouchsafe—accept. *Feeble tongue*—a sick man.

Chose out—chosen. *What a time...kerchief*—you have fallen ill at a moment when your help is urgently needed. *To wear a kerchief*—to fall sick. *Would*—would that: I wish that.

If Brutus have in hand—if you require me to take part in. *Exploit worthy the name of honour*—a brave deed fit to be done by an honourable person.

Had you a healthful.....it—I would have told you of such a deed, if you had been in good health.

Bow before—worship.

Discard my sickness—throw off my illness. (Ligarius here pulls off his kerchief.) *Soul of Rome*—O thou noblest of Romans—referring to Brutus. *Derived from honourable loins*—sprung from noble ancestors.

Exorcist—one who drives out evil spirits from the bodies of men; but Shakespeare uses it here for one who calls up spirits. *Conjured up*—called with your magic spells. *My mortified spirit*—my spirit that was dead in me.

Thou like an exorcist.....spirit—just as a magician calls up the spirits of the dead and makes them do his bidding, in the same way you have infused life into my dead soul, now I am ready to undertake any bold and honourable task. *Bid me run*—tell me to do any thing, and I will do it. *Strive with things impossible*—attempt even the impossible. *Yea, get the better of them*—do them, successfully.

What's to do—what is to be done? *Make sick men whole*—restore sick men to health.

But are not some whole.....sick?—is it not our plan to make sick some one who is at present in good health?

That must we also—that is certainly our intention. *New-fired*—infused with fresh enthusiasm. *But it sufficeth.....on*—but it is enough for me to know that Brutus is my leader.

ACT II : Scene ii

Lines 1-38.

Nor heaven nor earth....to-night—both the earth and the sky have been stormy to-night.

Do present sacrifice—offer an animal as a sacrifice to the gods immediately.

Their opinions of success—let me know what, in their opinion, the sacrifice foretells. *Success*—result.

Stir—move.

Shall forth—is determined to go out. *The things that threatened me*—dangers. *Ne'er looked but on my back*—had not the courage to look me in the face ; they disappear as soon as I turn my face to them. *They are vanished*—they at once disappear.

I never stood on ceremonies—I never attached importance to signs or omens.

Recounts—describes. *The watch*—the night watchmen. *Whelped*—gave birth to a cub. *Yawned*—opened out. *Yielded up their dead*—threw out the dead bodies. *Fiery*—hot with rage.

In ranks and squadrons—in groups, not singly. *Right form of war*—in regular military formation. *Drizzled blood*—caused a light shower of blood. *Hurtled*—clashed. *Shriek and squeal*—scream and cry.

Beyond all use—extraordinary ; unnatural.

What can be avoided...gods?—no one can prevent what the gods propose.

Predictions—omens.

Are to the world ..Caesar—have no special evil meaning for me ; they affect the whole country.

Comets—a planet with a tail of light, appearing in the sky at long intervals and believed to be a sign of some approaching national disaster. *Blaze forth*—proclaim.

Cowards die many times before their death—fearful persons constantly suffer the pain of death even in their life-time by their constant fear of death.

The valiant never taste of death but once—brave people die only once, because they never fear death.

Seeing that—inasmuch as. *A necessary end*—the necessary end of life.

Cowards die many a time.....when it will come—Caesar tells Calpurnia that he is not afraid of death. He is not a coward. A coward, who fears death, dies not once but many times. The brave, on the other hand, die only once. What Caesar means to say is that those who are afraid of death constantly suffer the pain and horror of death through their imagination, but the brave suffer the horror of death only when they die. He further adds that it is very surprising that man should be afraid of death. Death is a certainty, and all are sure to die at the appointed time. Therefore, it is no use to try to avoid it. He will, therefore, go to the Capitol.

The line "*cowards die many a time before their deaths*", has become a common everyday proverb.

Lines 39-110.

They would not have...today—they do not wish that you should go out of the home today.

Plucking forth—while taking out. *Entrails*—intestines. *Offering*—an animal offered as sacrifice to the gods.

The gods do this in shame of cowardice—the gods have caused the beast's heart to vanish in order to put cowards to shame.

Caesar should be—I would be (a beast without a heart). *A beast without a heart*—a coward.

Caesar shall not—I will certainly not stay at home.

Caesar is more dangerous than he—Caesar is more dangerous than the greatest danger.

We are two lions...day—Danger and myself are twin cubs born at one and the same time.

Danger knows full welland more terrible—In Act, II, Scene ii of the play Calpurnia prays to Caesar not to go out that day, as she has dreamed a horrible dream, and she is afraid of his safety. But Caesar tells her that he will go out. He boasts of his fearless nature. He personifies danger and says that he is far more dangerous than danger itself. He says that danger and he are two lions born on the same day, but he (Caesar) was born earlier, and so he is older and, therefore, more dangerous. The lines bring out the arrogant and boastful nature of Caesar.

Consumed in confidence—ruined because of over-confidence or an undue sense of security.

Call it my fear that keeps...own—you may say that you are staying at home because I am afraid, and not you.

Prevail in this—grant my request in this matter. *For thy humour*—just to satisfy your whim.

All hail—a common greeting.

Fatch—escort. *In very happy time*—just when you were needed. *Bear my greeting*—convey my compliments.

Cannot is false—"cannot" would be untrue, because there is no physical difficulty in my going. *Dare not*—have not the courage to go. *Will not come*—it is my will not to go, and so I do not go. There is no other reason.

Have I in conquest...far—surely I have not had a long career as a conqueror (so that now I should be afraid to tell the truth).

Afear'd—afraid.

Greybeards—old fools, the senators. Caesar has little respect for them.

The cause is in my will—the reason is that I do not want to go.

For your private satisfaction—to satisfy you personally. *Stays*—detains; compels me to stay at home.

Spouts—pipes. *Lusty*—vigorous; strong. *Bathe*—wash.

Apply for—interpret as. *Portents*—evil omens. *Imminent*—about to happen. *All amiss*—quite wrongly. *A vision fair and fortunate*—a dream foretelling good fortune.

Spouting—emitting; giving out. *Signifies*—means. *Suck*—derive. *Reviving blood*—new life. *Press*—crowd round you. *For*—begging for. *Tinctures*—a coat of arms or "armorial bearings". Men who had established their position as well-to-do gentlemen were granted a coat of arms, a kind of badge or medal, to distinguish their family.

Stains—distinctive colours for their coat of arms. *Relics*—

memorials. *Cognizance*—badges of honor, awarded in recognition of their services.

And this way...it—our interpretation of the dream is an excellent one. *Expounded*—explained.

I have, when you have heard...say—you will call it a good explanation indeed when you have heard what I am now going to tell you.

And know it now—and it is this. *Concluded*—decided.

It were a mock—it would be a mockery or making fun of.

Apt to be rendered—likely to be quoted or repeated.

Break up—dissolve; adjourn.

Whisper—suggest.

My dear, dear love to your proceeding—my great interest in your life and career.

And reason to my love is liable—**Wright** explains as follows :—“My reason is subject to and under the control of my love, and I have spoken more freely than was becoming”;—and **Craik** as follows :—“And if I have acted wrongly in telling you, my excuse is, that my reason where you are concerned is subject to and overborne by my affection.”

Lines 111–135.

Publius—a nephew (sister's son) of Mark Antony.

Are you stirred—have you come out of your house ?

Caesar was ne'er so much...lean—you perhaps think that I am your enemy, but your real enemy is not myself, but that fever which has reduced you so much.

Pains—trouble. *Courtesy*—kindness.

Revels long o' nights—indulges in pleasures up to a late hour in the night. *Is notwithstanding up*—has still risen early and come here.

Bid them prepare within—tell my attendants to get ready to follow me to the Capitol.

Call on me—come and see me.

And so near will I be...further—yes, I shall be close enough to you, to stab you but not to talk to you.

Straightway—at once.

That every like is not the same—things are not what they seem. The remark refers to Caesar's words “like friends.” These so called friends of Caesar are not really his friends.

Yearns—grieves. *The heart of Brutus...upon*—my heart is sad to think that the so-called friends of yours are not your friends in reality.

ACT II : Scene iii

Have an eye to—carefully watch. *Mark well*—watch carefully.

Wronged—offended. *There is but one mind...men*—all these men have the same motive.

Bent against—hostile to.

Look about you—take care. *Security gives way to conspiracy*—over-confidence leads one to fall a victim to conspirators. *Suitor*—petitioner.

My heart laments....emulation—I am sincerely grieved that even a good man like you cannot escape the enmity of envious men.

The fates with traitors do contrive—your fate itself seems to be assisting these treacherous people to kill you.

ACT II : Scene iv

Lines 1-23.

Stay not to answer me—do not wait to reply to my question. *Get thee gone*—go off quickly.

My errand—my business; the purpose for which I am being sent.

I would have had....again—I wish you to go there and return as quickly as you can.

Constancy—firmness. *Be strong upon my side*—help me.

Set a huge mountain....tongue—place a huge barrier as high as a mountain between my heart and tongue so that my tongue may not express the cause of my agitation.

Mind—firmness of mind. *Might*—strength; power of endurance.

How hard it is.....counsel—it is extremely difficult for a woman to keep a secret.

He went sickly forth—he was sick when he left the house. *Take good note*—observe carefully.

Bustling rumour—a murmuring sound. *Fray*—a fight. *The wind brings....Capitol*—the noise comes from the direction of the Capitol.

Sooth—in sooth; truly.

Lines 24-52.

Which way hast thou been ?—where are you coming from ?

Hast some suit to—has a petition to present to.

To be so good to Caesar—to be so mindful of his own interests.

Beseech him to befriend himself—entreat him to take care of himself.

Know'st thou any harm's....him ?—do you know of any danger that threatens him ?

None that I know....chance—I have heard of nothing definite, but I am afraid of the possibility of some danger.

Throng—crowd. *At the heels*—behind him. *Proctors*—magistrates. *Crowd*—stand close round him. *Get me*—go. *Void*—open.

Speed thee—May God grant you success in your scheme.

Brutus hath a suit.....grant—This is to deceive Lucius. Portia thinks that the boy has heard her speaking of Brutus' intentions, and fearing lest he should guess the secret, she speaks as though the

'enterprise' mentioned by her is some petition that Brutus has to make to Caesar. *Enterprise*—some dangerous undertaking.

Commend me to my lord—convey my good wishes to my husband.

ACT III : Scene i

Lines 1-30.

The Ides of March are come—Caesar is making a mocking reference to the warning of the soothsayer in Act I, Scene ii.

But not gone—but not yet past.

Schedule—a piece of paper on which some words are written.

O'er-read—read it through. *At your best leisure*—as soon as you have the time to do so. *Touches Caesar nearer*—concerns you closely.

Touches us ourself—concerns me personally. *Served*—attended to.

Give place—stand aside.

Thrive—succeed.

Our purpose is discovered—our intention has become known.

Makes to—advances towards.

Casca, be sudden—Casca, who was to strike the blow first, is now asked to be quick.

Prevention—we would be prevented from doing what we intend to do.

If this be known—if the plot has become known.

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back—i.e., either I shall slay Caesar or slay myself, so that one of us shall not return alive from the Capitol.

Constant—firm ; unmoved.

Popilius Lena speaks not . . . change—Popilius has not told Caesar of our purpose, for there is no change in the appearance of Caesar. He shows no anger or fear. *Doth not change*—does not change colour—looks neither pale with fear nor red with anger—as he would have done if the conspiracy was known by him.

His time—the time when he is to take Antony away.

Lines 31-85.

Presently—immediately. *Prefer his suit*—present his petition. *Address'd*—ready. *Second*—support.

Rears your hand—is to strike the blow.

What is now amiss that Caesar . . . redress?—are there any wrongs or grievances that Caesar has to set right to-day. In other words, what are the petitions we have to hear to-day?

Puissant—powerful. *Throws before thy seat . . . heart*—kneels down humbly before you.

Prevent—I stop you from kneeling before me in such an humble fashion.

Couchings—bending on the knees. *Lowly courtesies*—humble bows. *Fire the blood of*—influence ; move the heart of.

Turn—change. Pre-ordination and first decree—matters upon which orders have already been passed. Into the law of children—something childish and worthless.

Fond to think—so foolish as to suppose. Bears such rebel blood—is so changeable. That will be—that he will be. Thaw'd from the true quality—changed from his real nature. With that which melteth fools—by that (sweet words or flattery) which softens the hearts of fools.

Low crooked court'sies—humble bows and bending of the knees, in humility and prayer.

Base—ignoble; servile. Spaniel-fawning—mean flattery, as if one were a dog following his master.

By decree—by a legal sentence.

Spurn—kick. Cur—dog.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong....satisfied—Caesar says, "My orders are based on right decisions and I will not modify them except for sufficient reasons."

Is there no voice....own—is there no one who is in greater favour with Caesar than myself?

To sound more sweetly....ear—i.e., who will recommend my case to Caesar?

Repealing—i.e., recall.

Freedom of repeal—right to return to his country from banishment.

What, Brutus!—Caesar is surprised to find even Brutus supporting Popilius.

Fall—kneel down.

Enfranchisement—freedom; here freedom to return to his country.

Well moved—easily influenced. Were as you—were like you in character.

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me—"If I could make use of entreaties to induce others to grant favours to me, then I myself might be induced by the entreaties of others to grant favours to them, but I am not in the habit of begging favours from others, so I listen to no begging from others."

Constant—fixed in my purpose. As the northern star—like the Pole Star.

True-fixed and resting quality—the quality of remaining ever fixed and immovable.

Fellow—equal. Firmament—the sky.

Painted with unnumber'd sparks—decorated with innumerable stars.

All fire—all bright and shining like fire. Shine—shed light.

But there's but one....place—but there is only one star among them all that remains fixed.

Furnish'd well with men—thickly populated with human beings.

Apprehensive—having intelligence.

In the number—in the whole race of mankind. But one—only

one. *Unassailable*—unmoved ; firm. *Holds on his rank*—continues to keep his place ; stands firm.

Unshaked of motion—unaffected by influences that move others. *That I am he*—I am that constant person.

But I am constant . . . unshaked of motion.—Caesar boasts that he is as constant as in the pole star. He compares himself with the pole star which remains at one place and always points to the North. Caesar means that just as the pole star does not change its position, similarly he will not change his decision. There are a large number of stars in the sky and all these stars have heat and light in them, but out of all these stars, there is only one star, the pole star, that holds its place and does not change its position. Similarly, in the world there are a large number of men, and of all men, according to Caesar, there is only one who holds on to his position, unaffected by anything whatsoever, and that person is Caesar himself.

Let me a little . . . this—I want to prove that I am constant in the matter of the banishment of Publius Cimber.

That I was constant . . . banished—I ordered Cimber's banishment after careful thought.

And constant do remain . . . so—and I remain firm in my decision that he should remain in banishment.

Hence—go away ! *Wilt thou lift up Olympus*—to try to move me is as impossible as to try to move Mt. Olympus, the great mountain supposed to be the abode of the gods.

Bootless—without profit ; to no purpose.

Lines 86–105.

Speak hands for me—words are of no use ; let us use force.

Et tu Brute—you too Brutus ! Caesar is shocked to see Brutus, his best friend, joining the other conspirators in stabbing him.

Then fall, Caesar !—in that case I must die.

Tyranny is dead—the tyrant is dead. *Proclaim, cry it about the streets*—announce this to the people.

The common pulpits—the public platforms. *Cry out*—proclaim. *Enfranchisement*—freedom. *Affrighted*—frightened ; panic-stricken.

Ambition's debt is paid—Caesar has suffered death on account of his great personal ambition.

Confounded—bewildered. *Mutiny*—disorder.

Stand fast—stand close. *Should chance*—should happen to attack us.

Talk not of standing—i.e., we must leave this place at once. *Good cheer*—be cheerful.

Rushing on us—attacking us in large numbers. *Do your age some mischief*—cause harm to an old man like you.

Abide this deed—be held responsible for this murder. *But we the doers*—except we ourselves who have done it.

Lines 106–136.

Amazed—in wonder. *As it were doomsday*—as if the last day, the day of judgement, had come.

Fates, we will know your pleasures—i.e. we shall like to know the fate that is in store for us—whether we shall live or die. *'Tis but the time and drawing days out*...upon—men want to know only two things—(1) as to when they will die, and (2) as to how they can prolong their life.

Why, he that casts off...death—i.e., surely the sooner a man dies the sooner he escapes from the fear of death.

Grant that, and—if we admit that this is so. *Benefit*—a blessing. *Abridged*—shortened.

Stoop—bend down. *Bathe*—wash. Bathing the hands in the blood of a sacrificial victim was an old religious custom, by following which Brutus makes the murder of Caesar a religious affair, like the offering of a sacrifice to the gods.

Besmeare—rub some of the blood on (your weapons).

Waving—brandishing. *Red weapons*—blood-stained swords.

How many ages hence—in some future age. *Shall this our lofty*...over—the murder of Caesar shall be acted on the stages of countless theatres, in times to come. *In states unborn*...unknown—in countries that have not yet come into being and in languages not yet known.

How many times...sport—many a time shall the murder of Caesar be enacted on the stage.

On Pompey's base—at the foot of Pompey's statue. *Lies along*—lies dead.

No worthier than—as base as. *So oft as that shall be*—each time the murder of Caesar is enacted on the stage.

The knot of us—our party. *The men that gave*...liberty—those who freed Rome from the tyranny of Caesar.

Shall we forth—shall we go forth. *Ay, every man away*—yes, let each of us go away.

Grace his heels—follow him.

Soft—wait a moment.

Lines 137-162.

Fall down—prostrate myself. *Valiant*—brave. *Vouchsafe*—kindly promise. *Resolved*—informed; told. *How Caesar hath deserved*...death—the reasons for the murder of Caesar.

Mark Antony shall not love...living—i.e. Antony would a greater friend of Brutus than he was of dead Caesar. *Follow the fortunes and affairs of*—follow the cause of; become a follower of.

Thorough—through.

Hazards—risks and dangers. *This untrod state*—the present uncertain state of affairs in Rome. The uncertain state of affairs in Rome after the murder of Caesar is compared to an unknown country with no charts or maps to guide the traveller.

With all true faith—loyally.

If Brutus will vouchsafe...with all true faith.—As soon as Caesar is murdered, Antony goes out of the Capitol. However, a moment later he sends a messenger to convey his terms for peace and friendship to the conspirators. If Brutus will guarantee the personal

safety of Antony, he will come to meet them there. He would request them to explain to him their reasons for the murder of Caesar. If he is convinced that Caesar has been murdered for good reasons, that he really deserved to die, he will be reconciled to them. He is a practical man of the world, and as such he would not love the dead Caesar more than Brutus who is still living. He will become a true friend and follower of Brutus. He will follow him through all the dangers and difficulties that lie ahead.

Antony is a shrewd politician and all this talk of friendship and reconciliation is intended to throw dust into the eyes of the conspirators.

I never thought him worse—I always believed him to be a wise and noble Roman.

Depart untouch'd—go away from here unharmed. *Fetch him presently*—go and bring him here immediately.

Have him well to friend—it would be good for us, if he becomes our friend.

Have I a mind that fears him much—I suspect him, and am much afraid of him.

My misgiving still.....purpose—my suspicion always turns out to be true. 'Still'—'always', as is usual in Shakespeare.

Lines 163—226.

Spoils—shields and glories won in war.

Shrunk to this little measure—come to nothing.

What you intend—what are your intentions. *Be let blood*—be put to death. *Rank*—diseased, 'rotten' and so fit to die. *If I myself*—if I myself am to be the next victim.

Caesar's death's hour—the hour of Caesar's death. *Instrument*—weapon. *Of half that worth*—half so noble. *Made rich*—ennobled. *With the most noble.....world*—with the blood of the noblest man that ever lived.

Bear me hard—hate me. *Purpled*—blood-stained. *Do reek and smoke*—are coloured with fresh blood.

Fulfil your pleasure—carry out your wishes. *Live*—even if I live.

Apt—ready. *Mean*—means. *By Caesar*—by the side of Caesar. *By you cut off*—put to death by you. *The choice and master spirits of this age*—the best, the noblest men of the present age.

Live a thousand years.....master spirits of this age.—On being assured that no harm will be done to him, Antony returns to the Capitol. Seeing the body of Caesar, he is overwhelmed with grief. However, he soon controls himself, and then addresses the conspirators and says that even if he lived a thousand years, he will not find a better place or time for his death. There can be no better means of death for him than that very sword by which noble Caesar was killed. He would consider himself lucky, if he, too, were to be killed by Brutus and Cassius, the most honourable Romans of the age.

Beg not your death of us—do not pray to us to put you to death.

Our hands—our blood-stained hands. *This our present act*—the murder of Caesar.

We do—we do appear bloody and cruel. *See you but our hands*—you see only our outward act, not our motives which were noble and patriotic.

The bleeding business they have done—the murder that our hands have committed. *They are pitiful*—our hearts are full of sorrow and pity.

Pity to the general wrong of Rome—our sympathy for the wrongs suffered by Rome. *As fire drives out fire*.... *pity*—just as a larger fire swallows up a smaller fire, in the same way our sympathy for Caesar is lost in our wider sympathy for the people of Rome. *Hath done this deed on Caesar*—has led us to murder Caesar.

For your part—so far as you are concerned. *Our swords have leaden points*—our swords have a blunt edge, i.e., are harmless.

Our arms no strength of malice—our arms lack that strength which is derived from enmity or hatred, and so they cannot harm you.

Of brother's temper—are full of feelings, of friendship. *Good thoughts*—friendly intentions.

Voice—vote. *Your voice shall be*.... *man's*—we promise that you shall have as much say as any other person. *Disposing of new dignities*—distribution of state patronage; making of appointments.

Appeased—satisfied. *Multitude*—the common people. *Beside themselves with fear*—mad with fear.

Deliver you—tell you. *Why I, that did love*..... *proceeded*—why I, who was a friend of Caesar, joined in killing him.

Render—give, Antony wants to shake hands with each one of the conspirators.

Though last, not least in love—“though I shake hands with you last of all, yet for that reason you are not the less important or less loved.”

Credit—reputation. *Stands on such slippery ground*—is fallen so low. *Conceit me*—think of me.

Thy spirit—your soul. *Grieve thee dearer than thy death*—cause you more pain than that you have suffered in dying. *‘Dearer’*—more acute. *Making his peace*—coming to terms with; making friendship with. *Corse*—corpse; dead body.

Weeping as fast.... *blood*—shedding tears as quickly as thy wounds are shedding blood.

Become me better—are more fitting for me. *Close in terms of friendship*—enter into friendship with.

Here wast thou bay'd—at this spot you were surrounded and attacked as an animal is by hunters.

Hart—a deer. *Hunters*—murderers.

Sign'd in thy spoil—marked with thy blood as though it were the blood of a hunted animal. *‘Spoil’* is a technical term used for

the capture of the prey and the dividing of it among those that had taken part in the hunt.

Crimsoned in thy lethe—the word 'lethe' has aroused much controversy. "This word," says Wright, "has hitherto received no satisfactory explanation." The usual meaning of 'lethe' is 'forgetfulness' a meaning derived from Lethe, a river in the under-world, from which the spirits of the dead were supposed to drink to forget their earthly life. But 'lethe' also, in places, means 'death'. Hence several editors explain this phrase as meaning 'stained with thy blood', and this explanation seems to be most suitable.

Thou wast the forest to this hart—the comparison of Caesar to a hart is continued. The world was the forest in which this hart (Caesar) dwelt.

This—Caesar. *The heart of thee*—the centre of the world. *Strucken*—shot at, killed.

Lines 227-274.

Then—if so. *In a friend*—if a friend says this. *It is cold modesty*—it is but moderate praise. *Modesty*—moderation.

Compact—agreement; *Mean you to have with us*—do you intend to enter into with us.

Will you be—are you willing to be. *Pricked*—marked. *In number of*—in the number of; in the list of.

On—pass on. *Not depend on you*—do not consider you as a friend and not depend on you accordingly.

Therefore—so that I may be regarded as a friend by you. *Sway'd from the point*—carried away from my purpose.

Upon this hope—on the strength of this hope. *Wherein*—in what respect. *Or else were this*—if we do not give you satisfactory reasons for the murder of Caesar then this would be. *Savage spectacle*—a cruel murder.

Full of good regard—full of sound considerations.

Should be satisfied—would be convinced. *Am moreover suitor*—I further pray. *Produce*—show to the people.

Pulpit—the public platform. *As becomes a friend*—as is meet and proper for a friend.

Speak—make a speech. *In the order of his funeral*—in the course of the funeral ceremonies.

A word with you—may I speak to you alone or in private?

You know not what you do—i.e., you are making a mistake in permitting Antony to make a funeral speech. *Know you how much* . . . utter—you have no idea to what extent the mob may be excited by his speech.

By your pardon—excuse me. *Will into*—will go into.

Show—explain. *Protest*—declare. *By leave*—by our permission. *Contented*—willing; agree. *True*—due. *Lawful*—as required by religion.

It shall advantage . . . wrong—we shall gain rather than lose by permitting Antony to speak.

Fall—befall; happen.

Blame us—accuse us. *Devise*—think of. *Have any hand*—take any part in.

Lines 275-296.

Thou bleeding piece of earth—Caesar's blood-covered body. *Butchers*—murderers. *Ruins*—i.e., remains.

In the tide of times—in the course of time. *Woe to*—cursed be. *Shed this costly blood*—put an end to Caesar's valuable life.

Over thy wounds—standing over thy wounded body. *Prophecy*—foretell.

Which like dumb mouths.....tongue—thy gaping, bleeding wounds make a powerful appeal to me to make this prophecy.

Light upon the limbs of men—fall upon the people. *Domestic fury*—civil war. *Fierce civil strife*—a bloody civil war. *Cumber*—encumber; weigh down.

Blood and destruction—murder and ruin. *So in use*—so common. *Dreadful objects*—horrid sights. *So familiar*—so very common.

Shall but smile—i.e. shall not be afraid at all.

Quartered—cut to pieces. *With the hands of war*—in battle.

Choked—smothered. *With custom of fell deeds*—owing to the frequency with which cruel deeds shall be done.

Ranging—wandering freely; like a wild beast in search of prey. *Ate*—the goddess of vengeance in Greek mythology. *Hot*—in anger and haste.

In these confines—within the limits of Rome. *With a monarch's voice*—in a tone of authority. *Cry "Havoc!"*—order a general massacre.

Let slip—let loose. *The dogs of war*—the evils that follow a war, viz., famine, disease, fire, etc.

That—with the result that. *Foul deed*—crime. *Smell*—stink; give out foul smell. *Carion men*—dead bodies. *Groaning for burial*—pitifully asking to be buried.

And Caesar's spirit, ranging.....groaning for burial.—Antony persuades Brutus to permit him to speak in the market place over the dead body of Caesar. Brutus agrees to this, and the conspirators go away leaving Caesar's body with Antony.

Left alone, Antony makes this famous prophecy. He says that Caesar's spirit will not rest in peace in the grave. It will move restlessly about thirsty for revenge. *Ate*, the goddess of revenge in Greek mythology, will come out of Hell to help Caesar's spirit in avenging itself over its enemies. The result will be death and destruction, confusion and havoc in Rome. There will be civil war in Rome. Famine, disease and war will take a heavy toll of human life. People will die in such large numbers that their bodies will remain unburied above the earth.

Ate was the goddess of mischief in Greek mythology; later on she came to be regarded as the goddess who punished, rather than caused, foolish actions. So she is also the goddess of revenge.

Lines 296-321.

Write for him—write to him. *By word of mouth*—orally. *Big*—filled with sorrow. *Passion*—sorrow. *Catching*—infectious. *Beads of sorrow*—tears.

Lies—is camping. *Leagues*—A league is made up of three miles.

Post back—return quickly. *Chanced*—happened.

Mourning—for the death of Caesar. *Hie*—hasten.

Shalt not back—must not go back.

Try—ascertain, judge. *Oration*—speech. *How the people take...men*—what the common people think of the murder of Caesar. *Discourse*—report.

Lend me your hand—help me to carry out the dead body of Caesar.

ACT III : Scene ii

Lines 1-61.

We will be satisfied—we want to know the reasons which led to the murder of Caesar

Give me audience—listen to me. *Part the numbers*—divide the crowd. *Rendered*—given.

And compare—and then we may compare. *Severally*—separately.

Is ascended—has mounted the platform.

Lovers—friends. *For my cause*—for the sake of the principles I love, the principles of liberty and freedom. *For mine honour*—for the sake of my personal character as an honourable man.

Have respect to—pay due regard to. *Censure me*—judge me : form an opinion of me.

Awake your senses—use your reason.

Demand—ask.

Had you rather...freemen?—would you prefer that Caesar were alive and that you were all his slaves to seeing Caesar dead and enjoying full liberty yourselves?

Base—mean. *Would be*—wishes to be. *Bond man*—slave.

Rude—uncivilised. *Vile*—wicked ; mean.

I have done no more...Brutus—the punishment inflicted on Caesar is just what any other man, including myself, would receive if he were guilty of ambition as Caesar was.

Question—the statement of reasons. *Enrolled*—recorded.

Extenuated—minimised.

Wherein he was worthy—of which he was worthy. *Offences*—faults. *Enforced*—exaggerated.

Had no hand—did not participate. *Benefit of his dying*—benefits resulting from his death. *A place in the commonwealth*—a share in the government which will now be established in Rome. *As which of you shall not?*—and each one of you will also get,

With this I depart—with these words I take my leave. *Lover*—friend.

Bring him with triumph—carry him in a procession.

Let him be Caesar—note how the mob has failed to understand Brutus. He has just told them that Caesar was killed because he had grown ambitious and wanted to be the king, and yet he is offered the crown. The mob is not influenced by principles; it is influenced by personalities. Once it adored Pompey, then Caesar, now Brutus, now Antony, and in adoring its latest hero it despises all the earlier ones.

With shouts and clamours—with loud cheers.

Grace to Caesar's corpse—honour to Caesar's body. *Grace his speech*—attentively listen to Antony's speech. *Tending to Caesar's glories*—praising Caesar's qualities.

Not a man depart—let no one leave the place. *Have spoken*—has finished his speech.

Lines 62-110.

Go up into the public chair—ascend the pulpit.

Beholding—indebted.

Speak no harm—say nothing against. *Blest*—happy; best.

Lend me your ears—listen to me. *To bury Caesar*—to perform Caesar's funeral rites.

Lives after them—is remembered after their death. *Interred with their bones*—i.e., forgotten soon after their death.

So let it be with Caesar—similarly, let Caesar's virtues be forgotten and let his faults alone be remembered.

If it were so—if this were a fact. *Grievous fault*—serious offence. *Grievously hath Caesar answer'd it*—Caesar has suffered for it with death.

Under leave of—with the permission of. *And the rest*—and his companions. *Come I to speak*—I have come to make a speech. *Captives*—prisoners of war from foreign countries.

Ransom—money paid for the release of prisoners of war. *General coffers*—the public treasury. *Fill*—i.e. enrich.

This—paying the money into the public treasury, instead of keeping it to himself.

Cried—wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—an ambitious man is not so tender-hearted as to feel pained at the misery of others.

And Brutus is an honourable man—Brutus is honourable, and therefore, Antony suggests, he dare not challenge what he has said. Note the frequency with which Antony repeats this ironical remark (honourable man) to make the crowd feel convinced that Brutus was not an honourable man, but a liar and a traitor.

Disprove—refute; say that it is false. *What I do know*—the facts of which I have personal knowledge. *Not without cause*—there must have been some reason why you loved him.

What cause . . . him—why then do you not mourn for him? *What prevents you from weeping for him?*

Judgement—reason. *Thou art fled to brutish beasts*—reason

has now become a characteristic of the lower animals, and men have lost it.

Bear with me—have patience with me.

My heart is in the coffin....me—i.e., my heart is full of sorrow for Caesar's death, and I am unable to continue my speech for sometime.

Lines 111-175.

Methinks—I think. *Savings*—what he has said. *Consider rightly of this matter*—think over the subject logically. *Has had great wrong*—great injustice has been done to him.

A worse come in his place—a more cruel tyrant will succeed Caesar.

If it be found so—if this turns out to be the fact. *Some will dear abide it*—the murderers of Caesar will suffer bitterly for it. *But yesterday*—only yesterday. *The word of Caesar might....world—i.e.*, Caesar was all-powerful in the Roman world. *None so poor to do him reverence*—even the meanest do not respect him now.

Disposed—inclined. *Stir*—excite; instigate.

Mutiny and rage—revolt. *Wrong the dead*—do an injustice to Caesar.

Parchment—writing paper made from sheepskin. *With the seal of Caesar*—bearing the seal and signature of the dead Caesar.

Closet—private chamber. *Testament*—will.

Napkins—handkerchiefs. *Sacred blood*—he suggests that they should honour Caesar as a martyr. *For memory*—as a relic. *Rich legacy*—a precious inheritance. *Issue*—children. *Meet*—proper.

Wood-stones—insensible objects. *Being men*—seeing that you are human beings having emotions of love and rage. *Inflame you*—make you angry. *Make you mad*—drive you to do mad deeds.

You are his heirs—that he has left his property to you. *O what would come of it*—the result of it might be serious trouble. *O'ershot myself*—gone further than I intended; exceeded proper limits. *To tell you*—in telling you.

Make a ring about—stand in a circle round. *Stand from*—stand away from; at some distance from. *Hearse*—"coffin". *Room*—make room. *Bear back*—move back a few steps.

Lines 176-237.

If you have tears—if you are capable of shedding tears.

Mantle—robe; dress.

The Nervii—"The reference is to one of Caesar's most decisive battles fought on the Sambre in B.C. 57. The Nervii were the strongest tribe of the Belgae dwelling in north-western Gaul. The Roman army suffered terribly, but escaped defeat mainly by virtue of the personal courage of Caesar."

In this place—in this part of his dress. *Rent*—hole, cut. *Envious*—spiteful; Vindictive.

Well-belov'd—kind, the dear friend. *Slurk'd*—thumped his

cursed steel away—drew off his accursed sword. *Followed it*—flowed, as the dagger was drawn out.

By rushing out of doors—as though coming hastily out of the house. *To be resolved*—to know for certain; to make sure. *If*—whether it was. *Unkindly knocked*—cruelly stabbed.

Angel—Craik is right in saying that it means "his best beloved friend"; "his darling".

This was the most unkindest cut of all—the wound caused by Brutus was the one that pained Caesar most of all.

Ingratitude—the shock caused by a sense of Brutus' ingratitude. *Traitors' arms*—the murderous attack of the conspirators. *Quite vanquish'd him*—completely overpowered him. *Burst his mighty heart*—his great heart was broken.

Muffling up—hiding. *Even at the base of*—just at the foot of.

What a fall was there—Caesar's fall was a great fall, for in his fall was involved the fall of the entire Roman world.

Bloody treason—bloody traitors. *Flourished over us*—became all powerful in the state.

Dint—force. *Gracious drops*—noble tears.

Vesture—garment. *Marr'd*—wounded. *Piteous spectacle*—sad sight.

We will be revenged—we are determined to take revenge for the murder of Caesar.

About—go about; let us scatter ourselves.

Let not a traitor live—murder all the conspirators. *Flood of mutiny*—outburst of rebellion. *Private griefs*—personal grievances.

With reasons answer you—satisfy you by giving strong and sufficient reasons. *Steal away your hearts*—win you over by working on your feelings.

Public leave—open permission.

Wit—intellect. *Words*—command over language. *Worth*—ability.

Utterance—loudness of voice. *Power of speech*—the power of making a speech which can touch the heart of others. *Stir men's blood*—influence the feelings of an audience. *Speak right on*—say whatever comes to my mind, without any skill or thought.

I tell you that...know—I only state facts that are well-known.

Sweet—dear. *Dumb mouths*—The wounds are called "dumb mouths" because they make speechless appeals for pity. *Bid them speak for me*—let the wounds of Caesar make that appeal to your heart which I am unable to do.

Were I Brutus...Antony—if I were an accomplished orator like Brutus. *There were an Antony...spirits*—then I could have excited your feelings.

Put a tongue in every wound—cause every wound of Caesar to move your hearts. *Move*—excite.

Lines 238-267.

You go to do...what—you are proceeding to do things the consequences of which you cannot foresee.

Wherein hath Caesar...loves?—what services has Caesar done to you that you seek to take revenge upon his murderers?

Several—individual. *Drachmas*—a Greek coin equivalent to about nine pence. *Walks*—tree covered paths in a garden. *Arbours*—shady bowers. *Orchards*—fruit gardens.

Common pleasures—pleasure grounds for public use.

Here was a Caesar—this was a noble Caesar indeed. *When comes such another?*—it will be a long time before there is born another ruler so kind and noble as Caesar.

The holy place—the sacred burial place.

Brands—burning logs of wood. *Fire*—set fire to. *Pluck down*—pull down. *Forms*—buildings.

Lines 268-279.

Let it work—let the mob do what mischief they like. *Mischief, thou art afoot*—the work of destruction has begun. *Take thou what course thou wilt*—let the mob do what it likes.

Upon a wish—just at the moment I wanted him.

Fortune is merry, and in this mood...anything—good luck seems to be with us just now, and we are likely to have our wishes fulfilled in all matters.

Are rid—have ridden out; have fled on horseback. *Like madmen*—in desperate hurry.

Belike—probably. *Notice of*—information of.

ACT III : Scene iii

Things unluckily charge my fantasy—strange visions haunt my imagination, foreboding misfortune.

Will—desire. *Wander forth of doors*—go out of my house.

Leads me forth—draws me out of the house.

Directly—in a straightforward manner.

Wisely I say I am a bachelor—I have been wise enough to remain unmarried.

You'll bear me a bang for that—you will receive a blow from me for saying so.

Proceed—go on with your answers. *That matter*—that question. *For*—as-for.

He's a conspirator—the citizens mistook Cinna, the poet, for Cinna, the conspirator.

Pluck but his name...heart—give him such a sound beating that his name may be beaten out of him.

Turn him going—let him go.

Brands, ho! fire-brands—burning wood to set fire to the houses of the various conspirators.

ACT IV : Scene i

Lines 1-30.

These many—as many men as have been named. *Shall die*—we have condemned them to death. *Prick'd*—marked. *Consent*

you—do you agree. *Prick him down*—put him down in the list of those to be killed.

He shall not live—I agree to his death. *Look with a spot I damn him*—See, I am making a mark against his name and condemning him to death.

How to cut off . . . legacies—how we can reduce our expenditure by not paying in full some of the legacies left by Caesar to the people of Rome.

Unmeritable—undeserving. *Meet*—fit. *To be sent on errands*—to be used as a servant.

The three-fold world divided—the Roman empire divided among three rulers. *He should stand*—that he should be. *One of the three*—one of the Triumvirs or three rulers of Rome.

So you thought him—you did consider him fit to be one of the three rulers. *Took his voice*—consulted him. *Prick'd to die*—condemned to death.

In—in drawing up. *Black sentence*—list of those who are to be killed.

Proscription—‘Proscription’ was the official list of those who were condemned to death. After the publication of the list any one could take the life of a proscribed person and receive his confiscated property as his reward.

I have seen more days—I am older than you. *Lay*—bestow. *To ease ourselves . . . loads*—to escape the criticism arising out of unpopular actions.

He shall but bear . . . gold—he will suffer all the disadvantages of his position without enjoying any of the advantages, just as an ass may carry gold, but he does not get any part of it.

To groan and sweat . . . business—to do all the hard work that may be necessary.

Either led or driven . . . way—he will only act under our directions, do whatever we tell him to do and in the way we tell him to do it.

And having brought . . . will—and when he has served our purpose. *Then take we down . . . off*—we shall take away all his honours and turn him out.

Like to the empty ass . . . commons—and after that he will become again an ordinary individual having no powers, and making both ends meet with difficulty.

The simile comparing Lepidus to an ass is to be noted. The various points of comparison are: (1) bearing the responsibility without the authority, (2) doing the hardest part of the work, (3) acting always under the orders of others, (4) being turned out as soon as the purpose for which he was engaged is served, and (5) mixing with common people after he has been turned out.

Lines 31—54.

Tried—experienced.

So is my horse—my horse is a brave animal and has had

experience of war, but that does not mean that he deserves a share in the government.

Appoint him—provide for him. *Store of provender*—plenty of food.

To wind—to turn. *Run directly on*—run straight on. *Corporal motion*—bodily movement. *Govern'd by my spirit*—but he is directed by my mind.

In some taste—to some extent. *Is Lepidus but so*—Lepidus is only like my horse and nothing more.

Must be taught and . . . forth—he must be directed ; he has no capacity for independent action.

Barren-spirited—dull-headed ; unimaginative. *Feeds on*—is satisfied with.

Objects, orts and imitations—"Objects" simply mean things in general or things that catch the eye. "*Orts*" mean decorations or designs. "*Imitations*" mean mere copies, not originals. The sense is that Lepidus is a dull-headed person who is easily satisfied with worthless objects for which nobody cares.

Out of use and staled by other men—when they are discarded by other people as no longer in fashion. *Begin his fashion*—are adopted by him for the first time and are considered fashionable.

Do not talk of him . . . property—do not regard him as anything more than a mere tool to assist us in our work. *Property*—a tool or instrument.

Listen great things—listen to me, for I have to tell you of important matters. *Levying powers*—raising troops. *Straight*—at once. *Make head*—prepare for war.

Alliance—allies. *Combined*—gathered together. *Our best friends made*—let our most faithful friends be chosen. *Means*—resources. *Stretch'd*—used to their utmost extent.

Presently—immediately. *Go sit in council*—hold consultations.

How—in what way. *Covert*—secret. *Best disclosed*—most safely told to the people.

Open perils—obvious dangers. *Surest answered*—met most successfully.

At the stake—in a dangerous situation. *Bay'd about*—threatened. *Some that smile*—some men who seem to be friends. *Have in their hearts . . . mischiefs*—are our enemies in reality.

ACT IV : Scene ii

Lines 1-34.

Sardis—the ancient capital of Lydia, a country in Asia Minor.

Stand ho !—"halt !" *Word*—the password.

At hand—near.

To do you salutation from his master—to greet you on behalf of my master, Cassius.

He greets me well—I welcome his greeting.

In his own change . . . officers—either because his own attitude

towards me has changed or because he has been badly advised by his officers.

Worthy cause—good reasons. *To wish things done, undone*—to repent of what I have done i.e. my joining the conspiracy.

I shall be satisfied—I will ask him to explain matters to my satisfaction.

Such as he is—what he really is. *Full of regard and honour*—worthy of respect.

He is not doubted—I do not doubt that Cassius is worthy of respect. *A word*—I just want to ask you one thing.

How he received you—whether he received you cordially or not.

Let me be resolved—tell me so that my doubts may be removed.

Familiar instances—signs of friendship. *Conference*—talk; conversation. *Of old*—in the past.

A hot friend cooling—an intimate friend gradually becoming indifferent. *Ever note*—you will always see. *When love begins to sicken and decay*—when a friend begins to lose his affection for his friend. *It useth*—i.e. he adopts in his dealings. *An enforced ceremony*—formality; his behaviour becomes formal.

There are no tricks . . . *faith*—i.e., a man who sincerely loves his friend does not use any outward formalities to show his friendship.

Hollow—insincere. *Horses hot at hand*—horses of a fiery temper when they are led by the bridle.

Gallant show—show of bravery. *Promise*—raise hopes of. *Mettle*—high spirit.

When they should . . . *spur*—if they happen to be spurred in the battlefield.

Fall their crests—hang down their heads. *Deceitful jades*—unreliable old horses.

Sink in the trial—fail miserably when put to the test.

Mean—intend. *Quartered*—to camp for the night.

The greater part—the major part of the army. *The horse in general*—the main part of the cavalry.

(*Low march within*—a low sound like that of an army marching at a distance is heard behind the scenes).

Gently—slowly.

Lines 35-57.

Speak the word along—give the password.

Judge me, you gods!—i.e., let the gods be my witness. *Wrong I mine enemies*—am I unjust even to my enemies? *A brother*—a friend who is as dear to me as a brother.

Sober form—outward show of self-control. *Hides wrongs*—has secret anger hidden behind it. *Be content*—be calm; do not become excited.

Grieves—grievances. *Softly*—gently. *I do know you well*—I know that you are a man of irritable nature.

Before the eyes of—in the presence of. *Wrangle*—quarrel. *Move away*—stand a little apart.

Enlarge—discuss in detail. *Give you audience*—listen to you.

Their charges—the troops under their command. *A little from*—at some distance. *Done our conference*—finished our talk.

Scene iii

In this—from the following fact. *Noted*—disgraced. *Of the Sardians*—from the inhabitants of Sardis.

Wherein—in which matter. *Praying on his side*—recommending him to you for favourable consideration. *Because I know the man*—because I have personal knowledge that the man is honest. *Slighted off*—disregarded ; ignored.

You wronged yourself. . . *case*—you yourself made a mistake in writing a letter of recommendation in favour of such a dishonest man.

In such a time as this—at such a critical time as the present—the time of a civil war. *Meet*—proper.

Nice—of no importance ; small. *Offence*—wrong ; mistake. *Bear his comment*—be criticised.

Much condemned—accused by many people. *To have an itching palm*—with being in the habit of taking bribes.

To sell and mart—to sell to one who pays the highest price. *Your offices*—the appointments that lie in your power to make.

Undeservers—unworthy men ; men who are not fit for those appointments.

I an itching palm ?—you dare say that I take bribes !

You know that and are Brutus...last—if it had not been Brutus who said that I take bribe, I should have killed him immediately.

The name of Cassius honours this corruption...head—if it had not been Cassius who is suspected of bribery, I would have severely punished the offender.

Chastisement—do you talk of punishing me ?

Remember March.....remember—remember the reasons for which Caesar was murdered.

Did not great Julius...sake ?—did we not murder Caesar for the sake of justice ?

What villain touched...Justice—if any of the murderers of Caesar had any motives other than the doing of justice, then he is a villain.

One of us—i.e., Cassius.

Struck—stabbed ; put to death. *The foremost man...world*—Julius Caesar.

But for supporting robbers—only for being a cruel and unlawful tyrant.

Contaminate our fingers...bribes—disgrace ourselves by taking bribes.

The mighty space of our large honours—the vast patronage (large number of appointments, etc.) at our disposal.

For so much trash...thus—for a handful of gold.

Bay the moon—bark at the moon.

Bay not me—so do not bark at me like a dog.

You forget yourself—you are behaving in a manner unworthy of yourself. *To hedge me in*—in barking at me in this way; in treating me in such an insulting manner.

Older in practice—more experienced than you. *To make conditions*—to determine the conditions on which people should be appointed to offices.

You are not Cassius—i.e. you are entirely changed.

Urge me no more—do not provoke me any further. *I shall forget myself*—I may lose my temper, do things not worthy of myself.

Have mind upon your health—take care lest I should do you an injury; have regard to your safety. *Tempt*—irritate; provoke.

Slight—worthless.

Is't possible—that you dare insult me in this way.

For I will speak—I will say what I have to say, despite all your anger.

Give way and room to...choler—should I tolerate your mad anger? I will certainly not.

Shall I be...stares?—i.e. I am not afraid of your wrath any more than I would be of the frowns of a mad man.

Endure all this—put up with this insult.

All this; ay, more—this insult is nothing; you will have to put up with even more insults.

Fret till your proud heart break—be angry, till the excess of your anger breaks your heart.

Go show your slaves...tremble—i.e. you may perhaps be able to frighten your slaves by your anger, but you cannot frighten me.

Budge—move away; yield.

Observe you—i.e., watch your moods so as to adjust my behaviour to them.

Crouch—bend low.

Testy humour—irritable nature.

Digest the venom of your spleen—you shall have to suffer the consequences of your wrath yourself. *The spleen* was formerly regarded as the seat of the emotions.

Though it do split you—though it may cause your death. *From this day forth*—henceforth. *Use you for my mirth*—make fun of you; merely laugh when you get angry.

Waspyish—irritable.

Is it come to this?—have matters gone to this extent?

Let it appear so—by your actions that you are a better soldier.

Make your vaunting true—act upto your boast of being an abler soldier than I.

To learn of ables men—to take lessons from an abler soldier.

Moved—provoked; moved to anger. *Tempted him*—given him occasion to provoke you.

Lines 71-103.

For your life—out of fear for your life.

Presume too much upon—take too much advantage of.

I may do that. . . .for—I may do some violence to you, for which I may have afterwards to repent.

You have done that. . . .for—you have already been guilty of a wrong for which you should repent.

There is no terror in—I am not afraid of.

Armed so strong in honesty—my sense of mine own honesty makes me feel so strong.

That they pass by me. . . .not—that I mind your threats no more than a passing gust of wind.

I did send to you for—I sent a man to you to request you for. *Denied me*—refused to give me. *Vile means*—dishonest means.

I had rather coin my heart—I would prefer cutting out my own heart and minting it into a coin. *Drop my blood for drachmas*—spend drops of my blood as though they were coins. *Wring*—take by force.

Hard—hardened by rough physical work. *Vile trash*—worthless money. *Indirection*—dishonest means. *Legions*—troops.

Done like Cassius—i.e., rightly, in a manner worthy of you.

Should I have. . . .so ?—if you had sent to me for money, should I have refused to give it to you ? No, I certainly would not have done so.

So covetous to lock—so greedy as to refuse to give. *Rascal counters*—worthless coins. *With all your thunderbolts*—with all your means of destruction.

He was but a fool. . . .back—the man that brought my reply to you, was a fool. He made a mistake in reporting it to you.

Rived—broken.

Bear—make allowance for; take a sympathetic view of. *Infirmities*—weaknesses.

Make mine greater. . . .are—exaggerates my weaknesses.

Practise them on thee—employ them against you. *Could never see*—would overlook.

A flatterer's would not—it is only a flatterer who would not notice your faults.

As huge as high Olympus—i.e. as large in size as Mt. Olympus in Greece, supposed to be the abode of Gods.

Lines 104-144.

Alone on Cassius—on Cassius only.

Aweary—tired; sick.

Hated by one he loves—despised by his friend. *Braved*—challenged; threatened. *Checked*—rebuked. *Observed*—noticed.

Set in a note-book—carefully taken note of. *Learned*—remembered. *Conn'd by rote*—learnt by heart.

To cast into my teeth—to be brought as charges against me. *I could weep my spirit from mine eyes*—i.e. my heart is broken with grief, and I feel as if I would die with weeping.

Dearer—of more value; more precious.

Plutus' mine—the treasures of Plutus, the Greek god of wealth.

Take it forth—stab me with my dagger. *When thou didst hate him worst.....Cassius*—even when you hated Caesar most, you loved him more than you love me.

Sheathe your dagger—put back your sword.

Be angry when you will.....scope—whenever you are in anger, I will allow you to indulge in it freely.

Do what you will—insult me in any way you like. *Dishonour shall be humour*—I will consider the insult as the result of your momentary whims, and not of any deliberate intention.

You are yoked with a lamb—your spirit is most gentle.

That carries anger as the flint bears fire—i.e. whose anger is but a momentary flash.

Much enforced—struck hard, i.e., greatly provoked.

Shows a hasty spark—like the flint gives out a sudden spark; shows only a moment's anger.

Straight is cold again—becomes immediately after, the same cold stone, i.e. becomes cool again the very next moment.

O Cassius, you are yoked.....is cold again—Brutus says to Cassius that he is gentle like a lamb, in general, but occasionally he gets irritated. However, this mood of anger is only short-lived. Brutus compares him to a flint stone. A piece of flint stone when rubbed against something hard, gives spark, but after the spark has been produced, the stone is cold again as it had been before. Cassius is like such a stone because usually he is very calm and composed, but, occasionally, he is irritated and has sudden bursts of indignation. However, when this mood of passion has passed off, he is once again as calm as before. His indignation is short-lived like the spark produced by a flint stone. Yoke is used by the peasant to keep the bullocks fastened to each other. Brutus says to Cassius that he is yoked or fastened to a lamb. A gentle, lamb-like nature is the companion of Cassius, just as the two bullocks pulling a plough are constant companions.

To be but mirth....Brutus—to be made a laughing-stock by you.

When grief and blood....him—at a time when I am torn by sorrow and passion. *Ill-tempered blood*—diseased blood.

When I spoke that....too—I spoke so harshly because I too am worried, I too have diseased blood.

Bear with me—have patience with me; tolerate my weakness.

Rash humour—irritable nature. *Which my mother gave me*—which I have from birth.

Makes me forgetful—makes me forget what is right and proper.

Over-earnest—angry.

He'll think your mother chides—he will think that your mother is to be blamed, from whom you inherited your irritable nature.

Grudge—quarrel.

Lines 145-183.

I have seen more years—I am older.

How vilely . . . rhyme—what wretched verse this poet makes.

'Tis his fashion—such conduct is usual with him.

I'll know his humour . . . time—I shall tolerate his whim, if he does so at the right time.

What should the wars . . . fools ?—these foolish poets are of no use whatever in times of war.

Jigging—singer of ballads.

Companion—sirrah ; fellow.

Lodge—send to the camp. *Companies*—legions ; troops.

Bowl—cup.

Sick of—tormented by.

Your philosophy—Stoic philosophy which taught its followers to be resigned to the will of God, and bear sorrow and suffering patiently.

Give place—yield. *Accidental evils*—troubles caused by chance.

No man bears sorrow better—I can bear sorrow with greater patience than any one else.

How 'scaped I killing . . . so ?—it is astonishing that you did not kill me when I provoked you at a time of such heavy grief.

Insupportable—unbearable. *Touching loss*—the death of your wife.

Upon what sickness ?—of what disease did she die ?

Impatient of—worried at.

That tidings—the news that Octavius and Antony had grown so powerful.

With this—at this news. *Fell distract*—lost her senses.

Her attendants absent—when her servants were away from home.

Swallowed fire—"Plutarch describes her as having taken hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so closed that she choked herself."

Speak no more of that—let us drop the subject and talk of other things.

In this I bury all unkindness—I drink this and forget and forgive all that has just passed between us.

My heart is thirsty . . . pledge—I too am anxious to drink a cup of wine to the renewal of our friendship.

O'erswell—overflow.

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love—however much I may drink to show my love for Brutus, it will still be insufficient to express any love.

Lines 184-221.

Call in question—discuss. *Our necessities*—what we want or what we ought to have.

No more—do not refer any more to Portia's death.

Come down upon us—are coming to attack us. *Mighty power*—strong army.

Bending their expedition towards—directing their march in the direction of. *Phillippi*—a plain in Macedonia, in the north of Greece.

Myself have letters....tenour—I too have received letters to the same effect.

With what addition?—are there any further details in the letters you have received?

Proscription—by their order marking him out as a person to be killed. *Bills of outlawry*—limits of men declared to be condemned to death or banishment.

Therein our letters do not well agree—there is some difference between your letters and mine in this matter.

By that order of proscription—as a result of his name having being included in Antony's list of condemned persons.

Like a Roman—with courage worthy of a Roman.

With meditating that she...now—by constantly thinking of the fact that she will die one day, I am able to bear the news of her death so very patiently.

Even so great men...endure—noble persons should bear grief with the same patience as you have shown at the news of Portia's death.

I have as much...you—theoretically I know as well as you do that sorrow should be endured with patience. "*In art*" means, as Malone points out, "in theory". Prof. Craik, however, explains it as meaning "by acquired knowledge or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition."

But yet by nature.....so—but by nature I do not have such strength of mind as to bear sorrow with such fortitude as you have done.

To our work alive—let us proceed to the business which concerns the living, and not the dead.

Presently—immediately.

Lines 222-270.

This it is—my reason is as follows.

So shall he waste his means—by coming here in search of us, the enemy will waste his strength and energy.

Doing himself offence—he would thus harm himself.

Lying still—waiting calmly. *Full of rest*—full of fresh energy after rest. *Defence*—well prepared to defend ourselves. *Nimbleness*—activity.

Of force—necessarily. *Good reasons must.....better*—your reasons may be quite sound in themselves, but if the reasons I am going to give are better, they must prevail.

The people 'twixt.....ground—the inhabitants of the country lying between Sardis and Phillippi. *Do stand but in a forced affection*—are friendly to us only out of fear. *Grudged us contribution*—give the supplies for our army, most unwillingly. *Along by them*—through their country.

By them shall make...up—will be able to add to his strength.

Come on refreshed—attack us with fresh energy. *New added*—with fresh additions to their number. *Encouraged*—with fresh courage.

From which advantage . . . off—and of these advantages we shall deprive the enemy. *Face*—encounter. *These people at our back*—with these people remaining behind us, so that they cannot go over to the enemy.

Under your pardon—excuse me for interrupting you. *Note beside*—also note. *That we have tried . . . friends*—that our friends have already given us all the help they can. *Our legions are brimful*—our armies are as strong as they can be.

Our cause is ripe—this is the best time for us to fight for the republican cause for which we are fighting,

Increaseth every day—is daily gaining strength. *We at the height . . . decline*—we who have attained the height of our power, would in future decline and lose our power.

Tide—an ebb and flow ; rise and fall. *Which taken at the flood . . . fortune*—if men avail themselves of the opportunities they get, they gain success. *Omitted*—but if they neglect those opportunities. *All the voyage of their life*—the whole course of their life.

Is bound in shallows and miseries—is full of difficulties and misfortunes. Then they can never prosper in life.

On such a full sea . . . afloat—the present moment is most favourable for us.

Take the current when it serves—utilise the opportunity as soon as we get it. *Or lose the ventures*—otherwise we shall fail in our undertaking.

There is a tide . . . lose our ventures—Cassius suggests that they should encamp at Sardis and let the enemy come to them. However, Brutus wants to move on to Phillippi without delay. These lines convey his argument in support of his point of view. Brutus remarks that affairs of men can be compared to a ship in a harbour. The water in the harbour is shallow and in order that the ship may move out of the harbour into the main sea, it is essential that there must be a high tide so that while the ship moves out, there is no danger of its getting stuck in the sand. Therefore, the captains of the ship wait for the high tide. If they ignore the tide, they will have to wait till the water rises again. According to Brutus, there is a similar tide or rising of water in the life of men. There are occasions when luck favours some particular man. At such a time, he should act promptly to take the fullest benefit of the lucky opportunity. If, however, he ignores this opportunity, he might find that such a golden opportunity does not return to him again. At this time, they, Cassius and Brutus, were passing through such a period of good luck and, therefore, they must take fullest advantage of it and act promptly. Instead of waiting for Antony and Octavius to march upto Sardis and fight with them here, they should move on and face them at Phillippi.

Future course of events will show that the decision of Brutus to march to Phillippi is a wrong military strategy. Cassius knows

that it is wrong, but he submits to him as usual. The result is defeat and death.

With your will, go on—do as you wish. *We'll along*—we shall march on, if you desire.

The deep of night....*talk*—while we were talking it has grown late in the night.

And nature must obey necessity—and we must yield to the natural need for sleep.

Niggard—treat in a niggardly (miserly) manner, and get only a little sleep.

There is no more to say?—is there any other matter for discussion?

Hence—march away from here.

Good repose—may you have sound sleep.

This was an ill beginning of the night—the night unfortunately began with quarrel. *Never come*....*souls!*—may there never be another such quarrel between us!

Lines 271-308.

Instrument—musical instrument.

Thou speak'st drowsily—your voice shows that you are sleepy.

Poor knave—poor lad.

O'erwatched—worn out with keeping awake.

Raise—rouse. *By and by*—shortly. *On business*—to send you on some business.

Watch your pleasure—keep awake and wait for your orders.

I will not have it so—I do not want you to keep awake.

It may be....*me*—it is possible I may not have any need to send you to Cassius.

I am much forgetful—I have a bad memory.

Hold up thy heavy lids awhile—keep awake a little longer.

Touch—play upon. *Strain*—tune. *An't please you*—if it please you.

Willing—always glad to serve me. *Urge thy duty past thy might*—demand from you more work than you have the strength to do.

Young bloods look....*rest*—the young and healthy require sufficient sleep. *I will be good to thee*—I will reward you well.

[“This introduction of music is designed by Shakespeare to give repose and attune our minds to what follows; it removes the impression of stir and unrest left by the dispute between Brutus and Cassius and the discussion over their plans. Music seems the most fitting of preludes to the supernatural” (Verity).]

Murderous slumber—death-like sleep.

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace.....*music?*—thou hast sent off Lucius to sleep even in the midst of his playing music. Sleep is here personified as bearing in his hand a mace or rod made of lead. Morpheus, the god of sleep in classical mythology, was represented as carrying a wand or rod which he waved over those he wished to send to sleep.

Do thee so much.....*thee*—be so cruel as to wake you up.

The leaf—of the book. *Turn'd down*—folded.

Lines 309-345.

Shapes this monstrous apparition—makes me see this unnatural shape. *It comes upon me*—it advances towards me.

Art thou anything?—art thou real? *Makes my blood cold*—chills me with fear. *Stare*—stand on end.

Speak to me what thou art—tell me who you are.

Thy evil spirit, Brutus—"What does this imply? It is the judgment on Brutus, the judgment of humanity, of society, according to the objective measure of justice.... To this judgment Brutus must answer, and humanity, society, history declare him guilty—Caesar passes sentence of death upon Caesar's murderer" (Goll).

Now I have....vanishest—as soon as I have recovered my courage, it has disappeared.

Ill spirit—evil spirit. *I would hold*—I wished to have.

The strings, my lord, are false—On being suddenly roused by Brutus, Lucius thinks he has been rebuked for playing badly. So in his sleepy condition he excuses himself for his bad tune by pointing to a defect in the strings of the harp.

He still is at—he is still playing upon.

Commend me to—give my compliments to. *Set on his powers*—march his army. *Betimes*—early. *Before*—in advance.

ACT V : Scene i

Lines 1-21.

Answered—fulfilled ; realized. *Keep*—remain on. *Upper regions*—the hill. *It proves not so*—your opinion has been proved to be wrong.

Their battles—their troops. *Warn*—summon.

Answering before we do demand of them—defending themselves against our attack before we have attacked them.

Tut—nonsense. *I am in their bosoms*—I know their real intentions. *Wherefore they do it*—what is their purpose in coming to Philippi.

They could be content....places—they would be glad to go elsewhere (because they are too great cowards to face us). *Come down with fearful bravery*—are advancing with a bold show of courage. *Thinking by this face....courage*—hoping in this way to make us believe that they are very brave.

Comes on in gallant show—is coming towards us with great show of courage. *Bloody sign of battle*—red banner. *Hung out*—displayed ; flying high.

And something to be done immediately—and there is no time to lose ; we must act promptly.

Lead your battle softly on—march forward your troops slowly.

Left hand—left side. *Even field*—level plain.

Upon the right hand I—no, I shall go to the right side.

Cross—oppose. *Exigent*—crisis ; emergency.

Lines 22-71.

Would have parley—wish to have a conference with us.

Stand fast—keep on your guard. *We must out and talk*—we must go forward and talk with them.

Give sign of battle—give the signal for the battle.

Answer on their charge—we would not be the first to attack ; we meet their attack when they make it.

Make forth—go forward. *Would have some words*—wish to speak.

Stir not until the signal—do not move till we give the signal.

Words before blow . . . *countrymen* ?—do you wish to have a wordy quarrel before beginning the actual fight ?

Not that we love . . . *do*—yes, but not because we are more fond of empty quarrelling than you.

Good words—a friendly conversation. *Bad strokes*—a bad fight in which one is sure to be defeated.

In your bad strokes . . . *words*—even when dealing fatal blows you are friendly in your speech.

Witness the hole you made . . . *Caesar* !—For example, when stabbing Caesar, you prayed for a long life for him.

The postures of your blows are yet unknown—we do not yet know what kind of a fighter you are.

But for your words—but as far as your speech is concerned. *They rob the Hybla bees* . . . *honeyless*—it is extremely sweet. *Hybla* was a town in Sicily famous for its honey.

Not stingless too—yes, they are sweet as honey but they have a sting in them like the sting of a bee, i.e., they are sweet but also very cutting.

O, yes, and soundless too—and soundless too i.e., your words are mere words full of noise but signifying nothing ; you can talk, but cannot harm.

Stolen their buzzing—robbed the Hybla bees of their humming sound, and so your words are as meaningless as the humming of bees.

Very wisely threat before you sting—i.e. like a coward you cunningly use threats instead of dealing blows. In this way you think you can frighten us. *Villains*—traitors. *You did not so*—i.e., you spoke no words.

Hacked one another . . . *Caesar*—your weapons clashed against one another while you were stabbing Caesar. So many of you stabbed a single man.

Showed your teeth like apes—grinned like monekeys i.e. flattered him. *Fawned like hounds*—cringed before him, like a dog. *Bowed like bondmen*—bowed to him like slaves. *Cur*—dog.

Thank yourself—i.e. you alone are to be blamed for this insult. *This tongue had not offended so to-day*—Antony would not have insulted us in this manner to-day. *If Cassius might have ruled*—if you had listened to my advice and put Antony to death alongwith Caesar.

To cause—let us proceed to the business, for which we have come here.

If arguing makes us sweat....drops—If a mere discussion causes such anger, the settlement of our dispute will certainly cause bloodshed. *I draw a sword against*—I take out my sword to fight with. *When think you....again?*—when do you think I shall put back my sword into its sheath?

Three and thirty wounds—According to Plutarch the number of wounds received by Caesar was thirty-three.

Be well avenged—have been fully revenged. *Till another Caesar...traitors*—till I, Octavius Caesar, fall, as a victim, by the sword of the same traitors who killed Julius Caesar.

Thou canst not die by traitors' hands—i.e. we are not traitors, and so if you meet your death in battle at our hands you will not be killed by traitors.

Unless thou bring'st them with thee—unless there are traitors in your own party.

So I hope—I do hope that I would not be killed by traitors. *Born*—i.e., destined.

Strain—family.

Die more honourable—die a nobler death than by the sword of Brutus.

A peevish schoolboy—refers to Octavius who was only twenty-one years old at the time. *Peevish*—irritable like a child.

Worthless—unworthy. *Such honour*—that of dying at the hands of Brutus.

Joined—associated. *Masker*—one who takes part in a masque, a kind of dramatic entertainment. *Reveller*—a man given to drinking and merry-making.

Defiance, traitors, ...teeth—O traitors, we defy you to your very face. *Stomachs*—inclination; desire.

Lines 72-136.

Blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark—"let the wind blow, let the waves rise high, let our boat float or sink," i.e., let the battle rage with the greatest violence; we are prepared to face the worst.

The storm is up—i.e. the battle has commenced.

All is on the hazard—everything is at stake.

As Pompey was—The reference is to the battle of Pharsalia between Caesar and Pompey. Pompey wished to avoid a battle with Caesar because he knew his own forces were weak. But his followers compelled him to fight. The result was that Pompey was completely defeated.

Set—staked. *Upon one battle*—upon the result of a single battle.

Held Epicurus strong—was a staunch follower of Epicurus, the famous Greek philosopher. *His opinion*—his views.

Partly credit things that do presage—Now I believe to some extent in things that foretell the future—in omens and other supernatural warnings.

Coming from Sardis—as we were coming from Sardis. *Former ensign*—foremost flag. *Mighty*—large. *Fell*—came down upon. *Perched*—took their seat. *Gorging*—eating greedily. *Who*—the eagles. *Consorted*—accompanied; moved along with us.

Are they fled away and gone—Their flying away was believed to be an omen of defeat. *In their steads*—in their place. *Ravens, crows and kites*—these are all birds of ill omen.

As—as if. Sickly prey—doomed to die like a sick man and become a prey to those birds.

Their shadows—the shadow cast by these birds. *A canopy most fatal*—i.e. the shadow of approaching death.

To give up the ghost—to die.

I but believe it partly—I believe in such omens only to a little extent.

Fresh of spirit—full of hopes. *Resolved*—determined. *Meet all perils*—face all dangers. *Constantly*—firmly.

Even so, Lucilius—Brutus had drawn Lucilius away to have a private conversation with him, while Cassius and Messala were talking to each other. “Even so” marks the end of Brutus’ conversation with Lucilius, and Brutus now advances to Cassius, who also moves forward to meet him. “Even so”—exactly so.

The gods to-day stand friendly—may the gods befriend us to-day.

Lovers in peace—i.e., as friends who together love peace. *Lead on our days to age*—live upto old age. *Rest still uncertain*—are always doubtful. *Let’s reason with the worst that may befall*—let us assume that the worst will happen and prepare ourselves for it.

What are you then, do?—what are your plans? As for Cassius himself he has already decided to commit suicide in case of defeat, and he wants to know from Brutus what he would do.

Even by the rule of that philosophy—strictly according to Stoic philosophy. The Stoics condemned suicide because they taught that one should be resigned to the will of God.

I did blame Cato for the death, himself—I disapproved of Cato’s committing suicide. Cato committed suicide after his defeat in the battle of Thapsus, B.C. 46.

I know not how—I cannot explain what I feel. *I do find*—I do believe. *Vile*—mean. *For fear of what might fall*—for fear of some future evil. *So to prevent the time of life*—to cut short one’s life in the way Cato did. *Arming myself with patience*—acting with courage and patience. *Stay*—await. *Providence of some high powers*—the will of the gods. *That govern us below*—that rule over human beings.

Contented—willing. *Led in triumph*—carried as prisoner of war in a triumphal procession. *Thorough*—through. *Bound*—chained as a prisoner.

He bears too great a mind—he is too noble-minded to endure such disgrace.

Must end that work, begun—must complete the great task of destroying the tyranny of Caesar, the first step in which was the

murder of Caesar. It would be completed by the death of Antony and Octavius Caesar.

Our everlasting farewell take—let us bid each other good bye for ever. *Smile*—rejoice ; be happy. *This parting was well made*—this farewell would be right and fitting.

O that a man . . . come—I wish that one could know the result of an event before hand.

But it sufficeth . . . end—but it is enough to know that the day will come to an end. *The end is known*—and the result will be known then.

ACT V : Scene ii

Bills—written orders.

On the other side—at the farthest end of Brutus' army.

Set on—begin the attack.

Cold demeanour—signs of weakness. *Wing*—a part of the army.

Push—attack. *Gives them the overthrow*—will defeat them.

Come down—descend from their position on the hills to the plains of Philippi.

ACT V : Scene iii

Lines 1-52.

The villains fly—our cowardly soldiers are running away from the field.

Myself—I myself. *Have to mine own turned enemy*—i.e., I have killed one of my own men, for he was running away.

Ensign—flag bearer. *Turning back*—running away. *Take it*—snatched the flag he was carrying.

Gave the word too early—issued orders for an attack before the proper time. *Who*—i.e. Brutus. *Having some advantage on*—gaining a partial victory over.

Took it too eagerly—hastily tried to complete his victory.

Fell to spoil—began to plunder the enemy's camp.

We—referring to Cassius' troops. *By Antony are all enclosed*—are completely surrounded by Antony's troops.

Fly far off—run away to a place far away from here.

Hide thy spurs in him—i.e., gallop as fast as you can. *Brought thee up to yonder troops*—carried you to the troops in front there.

And here again—and come back again to this place. *Rest assured*—be satisfied; know for certain.

Yond—yonder. *Are friend or enemy*—belong to our side or to the side of the enemy.

Even with a thought—as swift as thought.

My sight was ever thick—I have always been short-sighted. *Regard*—Observe carefully. *Not'st*—sees.

This day I breathed first—this is my birthday. *Time is come round*—my cycle of life is complete. *And where I take . . . end*—and

my life will come to an end on the very day on which I was born. *Is run his compass*—has completed its full course.

Enclosed round about—completely surrounded. *Make to him on the spur*—are advancing towards him at full speed. *Yet he spurs on*—yet he continues to ride with great speed. *Are almost on him*—have nearly overtaken him.

Now, *Titinius* !—"Pindarus calls excitedly to Titinius, as if he could hear him, to quicken his pace and escape." (Hunter).

Now *some light*—now some of the horsemen are dismounting. *He lights too*—Titinius is also getting down from his horse. *Taken*—captured.

Parthia—in Central Asia. It was here that Cassius captured Pindarus.

Swore thee—made thee take an oath. *Saving of thy life*—in return for sparing thy life.

Keep thine oath—fulfil your promise. *Now be a freeman*—now regain you liberty (after you have killed me). *Ran through Caesar's bowels*—stabbed Caesar. *Search this bosom*—pierce my breast.

Stand not to answer—do not lose time in replying. *Hilts*—the handle of the sword.

Durst I have done my will—if I had dared to act according to my wishes.

Where never. . . him—where no Roman can ever find him.

Lines 53-95.

It is but change—our defeat by the enemy is only an exchange for the defeat we have inflicted on the enemy; what we have lost on the one side we have gained on the other.

Power—army.

All disconsolate—in great sorrow.

He lies not like the living—he is lying like a dead man.

So in his red blood. . . set—so in the midst of his red blood Cassius is lying dead. Cassius is compared to the sun, and the red blood in which he was lying dead is compared to the red right of the setting sun.

The sun of Rome is set—the glory of Rome, Cassius, has died.

Our day is gone—our cause is lost.

Clouds, dews and dangers come—difficulties, disappointments and dangers are surrounding us. *Our deeds are done*—our life is over.

Mistrust of good success. . . deed—doubts, regarding victory, have led Cassius to commit suicide.

Hateful error, melancholy's child—error is called the child of melancholy, because in a melancholy mood a man is likely to make mistakes.

Apt—easily impressed.

Why dost thou show. . . not ?—why dost thou make men imagine things that are false ? *Soon conceived*—arising quickly. *Thou*

never com'st . . . birth—thy birth is always attended with misfortune; i.e., whenever a mistake is made the result is unfortunate.

But kill'st the mother . . . thee—i.e., the worst sufferer is the man who makes the mistake. He is killed by his errors.

O hateful Error . . . that engendered thee—Messala remarks that Cassius has committed suicide because he was in low spirits. He was depressed and melancholy. Messala then personifies error and calls it the child of melancholy and low spirits. Error or mistaken judgments are often the result of sadness and despair. A melancholy man is extremely likely to make errors, because he sees things which are not actually there, and his error often results in his death and destruction. Thus Cassius suffered from melancholy, he wrongly supposed that they were defeated, and so committed suicide.

Thrusting this report into his ears—to give him the painful news of Cassius' death.

Piercing steel and darts—sharp swords and arrows. *Envenomed*—dipped in poison.

Shall be as welcome . . . sight—Brutus will be shocked to death to hear the sad news.

The while—meanwhile.

Did I not meet thy friends ?—the troops advancing towards him were friends, not enemies as Cassius thought.

Put on my brows . . . victory—crown my head with a garland as a sign of our victory.

Misconstrued everything—misinterpreted the whole incident.

Hold thee—stop a moment (said to himself). *Do his bidding*—carry out his order. *Apace*—quick.

Regarded—honoured and loved.

By your leave—with your permission. *Titinius* prays to the gods for their permission to commit suicide. *This is a Roman's part*—suicide is a manly act worthy of a Roman.

Lines 96-117.

Mourning it—mourning over it.

Titinius' face is upward—This shows that he is not mourning over the dead body of Cassius but is lying dead over the body of his master.

Thy spirit walks abroad—i.e. we have only killed the body of Caesar; his spirit is still alive and all-powerful.

Turns our swords in our . . . entrails—forces Caesar's enemies to die by their own swords.

Look whether he have not . . . Cassius—see, before killing himself he placed the garland of victory on the head of the dead Cassius.

Are yet two Romans . . . these ?—it is impossible two other Romans of the same nobility as Cassius and Titinius are yet to be found.

The last of all the Romans—Cassius, was the last of the noble Romans.

Breed the fellow—produce thy equal. *Moe*—more. *I owe moe tears to this . . . pay*—I should weep more for Cassius than I have actually done. *I shall find time*—I shall weep for him longer at some other time.

Thasos—an island in the Egean Sea, near Thrace.

Shall not be—will not be celebrated. *Discomfort us*—cause depression among our troops.

Set our battles on—let us order our troops to march.

ACT V : Scene iv

Lines 1-18.

Hold up your heads—do not despair.

What bastard doth not ?—who is so base-born that he is giving way to despair ?

A foe to tyrants—an enemy of tyrants like Caesar and his friends. *My country's friend*—a lover of liberty.

Down—slain.

Being Cato's son—as being the worthy son of a worthy father.

Yield—surrender. *Only I yield to die*—I surrender myself to you in the hope that you will kill me.

There is so much . . . straight—here is so much money which I offer to you on condition that you kill me immediately.

Kill Brutus—Lucilius pretends to be Brutus so that Brutus may get time to escape.

Lines 19-33.

Safe—safe from capture. Lucilius now tells the truth that he is not Brutus.

He will be found . . . himself—i.e. you will find him as noble, as he ever was.

A prize no less in worth—an equally important prisoner.

Give him all kindness—treat him with all possible kindness.

Is chanced—has happened.

• ACT V : Scene v

Lines 1-32.

Poor remains of friends—the few remaining friends.

Statilius showed the torch-light—Statilius had been sent by Brutus to find out the exact number of the enemy who were killed, and he promised to do so and if all were well, to lift up a torch light in the air as a signal to Brutus.

He is or ta'en or slain—He has been either caught or killed, because he has not returned after giving the signal.

Slaying is the word—suicide is the order of the day. *It is a deed in fashion*—suicide seems to be fashion.

No not for all the worlds—no, for no reward whatsoever.

Peace then, no words—then, keep this a secret.

Shall I do such a deed ?—Dardanius also refuses to slay Brutus.

Ill request—improper request.

He meditates—he is lost in thought.

*Now is that noble vessel full of grief—*Brutus is now full of sorrow. *That it runs over...eyes—*his grief is coming out in the form of tears.

List—listen to. Several—separate. My hour is come—the time of my death has arrived.

*Thou seest the world...goes—you see that the turn of events is unfavourable to us. Beat us to the pit—*defeated us completely; driven us to our graves. *It is more worthy...us—it is better to die with our own hands than that the enemy should kill us.*

*For that our love of old—for the sake of our old friendship. Hold thou my sword- hilt...it—*hold the hilt of my sword and I shall run against it and so kill myself.

Lines 33-56.

An office for a friend—a service fit for a friend.

*There is no tarrying here—*this is not a safe place to stay in.

*But he was true to me—*every one of my friends was faithful to me.

*I shall have glory...day—even this defeat will be a source of honour to me. Vile conquest—*disgraceful victory. *Attain unto—*win.

Fare you well at once—“Farewell once for all, without more words” (Hunter).

*For Brutus’ tongue doth almost...history—I have nearly finished the story of my life; there is nothing more for me to say. Night hangs upon my eyes—*my sight is growing dim. *My bones would rest—*my body wants rest.

That have but laboured...hour—I have lived so long, but death has been my only desire.

Stay thou by—you stay for sometime more with me.

*Of a good respect—honourable. Smatch—*touch of; something of.

*Give me your hand first—*first let me shake hands with you.

Caesar now be still—the spirit of Caesar should now be at peace, for now Brutus, who killed Caesar, is going to die.

I kill’d not thee...will—I did not kill Caesar more gladly than I am killing myself.

Lines 57-86.

My master’s man—a servant of my master Brutus.

*Freed from the bondage...in—*freed from the prison of the body in which you still are.

*But make a fire of him—*only burn his body. *Only overcame himself—*killed himself.

*Hath honour by his death—*has the honour of killing him. *So Brutus should be found—*such should be the end of a noble person like Brutus.

*Proved Lucilius saying true—*by his noble death he has justified my remark that Brutus “will be found like Brutus, like himself”.

*Entertain them—*take them into my service.

Bestow thy time with me—spend your time in serving me. *Prefer*—recommend. *Take him to follow thee*—accept him as your servant.

This was the noblest Roman—Antony praises Brutus highly. He knows his noble and honourable nature.

Did that they did—did what they did, i.e., killed Caesar. *In envy of*—out of jealousy and hatred. *In a general honest thought*—“General” here means “public”, as opposed to “personal”. “Honest” means “honourable”. Killed Caesar for the good of the people of Rome.

Common good to all—the welfare of the public. *Made one of them*—joined the conspirators.

Gentle—noble. *Elements*—This word has a reference to the old medical theory that man was made of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the harmonious mixture of these elements produced a perfect or noble nature.

So mixed—so harmoniously mixed together.

Nature might stand up, and say...man—that he was fit to be shown to all mankind as a perfect man.

According to his virtue—according to his worth. *Use*—treat.

Rites of burial—funeral ceremonies. *Most like a soldier, order'd honourably*—i.e. his body shall lie in state in the true military style.

Call the field to rest—order the soldiers to stop fighting, and rest for the night. *To part the glories...day*—to award to each man the honour due to him for this victory.

APPENDIX

(I) Shakespeare's Use of Rhyme and Blank Verse

Shakespeare began his literary career with the very frequent use of rhymed couplets. But as his powers matured and he acquired greater and greater mastery over his craft, he gave up rhymed couplet in favour of blank verse, so that the proportion of rhymed lines in a drama is one of the surest indications of the period to which it belongs: "In *Love's Labour Lost* there are about two rhymed lines to every one of blank verse. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are 380 rhymed lines to 1150 unrhymed. In *The Tempest* two rhymed lines occur; in *The Winter's Tale* not one" (Dowden). But while applying the rhyme-test we must exclude the cases where there is a special reason for the use of rhyme—as in the Witch-scenes of *Macbeth*, the Masque in Act IV of *The Tempest*, and all songs such as we get in *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

Now let us consider the reasons which led Shakespeare to adopt blank verse and abandon rhyme. Blank verse is superior to rhyme in the following ways:

1. *Naturalness*—Rhyme is artificial. It reminds us that the play is a play, fiction and not reality, because in real life people do not converse in rhyme. Specially in moments of great emotion does rhyme destroy the illusion of reality: we cannot imagine a man in extreme grief raving in rhymed couplets. Blank verse, on the other hand, has something of the naturalness of conversation, and makes fiction appear like truth.

2. *Freedom*—The necessity of rhyming imposes restraint upon a writer. Often it forces him to invert the order of words or even to use a less suitable word. The rhythm of the rhymed couplets tends to confine the sense within the couplet, whereas in blank verse the sense "runs on" easily from line to line. In the rhymed couplet, the verse dominates the sense; while in blank verse the sense finds free expression. Blank verse is superior to rhyme for it has not only the naturalness but also the freedom of conversation.

3. *Variety*—In a paragraph of rhymed couplets the pauses in the sense, and therefore in the rhythm, are often monotonous. We constantly have a pause at the end of the first line and almost always a pause at the end of the second. Blank verse, on the other hand, has greater variety and does not grow monotonous like the rhymed couplet.

These considerations on the comparative merits of rhymed and unrhymed verse led Shakespeare gradually to abandon the use of rhyme. In Shakespeare's later plays rhyme is mainly at the end of a scene, when it serves to indicate the conclusion, and at the close

of a long speech, when it forms a kind of climax. As to its use at the end of a scene Dr. Abbott says : "*Rhyme was often needed as an effective termination at the end of the scene. When the scenery was not changed, or the arrangements were so defective that the change was not easily perceptible, it was, perhaps, additionally desirable to mark that a scene was finished.*"

Just as rhyme is often used to mark the close of a scene, so also it is sometimes used to mark the close of a phase in a man's career, and suggests farewell. A striking example of this use of rhyme occurs in *As You Like It*, where old Adam and Orlando, about to set forth on their expedition, bid farewell to their former life. In *Othello*, rhyme has been used several times to express moralising reflections on life and give them a sententious, epigrammatic effect. Such use of rhyme is natural because proverbial wisdom so often takes a rhymed form. "*Maxims stick better in the memory when they are rhymed.*"

(II) Shakespeare's use of prose

The chief use to which Shakespeare puts prose is as a conversational medium of expression. He introduces it where he wishes "to lower the dramatic pitch," and does not desire a poetical effect : where, in fact, he wants to convey the impression of people talking together. Thus Roderigo and Iago hold their intimate talks usually in prose. However, often there are interesting transitions from prose to verse and verse to prose in the same scene. "These alterations," says Verity, "are very suggestive as indications of change of mood or circumstances, and the reason in each case should be carefully considered. Compare the talk between Antonio, Sebastian and Gonzalo in Act II, Scene i of *The Tempest* and note how verse is substituted for prose when the mysterious sleep falls on all except Antonio and Sebastian, and they broach the subject of the conspiracy." It should be observed, too, how characters conceived in a wholly tragic or poetical spirit, Desdemona, Othello, even Iago, speak only in verse ; while prose is often used to convey an impression of unreality where a character deals in a trifling manner with some serious emotion. "Bitterness and contempt, irony and wit, abruptness of thought or feeling, find vent more naturally and pointedly in prose than verse" (Verity).

Shakespeare also uses prose for comic parts and the speech of comic characters like the 'Clowns' of the comedies, e.g., Touchstone in *As You Like It*, who never rises upto blank verse. Indeed, in the comedies of his middle period, "prose becomes practically the language of comedy, its natural means of expression. Prose is commonly used by characters of humble position, e.g. servants, sailors and soldiers as in *Julius Caesar*. Prose is the normal medium of expression in scenes of "low life," such as the Grave-digger's scene in *Hamlet*. Shakespeare uses prose also for letters, as in *Julius Caesars*, proclamations, documents, etc., and occasionally for the expression of extreme emotion and mental derangement.

(III) Hints on Shakespeare's English

The English language has undergone radical changes during the 400 years since Shakespeare lived and wrote. Shakespearean idiom and grammar is in many respects quite different from the grammar and idiom with which we are familiar today. Hence it would be wrong to use the word "mistake" in connection with Shakespearean English. In most cases the things in his English which appear to us wrong are due to the following causes : (1) *The difference between Elizabethan and modern English.* (2) *The difference between spoken and written English.*

Four general features of Shakespeare's English should be carefully noted : (a) Its brevity ; (b) Its emphasis ; (c) Its tendency to interchange parts of speech. (d) Its frequent use of compound words.

1. *Its brevity*—Shakespeare often uses terse, elliptical turns of expression. This compactness of language is very characteristic of Shakespeare. But his omissions, while they shorten the form of expression, do not obscure the sense, since the verbs are easily supplied from the context. Shakespeare's eclipses or omissions combine brevity with clearness.

2. *Emphasis*—Common examples of this are the double negative and the double comparative or superlative. Every student of Shakespeare can note countless such examples from every one of his dramas.

3. *Parts of speech interchanged*—"Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech" (Abott). In the age of our dramatist, the English language was much more flexible than it is today ; and the writer enjoyed much greater freedom. Shakespeare uses the tongue like a master with full freedom, interchanging parts of speech and coining words to suit his purpose. Says Raleigh in this connection, "He (Shakespeare) knows nothing of the so called parts of speech, where he lacks a verb, he would make it from the first noun or adjective that comes to hand." He neglects almost every known rule of grammar, and his language has the freedom of the spoken tongue.

4. *Use of compound words*—Shakespeare coins compound words according to his need. Such compounds are scattered all over his works and may be picked up even on a cursory perusal. In this way, Shakespeare has enriched the language and vastly increased its resources.

Julius Caesar

Scene-Wise Summary in Hindi

(For Hindi Speaking States)

ACT I : Scene i

इस दृश्य का आरम्भ इटली के रोम नगर की एक सड़क पर होता है। परदा उठते ही रोम के नागरिकों की एक भीड़ दिखाई देती है। इन नागरिकों ने काम की छुट्टी कर दी है और बाजार में जूलियस सीज़र का स्वागत करने के लिए एकत्रित हुए हैं वे खुशियाँ मना रहे हैं क्योंकि सीज़र अपने शत्रु पोम्पी के पुत्रों पर विजय प्राप्त करके रोम वापिस लौट रहा है। लेकिन फ्लेवियस (Flavius) और मेरुलस (Marullus) जो रोम के सिनेटरस हैं उन्हें क्रोध से धमकाते हैं, उन्हें बुरा-भला कहते हैं और उन्हें घर लौट जाने की आज्ञा देते हैं। वास्तविकता यह है कि वे यह नहीं चाहते कि सीज़र की शक्ति और बढ़े, वे सीज़र से ईर्ष्या करते हैं और वे इसलिए यह नहीं चाहते कि उसकी विजय पर इस तरह खुशियाँ मनाई जायें। उनके धमकाने पर रोम-वासियों की भीड़ अपने काम पर वापिस लौट जाती है। तब फ्लेवियस और मेरुलस यह निश्चय करते हैं कि वे भिन्न-भिन्न दिशाओं में जायेंगे और वे सीज़र के Statues पर से सजावट हटा देंगे। इस तरह से वे सीज़र की बढ़ती हुई शक्ति को रोक सकेंगे।

यह दृश्य बहुत महत्वपूर्ण है इससे हमें ज्ञात होता है कि सीज़र के विरुद्ध षड़यन्त्र रचे जा रहे हैं जिनका परिणाम सीज़र की हत्या होगी। हमें यह भी ज्ञात होता है कि रोम के नागरिकों की भीड़ बहुत ही परिवर्तनशील है।

ACT I : Scene ii

इस दृश्य का आरम्भ भी रोम की एक सड़क पर होता है। सीज़र एक जलूस के साथ उधर से जाता है वे सब लोग lupercal का त्यौहार मना रहे हैं एक भविष्यवाणी करने वाला सीज़र को चेतावनी देता है कि उसे आइडस आफ मार्च (Ides of March) के दिन अर्थात् १५ मार्च को सतर्क रहना चाहिये। जब जलूस उधर से निकल जाता है तो ब्रूटस और कैसियस पीछे रह जाते हैं।

कैसियस सीज़र से ईर्ष्या करता है और उसके विरुद्ध एक षड़यन्त्र रचने का प्रयत्न कर रहा है। वह ब्रूटस को सीज़र के विरुद्ध भड़काता है। बड़ी चतुराई से ब्रूटस के देश-प्रेम को जागृत करता है और उसके मस्तिष्क में यह भर देता है कि सीज़र एक कठोर शासक है। और उसके कारण रोम निवासियों की स्वतन्त्रता और उनके अधिकारों का खतरा है। उसी रात से ब्रूटस बहुत प्रभावित होता है यद्यपि

वह अपनी भावनाओं को प्रगट नहीं करता। ठीक इसी समय बड़े शोर की और तालियाँ बजने की आवाज आती है और ब्रूटस यह अनुमान लगाता है कि सीज़र को रोम का राजा बनाया जा रहा है और उसे ताज़ प्रस्तुत किया गया है। ब्रूटस राजा के पद से घृणा करता है और वह अचानक कह उठता है “मैं डरता हूँ कि वे सीज़र को ताज़ सौंप रहे हैं” केसियस इन शब्दों से लाभ उठाता है और अब खुल्लम-खुल्ला सीज़र के विरुद्ध भड़काने लगता है। वह उसे उसके पूर्वजों की याद दिलाता है जिन्होंने रोम निवासियों की स्वतन्त्रता और अधिकारों के लिए संघर्ष किया था।

इसी बीच सीज़र जलूस के साथ उसी रास्ते से वापिस लौटता है। जलूस चला जाता है परन्तु ब्रूटस Casca को रोक लेता है और उससे आग्रह करता है कि उसे जो कुछ घटित हुआ है उसका आँखों देखा वर्णन करे। Casca उन्हें बताता है कि ऐनटोनी ने सीज़र को तीन बार ताज़ प्रस्तुत किया और तीनों ही बार सीज़र ने उसको स्वीकार करने से मना कर दिया। उसे ताज़ को लौटाने में इतना मानसिक कष्ट हुआ कि वह मूर्छित होकर गिर पड़ा। इसके बाद Casca चला जाता है ब्रूटस केसियस से यह वायदा करता है कि जो कुछ उसने कहा है वह उस पर विचार करेगा यदि वह उससे कल मिलें तो वह उसे अपना निर्णय बतायेगा। इसके पश्चात् ब्रूटस चला जाता है। केसियस अब अकेला रह जाता है और वह ऐसी एक योजना पर विचार करता है जिससे वह ब्रूटस को सीज़र के विरुद्ध षडयन्त्र में शामिल होने के लिए फुसला सके। ब्रूटस का रोम में बहुत सम्मान है यदि वह उनमें मिल जाता है तो उनका यह षडयन्त्र सफल हो सकेगा और उन पर कोई सन्देह नहीं करेगा।

यह दृश्य बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण है। यह ब्रूटस और केसियस दोनों के ही चरित्रों पर प्रकाश डालता है। केसियस एक चालाक षडयन्त्रकारी है जो सीज़र से जलता है और अपनी व्यक्तिगत दुश्मनी के कारण उसकी हत्या करना चाहता है इसके विपरीत ब्रूटस एक आदर्श व्यक्ति और देश-भक्त है वह प्रजातन्त्र के सिद्धान्त को मानने वाला है, तानाशाही से घृणा करता है। वह सीज़र का मित्र है और षडयन्त्र में केवल इसलिए सम्मिलित होता है क्योंकि वह रोम को सीज़र से भी अधिक प्रेम करता है। इस दृश्य से हमें यह भी ज्ञात होता है कि सीज़र के विरुद्ध षडयन्त्र बढ़ता चला जा रहा है।

ACT I : Scene iii

यह दृश्य भी कुछ दिनों बाद रोम की एक सड़क पर होता है। रात्रि का समय है, भयंकर तूफान चल रहा है और आकाश में बिजली कड़क रही है। सड़क पर सन्नाटा है क्योंकि सब लोग भयभीत होकर अपने-अपने घरों में चले गये हैं। एक ओर से केसका (Casca) आता है और दूसरी ओर से सिसरो (Cicero) आता है। केसका (Casca) सिसरो (Cicero) को बतलाता है कि उसने बहुत सी अद्भुत और आश्चर्यजनक घटनायें देखी हैं। उसने देखा है कि कर्ब्रे फट गई और

मुद्दे बाहर निकल आये। एक व्यक्ति ने अपने हाथ ऊपर उठाये और वे मशाल की भाँति जलने लगे परन्तु उस व्यक्ति को कोई पीड़ा नहीं हुई। केपीटोल के पास उसकी एक शेर से मुठभेड़ हुई लेकिन शेर ने उस पर हमला नहीं किया। परन्तु सिसरो पर इन बातों का कोई प्रभाव नहीं हुआ वह बिल्कुल नहीं डरा और थोड़ी देर बाद चला गया।

उसके जाने के तुरन्त पश्चात् केसियस वहाँ पर आता है वह केसका को और ज्यादा डराता है और उसे समझाता है कि यह अद्भुत घटनायें इस बात की भविष्यवाणी है कि रोम पर बहुत बड़ी आपत्ति आने वाली है। इस तरह से वह केसका को सीज़र के विरुद्ध अपने षडयन्त्र में सम्मिलित होने के लिए फुसला लेता है इसके पश्चात् वह केसका को पोम्पे के थियेटर में भेजता है जहाँ और षडयन्त्रकारी उसकी प्रतीक्षा कर रहे हैं।

केसका के जाने के तुरन्त बाद ही सिन्ना वहाँ पर आ पहुँचता है। केसियस उसे कुछ जाली पत्र देता है जिनमें कि रोम निवासियों ने ब्रूटस से प्रार्थना की है कि वह उन्हें सीज़र के अत्याचार और तानाशाही शासन से मुक्ति दिलाये। वह सिन्ना को आदेश देता है कि वह उन पत्रों को ब्रूटस के घर में ऐसी जगहों में डाल आये जहाँ ब्रूटस उन्हें सरलता से पा सके। उसे विश्वास है कि उन पत्रों को पढ़ने के पश्चात् ब्रूटस अवश्य ही उनके षडयन्त्र में सम्मिलित हो जायेगा।

ये तूफानी रात्रि का दृश्य बहुत ही महत्त्वपूर्ण है। ये तूफान उस तूफान का प्रतीक हैं जो कि षडयन्त्रकारियों के हृदय में उमड़ रहा है। ये घरेलू संघर्ष के उस तूफान को प्रतीक करता है जो शीघ्र ही रोम में होने वाला है।

ACT II : Scene i

यह दृश्य उसी रात्रि ब्रूटस के घर के बाग में घटित होता है। वह भयंकर तूफान अभी तक चल रहा है। ब्रूटस चिन्तित है इसीलिए उसे नींद नहीं आयी। परदा उठने पर वह अपने बाग में घूमता हुआ दिखाई पड़ता है। वह केसियस के शब्दों पर गम्भीरता से विचार कर रहा है वह जानता है कि उस समय तक सीज़र ने कोई अत्याचार नहीं किये हैं लेकिन यह सम्भव है कि रोम का राजा बनाये जाने के पश्चात् उसके स्वभाव में परिवर्तन आ जाये और वह निष्ठुरता से रोम-वासियों को कुचलने लगे। ठीक उसी समय उसका नौकर Lucius उसे कुछ पत्र लाकर देता है जो उसने घर में कई स्थानों पर पड़े हुए पाये हैं। यह वह जाली पत्र हैं जो केसियस ने वहाँ पर डलवा दिये थे और जिनमें रोम-वासियों ने ब्रूटस से प्रार्थना की है कि वह उनकी सुरक्षा और अधिकारों की रक्षा करें और उनको सीज़र के अत्याचार से बचाये। इन पत्रों को पढ़कर ब्रूटस बड़ा प्रभावित होता है और वह निश्चय कर लेता है कि वह रोम को सीज़र की तानाशाही से मुक्त करायेंगा और यदि आवश्यकता हुई तो वह सीज़र की हत्या भी रोम की स्वतंत्रता के लिए करेगा।

ठीक इसी समय केसियस, केसका और अन्य षडयन्त्रकारी वहाँ पर आ पहुँचते हैं। ब्रूटस उनका स्वागत करता है और एक-एक करके उनसे हाथ मिलाता है। केसियस बड़ी सरलता से ब्रूटस को अपने षडयन्त्र में सम्मिलित होने के लिए फुसलाने में सफल हो जाता है। इसके पश्चात् वह षडयन्त्र सम्बन्धी बहुत सी बातों के सम्बन्ध में परामर्श करते हैं। केसियस प्रस्ताव रखता है कि वे प्रतीज्ञा करें कि वे सच्चे हृदय से अपने उद्देश्य की प्राप्ति का प्रयत्न करेंगे और उनमें से कोई भी पीछे नहीं हटेगा और न ही किसी से भाँडा फोड़ करेगा। परन्तु ब्रूटस आदर्शवादी है और वह किसी ऐसी प्रतिज्ञा की आवश्यकता नहीं समझता। वह सब सच्चे और बहादुर रोमन्स हैं, वे एक ऊँचे आदर्श के लिए संघर्ष कर रहे हैं और इसलिए उन्हें किसी प्रतिज्ञा की आवश्यकता नहीं है। इसके पश्चात् केसियस प्रस्ताव रखता है कि सीज़र के साथ-साथ उसके गहरे मित्र एनटोनी को भी मार दिया जाय क्योंकि वह उनको हानि पहुँचा सकता है, परन्तु ब्रूटस इस प्रस्ताव को भी अस्वीकृत कर देता है। एनटोनी एक बेपरवाह और खेलकूद का शौकीन नवयुवक है और सीज़र के मरने के पश्चात् वह उतना ही असहाय और शक्तिहीन हो जायेगा जितने कि सीज़र के शरीर के और अंग। यदि वे एनटोनी को भी मारेंगे तो लोग उन्हें कसाई कहेंगे जबकि वास्तव में रोम की स्वतन्त्रता के लिए सीज़र का बलिदान कर रहे हैं।

इसके पश्चात् षडयन्त्रकारी यह निश्चित करते हैं कि वे कल सुबह सीज़र के घर जायेंगे और उसे अपने साथ केपीटोल ले जायेंगे। यह निर्णय वह इसलिए करते हैं कि कहीं सीज़र अपना केपीटोल जाने का इरादा न बदल दे। इसके बाद वे अपने-अपने घरों को चले जाते हैं।

उनके चले जाने के पश्चात् ब्रूटस की पत्नी पोशिया बाग में आती है। वह कुछ समय से यह देख रही है कि उसके पति गहरी चिन्ता में डूबे रहते हैं और रात्रि में सो भी नहीं पाते हैं। इसलिए वह उनसे आग्रह करती है कि वह उसे अपनी चिन्ताओं का कारण बताये। वह एक साधारण स्त्री नहीं है जो कि किसी गुप्त बात को सहन नहीं कर सकती। वह Cato जैसे बहादुर व्यक्ति की लड़की है और ब्रूटस जैसे आदर्श व्यक्ति की पत्नी है। यह सिद्ध करने के लिए कि वह बहादुर स्त्री है और गुप्त बातों को मन में रख सकती है, पोशिया अपनी जाँघ में गहरा घाव करती है। ब्रूटस इस बात से अत्याधिक प्रभावित होता है और उसे आश्वासन दिलाता है कि वह शीघ्र ही उसे अपने भेद बतला देगा। इसी समय Ligarius वहाँ आता है और ब्रूटस पोशिया को अन्दर चले जाने का आदेश देता है।

ब्रूटस Ligarius को सीज़र के विरुद्ध षडयन्त्र के सम्बन्ध में सब बातें बताता है। Ligarius प्रतिज्ञा करता है कि वह ब्रूटस के नेतृत्व में हर प्रकार का कार्य करने को तैयार है।

ACT II : Scene ii

यह दृश्य सीज़र के महान सेनानायक के रूप में प्रस्तुत होता है। मार्क के आइस अर्थात् १५ ता०

है। सीज़र की पत्नी कलपूरनिया अपने पति से प्रार्थना करती है कि उस दिन वह सीनेट को न जाये। तरह-तरह की आश्चर्यजनक घटनायें घटित हुई हैं और उसने स्वयं एक बुरा स्वप्न देखा है। वह बहुत भयभीत है और उसे यह डर है कि यदि वह घर से बाहर जायगा तो उस पर कोई आपत्ति आ सकती है। सीज़र अपने पुरोहित के पास सन्देश भेजता है कि एक जानवर की बलि चढ़ाई जाय और उस बलि का परिणाम उसे बताया जाये। शीघ्र ही उसके पुरोहित उसे बताते हैं कि जिस जानवर की बलि चढ़ाई गई थी उसके हृदय नहीं था। यह घटना सीज़र के लिए अशुभ है। इसलिए सीज़र को घर पर ही रहना चाहिये। परन्तु सीज़र इसकी परवाह नहीं करता यद्यपि वह डर के कारण घर से बाहर नहीं जायगा तो वह एक बिना हृदय का जानवर कहलाने योग्य होगा। वह खतरे से भी ज्यादा खतरनाक है और खतरा उसकी शक्ल देखकर भाग जाता है।

Calpurnia उससे आग्रह करती है कि वह उसकी विनती मान ले और उस रोज घर से जाने का निश्चय बदल दे। उसने स्वप्न में देखा है कि सीज़र के statue में से खून के फुव्वारे निकल रहे हैं और बहुत से सिनेटरस उसके रक्त में अपने हाथ रंग रहे हैं। यह स्वप्न अशुभ है इसलिए वह सीज़र से प्रार्थना करती है कि वह सीनेट के लिए सन्देश भिजवा दे कि वह उस रोज सीनेट नहीं आ सकेगा। सीज़र अपनी पत्नी की बात मान लेता है और यह निश्चय करता है कि वह एनटोनी के द्वारा सीनेट के पास सन्देश भेजेगा कि वह अस्वस्थता के कारण सीनेट नहीं आयेगा।

ठीक उसी समय डीशियस और पडयन्त्रकारी सीज़र को सीनेट ले जाने के लिए आ पहुँचते हैं। डीशियस Calpurnia के स्वप्न की दूसरी तरह से व्याख्या करता है उसे वह सीज़र के लिए शुभ बताता है। स्वप्न का अर्थ है कि सीज़र का यश दूर-दूर तक फैलेगा और रोम के सब नागरिकों को उससे बहुत लाभ होगा। इस अर्थ की पुष्टि इस बात से भी होती है कि सीनेटर्स ने निश्चित किया है कि उस दिन वह उसे ताज प्रस्तुत करेंगे और उसे रोम का राजा घोषित करेंगे। स्वप्न की यह व्याख्या सीज़र को बहुत अच्छी लगती है और वह तुरन्त अपना निश्चय बदल देता है और तुरन्त केपीटोल जाने के लिए तैयार हो जाता है।

यह दृश्य सीज़र के चरित्र पर बहुत प्रकाश डालता है। सीज़र घमण्डी और शेखी बघारने वाला है। वह अन्धविश्वासी है और बहुत जल्दी-जल्दी अपना निश्चय बदलता है यद्यपि वह बड़े घमण्ड से कहता है कि वह ध्रुवतारे की तरह दृढ़ है। वह एक अच्छा पति नहीं है और अपनी पत्नी के प्रति उसका व्यवहार ठीक नहीं है।

ACT II : Scene iii

यह दृश्य रोम की एक सड़क पर घटित होता है। आइप्स ऑफ मार्च अर्थात् मार्च की १५ तारीख है। Artimedorous एक कागज पढ़ता हुआ दिखाई पड़ता

है। यह स्वयं उसका ही लिखा हुआ एक पत्र है जिसमें उसने सीज़र को चेतावनी दी है कि उसके विरुद्ध षड्यन्त्र की रचना हुई है और उसका जीवन खतरे में है। इस पत्र में उसने सीज़र को यह भी बतलाया है कि उसे केशियस, केसका और अन्य कुछ और व्यक्तियों से सावधान रहना चाहिये। वह सीज़र का शुभ-चिन्तक है और उसका व्यय है कि जब सीज़र उस रास्ते से सीनेट को जाने के लिए गुजरेगा तो वह उसे वह पत्र दे देगा।

ACT II : Scene iv

यह दृश्य उसी दिन रोम की एक और सड़क पर घटित होता है। परदा उठते ही पोशिया और उसका नौकर Lucius सड़क पर आते हुए दिखाई देते हैं। चिन्ता के कारण पोशिया पागल-सी हो गई है। वह Lucius से कहती है कि तुरन्त उसके पति ब्रूटस के पास जायें और शीघ्र ही वापिस लौटे परन्तु वह उसे यह नहीं बताती कि ब्रूटस के पास जाकर उसे क्या कहना है। जब Lucius उससे यह पूछता है कि वह अपने स्वामी के पास जाकर क्या कहे तो उसे अपनी त्रुटि समझ में आती है और वह Lucius से कहती है कि वह अपने स्वामी के पास जाकर यह देखकर आये कि वह ठीक है या नहीं। और उसे यह भी बतलादे कि उसकी पत्नी बिल्कुल ठीक है। इसके पश्चात् वह घर चली जाती है और Lucius केपिटोल की ओर जाता है।

यह दृश्य हमें यह बतलाता है कि शीघ्र ही पोशिया पूर्णरूप से पागल हो जायगी और इस तरह से हमें शीघ्र ही उसकी होने वाली मृत्यु का संकेत मिलता है।

ACT III : Scene i

यह दृश्य भी रोम की एक सड़क पर होता है। परदा उठते ही सीज़र एक जलूस के साथ केपिटोल की ओर जाता हुआ दिखाई देता है। सब षड्यन्त्रकारी, एन्टोनी और अन्य बहुत से महत्त्वपूर्ण व्यक्ति उसके साथ हैं। वही भविष्यवाणी करने वाला जिसने भविष्यवाणी की थी कि आइप्स आफ मार्च सीज़र के लिए अशुभ है वहाँ पर आता है और सीज़र उसे व्यंग कसता है कि उसकी भविष्यवाणी गलत निकली क्योंकि आइप्स आफ मार्च का दिन आ गया है। लेकिन भविष्यवाणी करने वाला इतना कहता है कि अभी आइप्स आफ मार्च का दिन पूरा नहीं हुआ है अर्थात् उसकी भविष्यवाणी अभी भी ठीक हो सकती है।

इसके पश्चात् Artimedorus सीज़र को वह पत्र देता है जिसमें उसने आने वाले खतरे की चेतावनी दी है। वह सीज़र से आग्रह करता है कि वह सबके सामने उसका प्रार्थना पत्र पढ़ें क्योंकि उसका सम्बन्ध सीज़र से ही है। परन्तु सीज़र बड़ी शान के साथ उत्तर देता है कि जिस प्रार्थना पत्र का सम्बन्ध उससे है वह उसे सबसे अन्त में पढ़ेगा और यह कहकर वह आगे चला जाता है।

केपिटोल में पहुँचकर सीज़र उस दिन का कार्य आरम्भ करता है। वह चारों ओर खड़े व्यक्तियों की ओर देता है कि वह अपनी-अपनी शिकायतें उसके सम्मुख

रखें। सबसे पहले Mettilus Cimber उससे प्रार्थना करता है कि वह उसके भाई को क्षमा कर दें और उनको विदेश से घर लौट आने की अनुमति दें। लेकिन सीज़र अपने निश्चय पर दृढ़ रहता है और कहता है कि वह औरों की तरह परिवर्तनशील नहीं है, उसने जो दंड Mettilus Cimber के भाई को दिया है वह सोच समझ कर दिया है इसलिए वह उसमें कोई परिवर्तन नहीं करेगा। इसके पश्चात् ब्रूटस और अन्य षडयन्त्रकारी Mettilus Cimber का समर्थन करते हैं और सीज़र से आग्रह करते हैं कि वह उसके भाई को क्षमा कर दें परन्तु घमण्डी सीज़र उन सबकी प्रार्थना को ठुकरा देता है। इस पर सबसे पहले केसका और फिर अन्य षडयन्त्रकारी सीज़र के छुरे भोंकते हैं। जब उसका गहरा और विश्वासीय मित्र ब्रूटस भी उसके छुरा भोंकता है तो सीज़र को बड़ा धक्का लगता है और वह मूर्छित होकर गिरता है और पोम्पे के statue के समीप दम तोड़ देता है। चारों ओर रक्त बहने लगता है और वहाँ पर एकत्रित भीड़ इधर-उधर भागने लगती है। षडयन्त्रकारी “शान्ति, स्वतन्त्रता” का नारा लगाते हैं और सबको आश्वासन देते हैं कि घबराने की कोई बात नहीं है और अन्य किसी को कोई हानि नहीं पहुँचाई जायगी।

एनटोनी जो गड़बड़ी फैलाने पर वहाँ से चला गया था अब अपने एक दूत को भेजता है। वह दूत ब्रूटस को अपने स्वामी का संदेश देता है उसका स्वामी षडयन्त्रकारियों से मिलने के लिए आना चाहता है परन्तु वह तभी आयेगा जब कि ब्रूटस यह आश्वासन देगा कि उसे स्वतन्त्रता पूर्वक वापिस भी जाने दिया जायेगा। ब्रूटस तुरन्त यह आश्वासन दे देता है और इसके पश्चात् शीघ्र ही एनटोनी वापिस लौट आता है।

सीज़र के शव को देखकर एनटोनी गहरा शोक प्रगट करता है इसके पश्चात् वह षडयन्त्रकारियों से हाथ मिलाता है और उनको आश्वासन देता है कि वह उनका मित्र बनकर उनका साथ देने के लिए तैयार है यदि वे उसे यह बतायें कि सीज़र की हत्या किन कारणों से की गई और उसकी हत्या करना रोम की भलाई के लिए आवश्यक था। ब्रूटस उसे आश्वासन दिलाता है कि सीज़र की हत्या रोम के हित के लिए ही की गई है और वे उसे ऐसे कारण बतायेंगे कि उसे विश्वास हो जाएगा कि सीज़र की हत्या करना ही उचित था। इसके पश्चात् एनटोनी प्रार्थना करता है कि उसे सीज़र का शव बाहर सड़क पर ले जाने और रिवाज के अनुसार एक शोक सभा में भाषण देने की अनुमति दी जाय। केसियस जो एनटोनी के गुणों को अच्छी तरह जानता है ऐसी अनुमति दिये जाने का कड़ा विरोध करता है लेकिन ब्रूटस एनटोनी की यह बात मान लेता है। पहले वह स्वयं भाषण देगा उसके पश्चात् एनटोनी। अपने भाषण के आरम्भ में ही वह लोगों को बता देगा कि वह षडयन्त्रकारियों की ही आज्ञा से ही भाषण दे रहा है और वह उनके विरुद्ध कोई बात नहीं कहेगा।

इसके पश्चात् पडयन्त्रकारी सीज़र का शव एनटोनी को सौंपकर चले जाते हैं। एनटोनी सीज़र के शव पर भविष्यवाणी करता है कि रोम में घरेलू युद्ध होगा और अत्याधिक मार काट होगी और गड़बड़ी फैलेगी। उसी समय सीज़र के भतीजे Octavius सीज़र का एक नौकर आता है और एनटोनी को बतलाता है कि Octavius रोम के बहुत निकट आ चुका है। इस नौकर की सहायता से एनटोनी सीज़र के शव को बाहर ले जाता है।

ACT III : Scene ii

यह दृश्य भी रोम के एक बाज़ार में घटित होता है। ब्रूटस और केसियस एक बड़ी भीड़ के साथ आते हैं। ब्रूटस रोम वासियों की उस भीड़ से कहता है कि वह स्वयं वहाँ पर भाषण देगा और केसियस एक अन्य स्थान पर। जो उसका भाषण सुनना चाहते हैं वे वहाँ पर ठहरे रहें और शेष सब भीड़ केसियस के साथ चली जाय। इस प्रकार वह भीड़ दो भागों में विभाजित हो जाती है।

ब्रूटस अब एक ऊँचे चबूतरे पर चढ़ता है और अपना भाषण आरम्भ करता है। वह रोम वासियों को बतलाता है कि किन कारणों से सीज़र की हत्या की गई। सीज़र में अत्यन्त महत्वाकांक्षा जाग्रत हो गई थी और वह मनमाने ढंग से शासन करना चाहता था। उसकी महत्वाकांक्षा के कारण रोमवासियों की स्वतन्त्रता और अधिकार कुचले जा रहे थे। इसीलिए सीज़र की हत्या की गई। सीज़र उसका एक गहरा मित्र था लेकिन तब भी उसने सीज़र की हत्या की क्योंकि वह रोम को सीज़र से भी अधिक प्रेम करता है। सब श्रोतागण इस बात से अत्यधिक प्रभावित होते हैं और वे एक मत होकर चिल्लाते हैं हम ब्रूटस को सीज़र बनायेंगे। उनकी यह भावना यह स्पष्ट करती है कि रोम वासी प्रजातन्त्र के सिद्धान्तों को नहीं समझते हैं और सीज़र की हत्या करना बड़ी त्रुटि थी।

इसी समय एनटोनी सीज़र के शव को लेकर वहाँ आ जाता है। ब्रूटस श्रोतागणों से कहता है कि वह एनटोनी के भाषण को ध्यानपूर्वक सुनें क्योंकि वह उनकी अनुमति से ही भाषण देने आया है। यह कह कर ब्रूटस चला जाता है और एनटोनी अपना भाषण देने के लिए चबूतरे पर चढ़ता है।

बड़ी होशियारी से एनटोनी भीड़ को पडयन्त्रकारियों के विरुद्ध भड़काता है वह बार-बार ब्रूटस और केसियस को सच्चे और आदरणीय व्यक्ति कहता है लेकिन साथ-साथ यह भी बतलाता जाता है कि जो बातें उन्होंने कही हैं सत्य नहीं हैं। ब्रूटस ने उन्हें बताया कि सीज़र जैसा महत्वाकांक्षी मनुष्य ऐसा कभी नहीं करता। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि भीड़ ब्रूटस को झूठा समझने लगती है और उसके विरुद्ध हो जाती है।

इसके पश्चात् एनटोनी रोम वासियों की भावनाओं को और अधिक उत्तेजित करता है। वह उन्हें सीज़र की will के सम्बन्ध में बताता है अपनी will के द्वारा सीज़र ने प्रत्येक नागरिक के लिए ७५ स० छोड़े हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त उसने अपने

सारे बाग, पार्कस इत्यादि, रोम की जनता को दे दिये हैं। इससे रोम वासियों की वह भीड़ उत्तेजित हो जाती है और क्रोध में भरकर षडयन्त्रकारियों को मारने और उनके घरों को जलाने के लिए वहाँ से चल देती है। इस तरह से एनटोनी अपने उद्देश्य में सफल होता है और रोम में घरेलू युद्ध और मार-काट की आग भड़क उठती है।

शीघ्र ही Octavious का दूत आता है और वह एनटोनी को बतलाता है कि ब्रूटस और केसियस शहर से भागते हुए देखे गये हैं। Octavious स्वयं सीज़र के घर चला गया है और एनटोनी उससे मिलने के लिए वहाँ जाता है।

ACT III : Scene iii

यह दृश्य रोम की एक और सड़क पर घटित होता है। Cinna जो कि एक कवि है वहाँ पर आता है। दूसरी ओर से रोम-वासियों की एक भीड़ आती है। यह भीड़ यह समझती है कि वह Cinna नाम का षडयन्त्रकारी है और उसे मारने के लिए तत्पर हो जाती है। Cinna बार-बार कहता है कि वह षडयन्त्रकारी नहीं है बल्कि वह तो एक गरीब और निर्दोष कवि है। परन्तु भीड़ उसकी एक बात भी नहीं सुनती और शीघ्र ही उसके टुकड़े-टुकड़े कर डालती है।

इस दृश्य से हमें ज्ञात होता है कि रोम की जनता कितनी भावुक और भड़कीली है। वह प्रजातन्त्र के योग्य नहीं है। उस पर शासन करने के लिए किसी सीज़र जैसे ही व्यक्ति की आवश्यकता है।

ACT IV : Scene i

यह दृश्य एनटोनी के मकान के एक कमरे में घटित होता है। परदा उठने पर एनटोनी, ओक्टेवियस और लेपीडस एक मेज पर बैठे हुए दिखाई पड़ते हैं। वे उन लोगों की एक सूची तैयार कर रहे हैं जिन्हें वे अपना शत्रु समझते हैं और जिनकी वे हत्या करना चाहते हैं। एनटोनी इस सूची में अपने भानजे का नाम भी सम्मिलित कर लेता है। इससे हम यह अनुमान लगा सकते हैं कि वह कितना निर्दयी है। इसके पश्चात् वे तीनों यह कोशिश करते हैं कि सीज़र के इच्छा-पत्र को किस तरह बदला जाय जिससे उनका बहुत कुछ खर्चा बच सके और बहुत-सी सम्पत्ति रोम के नागरिकों को न देनी पड़े। वास्तव में एनटोनी के कोई सिद्धान्त नहीं है और वह बड़ी-से-बड़ी बेईमानी कर सकता है।

जब लेपीडस वहाँ से चला जाता है तो एनटोनी उसके सम्बन्ध में ओक्टेवियस से वार्तालाप करता है। वह लेपीडस को बिल्कुल निकम्मा समझता है उसके मत अनुसार वह इस योग्य नहीं है कि उसे रोमन एम्पायर का एक तिहाई दिया जाय। वह उसको अपना स्वार्थ सिद्ध करने के लिए अपने साथ रखेंगे। इसके पश्चात् उसे अलग कर देंगे और उसे कुछ नहीं देंगे।

ACT IV : Scene ii

दृश्य अब रोम से परिवर्तित होकर सारडिस के मैदान में घटित होता है।

इसके पश्चात् षडयन्त्रकारी सीज़र का शव एनटोनी को सौंपकर चले जाते हैं। एनटोनी सीज़र के शव पर भविष्यवाणी करता है कि रोम में घरेलू युद्ध होगा और अत्याधिक मार काट होगी और गड़बड़ी फैलेगी। उसी समय सीज़र के भतीजे Octavius सीज़र का एक नौकर आता है और एनटोनी को बतलाता है कि Octavius रोम के बहुत निकट आ चुका है। इस नौकर की सहायता से एनटोनी सीज़र के शव को बाहर ले जाता है।

ACT III : Scene ii

यह दृश्य भी रोम के एक बाज़ार में घटित होता है। ब्रूटस और केसियस एक बड़ी भीड़ के साथ आते हैं। ब्रूटस रोम वासियों की उस भीड़ से कहता है कि वह स्वयं वहाँ पर भाषण देगा और केसियस एक अन्य स्थान पर। जो उसका भाषण सुनना चाहते हैं वे वहीं पर ठहरे रहें और शेष सब भीड़ केसियस के साथ चली जाय। इस प्रकार वह भीड़ दो भागों में विभाजित हो जाती है।

ब्रूटस अब एक ऊँचे चबूतरे पर चढ़ता है और अपना भाषण आरम्भ करता है। वह रोम वासियों को बतलाता है कि किन कारणों से सीज़र की हत्या की गई। सीज़र में अत्यन्त महत्वकाँक्षा जागृत हो गई थी और वह मनमाने ढंग से शासन करना चाहता था। उसकी महत्वकाँक्षा के कारण रोमवासियों की स्वतन्त्रता और अधिकार कुचले जा रहे थे। इसीलिए सीज़र की हत्या की गई। सीज़र उसका एक गहरा मित्र था लेकिन तब भी उसने सीज़र की हत्या की क्योंकि वह रोम को सीज़र से भी अधिक प्रेम करता है। सब श्रोतागण इस बात से अत्यधिक प्रभावित होते हैं और वे एक मत होकर चिल्लाते हैं हम ब्रूटस को सीज़र बनायेंगे। उनकी यह भावना यह स्पष्ट करती है कि रोम वासी प्रजातन्त्र के सिद्धान्तों को नहीं समझते हैं और सीज़र की हत्या करना बड़ी त्रुटि थी।

इसी समय एनटोनी सीज़र के शव को लेकर वहाँ आ जाता है। ब्रूटस श्रोतागणों से कहता है कि वह एनटोनी के भाषण को ध्यानपूर्वक सुनें क्योंकि वह उनकी अनुमति से ही भाषण देने आया है। यह कह कर ब्रूटस चला जाता है और एनटोनी अपना भाषण देने के लिए चबूतरे पर चढ़ता है।

बड़ी होशियारी से एनटोनी भीड़ को षडयन्त्रकारियों के विरुद्ध भड़काता है वह बार-बार ब्रूटस और केसियस को सच्चे और आदरणीय व्यक्ति कहता है लेकिन साथ-साथ यह भी बतलाता जाता है कि जो बातें उन्होंने कही हैं सत्य नहीं हैं। ब्रूटस ने उन्हें बताया कि सीज़र जैसा महत्वकाँक्षी मनुष्य ऐसा कभी नहीं करता। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि भीड़ ब्रूटस को झूठा समझने लगती है और उसके विरुद्ध हो जाती है।

इसके पश्चात् एनटोनी रोम वासियों की भावनाओं को और अधिक उत्तेजित करता है। वह उन्हें सीज़र की will के सम्बन्ध में बताता है अपनी will के द्वारा सीज़र ने प्रत्येक नागरिक के लिए ७५ रु० छोड़े हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त उसने अपने

सारे बाग, पार्कस इत्यादि, रोम की जनता को दे दिये हैं। इससे रोम वासियों की वह भीड़ उत्तेजित हो जाती है और क्रोध में भरकर षडयन्त्रकारियों को मारने और उनके घरों को जलाने के लिए वहाँ से चल देती है। इस तरह से एनटोनी अपने उद्देश्य में सफल होता है और रोम में घरेलू युद्ध और मार-काट की आग भड़क उठती है।

शीघ्र ही Octavious का दूत आता है और वह एनटोनी को बतलाता है कि ब्रूटस और केसियस शहर से भागते हुए देखे गये हैं। Octavious स्वयं सीज़र के घर चला गया है और एनटोनी उससे मिलने के लिए वहाँ जाता है।

ACT III : Scene iii

यह दृश्य रोम की एक और सड़क पर घटित होता है। Cinna जो कि एक कवि है वहाँ पर आता है। दूसरी ओर से रोम-वासियों की एक भीड़ आती है। यह भीड़ यह समझती है कि वह Cinna नाम का षडयन्त्रकारी है और उसे मारने के लिए तत्पर हो जाती है। Cinna बार-बार कहता है कि वह षडयन्त्रकारी नहीं है बल्कि वह तो एक गरीब और निर्दोष कवि है। परन्तु भीड़ उसकी एक बात भी नहीं सुनती और शीघ्र ही उसके टुकड़े-टुकड़े कर डालती है।

इस दृश्य से हमें ज्ञात होता है कि रोम की जनता कितनी भावुक और भड़कीली है। वह प्रजातन्त्र के योग्य नहीं है। उस पर शासन करने के लिए किसी सीज़र जैसे ही व्यक्ति की आवश्यकता है।

ACT IV : Scene i

यह दृश्य एनटोनी के मकान के एक कमरे में घटित होता है। परदा उठने पर एनटोनी, ओक्टेवियस और लेपीडस एक मेज पर बैठे हुए दिखाई पड़ते हैं। वे उन लोगों की एक सूची तैयार कर रहे हैं जिन्हें वे अपना शत्रु समझते हैं और जिनकी वे हत्या करना चाहते हैं। एनटोनी इस सूची में अपने भानजे का नाम भी सम्मिलित कर लेता है। इससे हम यह अनुमान लगा सकते हैं कि वह कितना निर्दयी है। इसके पश्चात् वे तीनों यह कोशिश करते हैं कि सीज़र के इच्छा-पत्र को किस तरह बदला जाय जिससे उनका बहुत कुछ खर्चा बच सके और बहुत-सी सम्पत्ति रोम के नागरिकों को न देनी पड़े। वास्तव में एनटोनी के कोई सिद्धान्त नहीं है और वह बड़ी-से-बड़ी बेईमानी कर सकता है।

जब लेपीडस वहाँ से चला जाता है तो एनटोनी उसके सम्बन्ध में ओक्टेवियस से वार्तालाप करता है। वह लेपीडस को बिल्कुल निकम्मा समझता है उसके मत अनुसार वह इस योग्य नहीं है कि उसे रोमन एम्पायर का एक तिहाई दिया जाय। वह उसको अपना स्वार्थ सिद्ध करने के लिए अपने साथ रखेंगे। इसके पश्चात् उसे अलग कर देंगे और उसे कुछ नहीं देंगे।

ACT IV : Scene ii

दृश्य अब रोम से परिवर्तित होकर सारडिस के मैदान में घटित होता है।

ब्रूटस अपने साथियों के समीप अपने डेरे के बाहर दिखाई देता है। केसियस अपने कुछ साथियों सहित उससे मिलने आता है। उन्हें एक दूसरे से शिकायत है और वे मिलते ही लड़ने लगते हैं। उनकी सेनायें समीप ही हैं और उनके सामने आपस में झगड़ा उचित नहीं है। इसलिए वे अपनी-अपनी सेनाओं को कुछ दूर जाकर विश्राम करने के लिए आदेश देते हैं और स्वयं ब्रूटस के डेरे में भगड़े का निबटारा करने के लिए चले जाते हैं।

ACT IV : Scene iii

यह दृश्य ब्रूटस के डेरे में होता है। ब्रूटस और केसियस के आपस का झगड़ा और बढ़ जाता है और वे एक दूसरे को बहुत बुरा-भला कहते हैं और दोषी ठहराते हैं। केसियस शिकायत करता है कि उसने एक व्यक्ति के लिए सिफारिश पत्र लिखा था परन्तु उसने उस पत्र पर कोई ध्यान नहीं दिया। ब्रूटस तुरन्त उत्तर देता है कि केसियस को ऐसे चरित्रहीन व्यक्ति की सिफारिश नहीं करनी चाहिये थी। वह स्वयं केसियस को दोषी ठहराता है और कहता कि केसियस ने घूस ली है और डरा-धमका कर जबरदस्ती रुपया वसूल किया है। केसियस इस बात को पूर्णतः झूठ बताता है। बात यहाँ तक बढ़ जाती है कि वे तलवार निकालकर लड़ने को तैयार हो जाते हैं। परन्तु जब केसियस को यह ज्ञात होता है कि ब्रूटस की पत्नी पोर्शिया की मृत्यु हो चुकी है तो उसे अत्यन्त खेद होता है और उसका क्रोध शान्त हो जाता है। वह ब्रूटस की सराहना करता है कि उसने बड़ी शान्ति से इस गहरे दुःख को सहन किया है। दोनों फिर से मित्र हो जाते हैं और मदिरा के एक प्याले में अपने आपस के झगड़े को भुला देते हैं।

इसके पश्चात् वे अपने-अपने जनरल को बुलाते हैं और आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि दुश्मन का मुकाबला कैसे किया जाय। केसियस का मत है कि वे सारडिस की पहाड़ी पर ही रहें और वहाँ पर आकर शत्रु को अपने ऊपर हमला करने दें। वहाँ तक आने में दुश्मन थक जायगा और वे अपने ऊँचे स्थान का पूरा-पूरा लाभ उठा सकेंगे। परन्तु ब्रूटस इस सुझाव को स्वीकार नहीं करता। वह सलाह देता है कि उन्हें फिलपी के मैदान में पहुँच कर शत्रु पर आक्रमण करना चाहिये। सारडिस और फिलपी के मध्य में रहने वाले सब निवासी उनसे नाराज हैं और अगर उनका शत्रु सारडिस तक आयेगा तो वे सब उससे मिल जायेंगे। केसियस ब्रूटस का कहना मान लेता है और यह तय हो जाता है कि वे सुबह होते ही फिलपी के लिए चल देंगे।

इसके पश्चात् केसियस और उनके जनरल चले जाते हैं और ब्रूटस डेरे में अकेला रह जाता है। कुछ समय पश्चात् उसे सीज़र का Ghost दिखाई देता है। यह Ghost ब्रूटस को बताता है कि वह उसका Evil Genius है और वह पुनः फिलपी के मैदान में उससे भेंट करेगा। इसके पश्चात् Ghost गायब हो जाता है। ब्रूटस अपने नौकरों को आहूत करता है। उन्होंने किसी के कुछ नहीं देखा है।

ACT V : Scene i

यह दृश्य फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। ओक्टेवियस और एनटोनी दूर से शत्रु की सेना को आते हुए देखते हैं। उन्हें बड़ा आश्चर्य होता है कि दुश्मन ने सारडिस की ऊँचाई से लाभ नहीं उठाया और फिलपी के मैदान में उनसे लड़ने के लिए चला आया है।

इसके पश्चात् दोनों ओर के सेनापति आगे बढ़ते हैं और वार्तालाप करते हैं। वे एक दूसरे को बुरा-भला कहते हैं और व्यंग कसते हैं। शीघ्र ही यह स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि उनके झगड़े का निबटारा बातों से नहीं होगा और इसलिए वे युद्ध की ठान लेते हैं और वापिस लौट जाते हैं।

अब ब्रूटस और केसियस आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि यदि उनकी हार हुई तो वे क्या करेंगे। क्या वे बन्दी बनाकर रोम के बाजारों में घुमाया जाना पसन्द करेंगे या वे यह पसन्द करेंगे कि एक सच्चे रोमन की भाँति वे स्वयं अपने-अपने जीवन का अन्त कर दें। वे यह निर्णय करते हैं कि हार होने पर आत्म-हत्या ही उनके लिए सम्मान का एक मात्र रास्ता है। इसलिए वे एक-दूसरे से विदाई लेते हैं क्योंकि यह सम्भव है कि वे फिर न मिलें।

ACT V : Scene ii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। लड़ाई आरम्भ हुए कुछ समय हो चुका है। ओक्टेवियस की सेना को कुछ पीछे हटते हुए देखकर ब्रूटस अपनी सेना को उस पर आक्रमण करने का आदेश देता है। यह एक बड़ी त्रुटि है ब्रूटस के सिपाही ओक्टेवियस को तो हरा देते हैं परन्तु इसके तुरन्त बाद ही वे माल लूटने में लग जाते हैं और केसियस की सहायता के लिए नहीं जाते। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि एनटोनी केसियस की सेना को पीछे धकेल देता है और दूसरी ओर से केसियस के डेरों में घुस जाता है।

केसियस दूर से अपने डेरों में आग लगते हुए देखता है। कुछ दूर पर घुड़सवारों को आते हुए देखकर वह अपने मित्र Titinius को यह मालूम करने के लिए भेजता है कि वे घुड़सवार मित्र हैं या शत्रु। दूर से उसे ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि Titinius को शत्रु ने पकड़ लिया है इससे वह बहुत निराश होता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। जब Titinius वापिस लौटता है तो केसियस को मरा हुआ देखकर शोक से पागल हो जाता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। कुछ देर पश्चात् जब ब्रूटस वहाँ पर आता है तो उसे उन दोनों के शव के अतिरिक्त वहाँ पर कुछ नहीं मिलता।

ACT V : Scene iii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। घमासान युद्ध होता रहता है परन्तु यह बात अब स्पष्ट है कि प्रजातन्त्र पक्ष की हार होगी। Cato जो कि

ब्रूटस अपने साथियों के समीप अपने डेरे के बाहर दिखाई देता है। केसियस अपने कुछ साथियों सहित उससे मिलने आता है। उन्हें एक दूसरे से शिकायत है और वे मिलते ही लड़ने लगते हैं। उनकी सेनायें समीप ही हैं और उनके सामने आपस में झगड़ा उचित नहीं है। इसलिए वे अपनी-अपनी सेनाओं को कुछ दूर जाकर विश्राम करने के लिए आदेश देते हैं और स्वयं ब्रूटस के डेरे में भगड़े का निवटारा करने के लिए चले जाते हैं।

ACT IV : Scene iii

यह दृश्य ब्रूटस के डेरे में होता है। ब्रूटस और केसियस के आपस का झगड़ा और बढ़ जाता है और वे एक दूसरे को बहुत बुरा-भला कहते हैं और दोषी ठहराते हैं। केसियस शिकायत करता है कि उसने एक व्यक्ति के लिए सिफारिशी पत्र लिखा था परन्तु उसने उस पत्र पर कोई ध्यान नहीं दिया। ब्रूटस तुरन्त उत्तर देता है कि केसियस को ऐसे चरित्रहीन व्यक्ति की सिफारिश नहीं करनी चाहिये थी। वह स्वयं केसियस को दोषी ठहराता है और कहता कि केसियस ने घूस ली है और डरा-धमका कर जबरदस्ती रुपया वसूल किया है। केसियस इस बात को पूर्णतः झूठ बताता है। बात यहाँ तक बढ़ जाती है कि वे तलवार निकालकर लड़ने को तैयार हो जाते हैं। परन्तु जब केसियस को यह ज्ञात होता है कि ब्रूटस की पत्नी पोशिया की मृत्यु हो चुकी है तो उसे अत्यन्त खेद होता है और उसका क्रोध शान्त हो जाता है। वह ब्रूटस की सराहना करता है कि उसने बड़ी शान्ति से इस गहरे दुःख को सहन किया है। दोनों फिर से मित्र हो जाते हैं और मदिरा के एक प्याले में अपने आपस के झगड़े को भुला देते हैं।

इसके पश्चात् वे अपने-अपने जनरल को बुलाते हैं और आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि दुश्मन का मुकाबला कैसे किया जाय। केसियस का मत है कि वे सारडिस की पहाड़ी पर ही रहें और वहाँ पर आकर शत्रु को अपने ऊपर हमला करने दें। वहाँ तक आने में दुश्मन थक जायगा और वे अपने ऊँचे स्थान का पूरा-पूरा लाभ उठा सकेंगे। परन्तु ब्रूटस इस सुझाव को स्वीकार नहीं करता। वह सलाह देता है कि उन्हें फिलपी के मैदान में पहुँच कर शत्रु पर आक्रमण करना चाहिये। सारडिस और फिलपी के मध्य में रहने वाले सब निवासी उनसे नाराज हैं और अगर उनका शत्रु सारडिस तक आयेगा तो वे सब उससे मिल जायेंगे। केसियस ब्रूटस का कहना मान लेता है और यह तय हो जाता है कि वे सुबह होते ही फिलपी के लिए चल देंगे।

इसके पश्चात् केसियस और उनके जनरल चले जाते हैं और ब्रूटस डेरे में अकेला रह जाता है। कुछ समय पश्चात् उसे सीज़र का Ghost दिखाई देता है। यह Ghost ब्रूटस को बताता है कि वह उसका Evil Genius है और वह पुनः फिलपी के मैदान में उससे भेंट करेगा। इसके पश्चात् Ghost गायब हो जाता है। ब्रूटस अपने नौकरों को जागृत करता है परन्तु उनमें से किसी ने कुछ नहीं देखा है।

ACT V : Scene i

यह दृश्य फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। ओक्टेवियस और एनटोनी दूर से शत्रु की सेना को आते हुए देखते हैं। उन्हें बड़ा आश्चर्य होता है कि दुश्मन ने सारडिस की ऊँचाई से लाभ नहीं उठाया और फिलपी के मैदान में उनसे लड़ने के लिए चला आया है।

इसके पश्चात् दोनों ओर के सेनापति आगे बढ़ते हैं और वार्तालाप करते हैं। वे एक दूसरे को बुरा-भला कहते हैं और व्यंग कसते हैं। शीघ्र ही यह स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि उनके झगड़े का निबटारा बातों से नहीं होगा और इसलिए वे युद्ध की ठान लेते हैं और वापिस लौट जाते हैं।

अब ब्रूटस और केसियस आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि यदि उनकी हार हुई तो वे क्या करेंगे। क्या वे बन्दी बनाकर रोम के बाजारों में घुमाया जाना पसन्द करेंगे या वे यह पसन्द करेंगे कि एक सच्चे रोमन की भाँति वे स्वयं अपने-अपने जीवन का अन्त कर दें। वे यह निर्णय करते हैं कि हार होने पर आत्म-हत्या ही उनके लिए सम्मान का एक मात्र रास्ता है। इसलिए वे एक-दूसरे से विदाई लेते हैं क्योंकि यह सम्भव है कि वे फिर न मिलें।

ACT V : Scene ii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। लड़ाई आरम्भ हुए कुछ समय हो चुका है। ओक्टेवियस की सेना को कुछ पीछे हटते हुए देखकर ब्रूटस अपनी सेना को उस पर आक्रमण करने का आदेश देता है। यह एक बड़ी त्रुटि है ब्रूटस के सिपाही ओक्टेवियस को तो हरा देते हैं परन्तु इसके तुरन्त बाद ही वे माल लूटने में लग जाते हैं और केसियस की सहायता के लिए नहीं जाते। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि एनटोनी केसियस की सेना को पीछे धकेल देता है और दूसरी ओर से केसियस के डेरों में घुस जाता है।

केसियस दूर से अपने डेरों में आग लगते हुए देखता है। कुछ दूर पर घुड़सवारों को आते हुए देखकर वह अपने मित्र Titinius को यह मालूम करने के लिए भेजता है कि वे घुड़सवार मित्र हैं या शत्रु। दूर से उसे ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि Titinius को शत्रु ने पकड़ लिया है इससे वह बहुत निराश होता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। जब Titinius वापिस लौटता है तो केसियस को मरा हुआ देखकर शोक से पागल हो जाता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। कुछ देर पश्चात् जब ब्रूटस वहाँ पर आता है तो उसे उन दोनों के शव के अतिरिक्त वहाँ पर कुछ नहीं मिलता।

ACT V : Scene iii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। घमासान युद्ध होता रहता है परन्तु यह बात अब स्पष्ट है कि प्रजातन्त्र पक्ष की हार होगी। Cato जो कि एक महत्वपूर्ण सैनिक है युद्ध में काम आता है। Lucilius अपने आपको

ब्रूटस अपने साथियों के समीप अपने डेरे के बाहर दिखाई देता है। केसियस अपने कुछ साथियों सहित उससे मिलने आता है। उन्हें एक दूसरे से शिकायत है और वे मिलते ही लड़ने लगते हैं। उनकी सेनायें समीप ही हैं और उनके सामने आपस में झगड़ा उचित नहीं है। इसलिए वे अपनी-अपनी सेनाओं को कुछ दूर जाकर विश्राम करने के लिए आदेश देते हैं और स्वयं ब्रूटस के डेरे में भगड़े का निवटारा करने के लिए चले जाते हैं।

ACT IV : Scene iii

यह दृश्य ब्रूटस के डेरे में होता है। ब्रूटस और केसियस के आपस का झगड़ा और बढ़ जाता है और वे एक दूसरे को बहुत बुरा-भला कहते हैं और दोपी ठहराते हैं। केसियस शिकायत करता है कि उसने एक व्यक्ति के लिए सिफारिशी पत्र लिखा था परन्तु उसने उस पत्र पर कोई ध्यान नहीं दिया। ब्रूटस तुरन्त उत्तर देता है कि केसियस को ऐसे चरित्रहीन व्यक्ति की सिफारिश नहीं करनी चाहिये थी। वह स्वयं केसियस को दोपी ठहराता है और कहता कि केसियस ने धूस ली है और डरा-धमका कर जबरदस्ती रुपया वसूल किया है। केसियस इस बात को पूर्णतः झूठ बताता है। बात यहाँ तक बढ़ जाती है कि वे तलवार निकालकर लड़ने को तैयार हो जाते हैं। परन्तु जब केसियस को यह ज्ञात होता है कि ब्रूटस की पत्नी पोर्शिया की मृत्यु हो चुकी है तो उसे अत्यन्त खेद होता है और उसका क्रोध शान्त हो जाता है। वह ब्रूटस की सराहना करता है कि उसने बड़ी शान्ति से इस गहरे दुःख को सहन किया है। दोनों फिर से मित्र हो जाते हैं और मदिरा के एक प्याले में अपने आपस के झगड़े को भुला देते हैं।

इसके पश्चात् वे अपने-अपने जनरल को बुलाते हैं और आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि दुश्मन का मुकाबला कैसे किया जाय। केसियस का मत है कि वे सारडिस की पहाड़ी पर ही रहें और वहाँ पर आकर शत्रु को अपने ऊपर हमला करने दें। वहाँ तक आने में दुश्मन थक जायगा और वे अपने ऊँचे स्थान का पूरा-पूरा लाभ उठा सकेंगे। परन्तु ब्रूटस इस सुझाव को स्वीकार नहीं करता। वह सलाह देता है कि उन्हें फिलपी के मैदान में पहुँच कर शत्रु पर आक्रमण करना चाहिये। सारडिस और फिलपी के मध्य में रहने वाले सब निवासी उनसे नाराज हैं और अगर उनका शत्रु सारडिस तक आयेगा तो वे सब उससे मिल जायेंगे। केसियस ब्रूटस का कहना मान लेता है और यह तय हो जाता है कि वे सुबह होते ही फिलपी के लिए चल देंगे।

इसके पश्चात् केसियस और उनके जनरल चले जाते हैं और ब्रूटस डेरे में अकेला रह जाता है। कुछ समय पश्चात् उसे सीज़र का Ghost दिखाई देता है। यह Ghost ब्रूटस को बताता है कि वह उसका Evil Genius है और वह पुनः फिलपी के मैदान में उससे भेंट करेगा। इसके पश्चात् Ghost गायब हो जाता है। ब्रूटस अपने नौकरों को जागृत करता है परन्तु उनमें से किसी ने कुछ नहीं देखा है।

ACT V : Scene i

यह दृश्य फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। ओक्टवियस और एनटोनी दूर से शत्रु की सेना को आते हुए देखते हैं। उन्हें बड़ा आश्चर्य होता है कि दुश्मन ने सारडिस की ऊँचाई से लाभ नहीं उठाया और फिलपी के मैदान में उनसे लड़ने के लिए चला आया है।

इसके पश्चात् दोनों ओर के सेनापति आगे बढ़ते हैं और वार्तालाप करते हैं। वे एक दूसरे को बुरा-भला कहते हैं और व्यंग कसते हैं। शीघ्र ही यह स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि उनके झगड़े का निबटारा बातों से नहीं होगा और इसलिए वे युद्ध की ठान लेते हैं और वापिस लौट जाते हैं।

अब ब्रूटस और केसियस आपस में परामर्श करते हैं कि यदि उनकी हार हुई तो वे क्या करेंगे। क्या वे बन्दी बनाकर रोम के बाजारों में धुमाया जाना पसन्द करेंगे या वे यह पसन्द करेंगे कि एक सच्चे रोमन की भाँति वे स्वयं अपने-अपने जीवन का अन्त कर दें। वे यह निर्णय करते हैं कि हार होने पर आत्म-हत्या ही उनके लिए सम्मान का एक मात्र रास्ता है। इसलिए वे एक-दूसरे से विदाई लेते हैं क्योंकि यह सम्भव है कि वे फिर न मिलें।

ACT V : Scene ii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। लड़ाई आरम्भ हुए कुछ समय हो चुका है। ओक्टवियस की सेना को कुछ पीछे हटते हुए देखकर ब्रूटस अपनी सेना को उस पर आक्रमण करने का आदेश देता है। यह एक बड़ी त्रुटि है ब्रूटस के सिपाही ओक्टवियस को तो हरा देते हैं परन्तु इसके तुरन्त बाद ही वे माल लूटने में लग जाते हैं और केसियस की सहायता के लिए नहीं जाते। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि एनटोनी केसियस की सेना को पीछे धकेल देता है और दूसरी ओर से केसियस के डेरों में घुस जाता है।

केसियस दूर से अपने डेरों में आग लगते हुए देखता है। कुछ दूर पर घुड़सवारों को आते हुए देखकर वह अपने मित्र Titinius को यह मालूम करने के लिए भेजता है कि वे घुड़सवार मित्र हैं या शत्रु। दूर से उसे ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि Titinius को शत्रु ने पकड़ लिया है इससे वह बहुत निराश होता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। जब Titinius वापिस लौटता है तो केसियस को मरा हुआ देखकर शोक से पागल हो जाता है और आत्म-हत्या कर लेता है। कुछ देर पश्चात् जब ब्रूटस वहाँ पर आता है तो उसे उन दोनों के शव के अतिरिक्त वहाँ पर कुछ नहीं मिलता।

ACT V : Scene iii

यह दृश्य भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। घमासान युद्ध होता रहता है परन्तु यह बात अब स्पष्ट है कि प्रजातन्त्र पक्ष की हार होगी। Cato जो कि एक महत्त्वपूर्ण सैनिक है युद्ध में काम आता है। Lucilius अपने आपको

ब्रूटस बतलाता है और दुश्मन के हाथ बन्दी बना लिया जाता है। इस तरह से वह प्रयत्न करता है कि ब्रूटस को वहाँ से भाग जाने का अवकाश मिल सके। परन्तु ब्रूटस उसे पहचान लेता है। तभी उसे बड़ी प्रसन्नता है कि Lucilius जैसे बहादुर और महत्वपूर्ण सैनिक को उन्होंने पकड़ लिया है।

ACT V : Scene iv

यह नाटक का अन्तिम दृश्य है और यह भी फिलपी के मैदान में घटित होता है। ब्रूटस की हार होती है और वह अपने मित्रों से एक-एक करके प्रार्थना करता है कि वह उसके छुरा भोंक कर उसके जीवन का अन्त कर दें। लेकिन उनमें से कोई भी इस काम के लिए तैयार नहीं होता। अन्त में वह अपने दास Strato से प्रार्थना करता है कि वह उसकी आत्म-हत्या करने में सहायता करे। Strato इस बात के लिए तैयार हो जाता है और उसकी सहायता से ब्रूटस आत्म-हत्या करता है।

उसकी मृत्यु के तुरन्त बाद ही एनटोनी और ओक्टेवियस वहाँ पर आ जाते हैं। एनटोनी ब्रूटस की बड़ी सराहना करता है और उसे रोम का सबसे महान व्यक्ति कह कर उसको अपनी श्रद्धाञ्जलि अर्पित करता है। लड़ाई का अब अन्त हो जाता है और ओक्टेवियस और एनटोनी अपने-अपने डेरों के लिए लौट जाते हैं।

इस तरह से सीज़र की आत्मा सीज़र की हत्या का बदला लेती है। अब रोम में बजाय एक सीज़र के तीन सीज़र होंगे। यह बात स्पष्ट हो जाती है कि अपराध से कभी लाभ नहीं हो सकता और बुराई का अन्त कभी अच्छा नहीं होता।

